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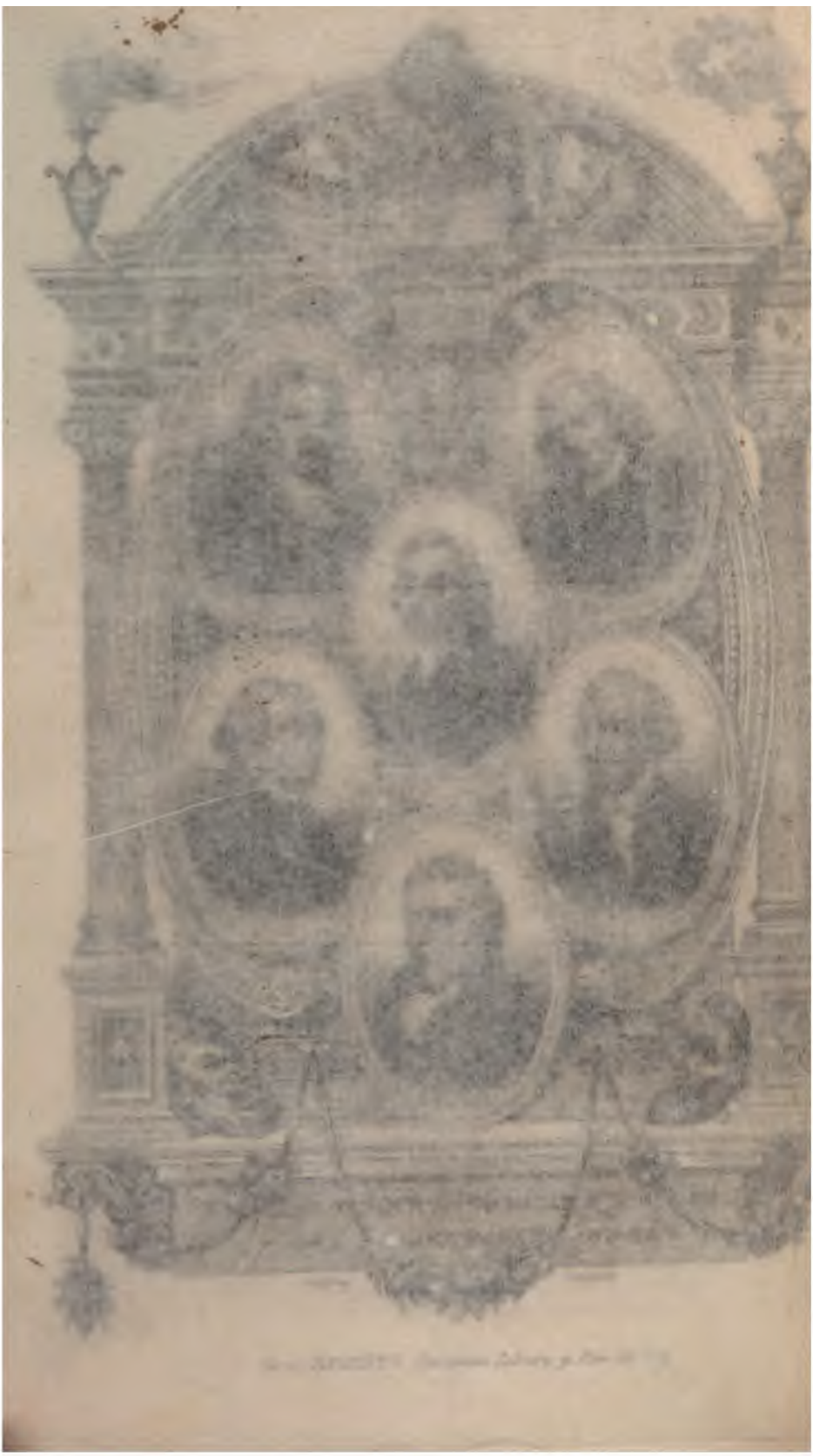

THE

# COMPLETE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH

Explanatory & Historical Notes

BY THE MOST EMINENT COMMENTATORS.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE CORRECT AND ESTEEMED EDITION OF

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

In Two Volumes.

WITH WOOD AND STEEL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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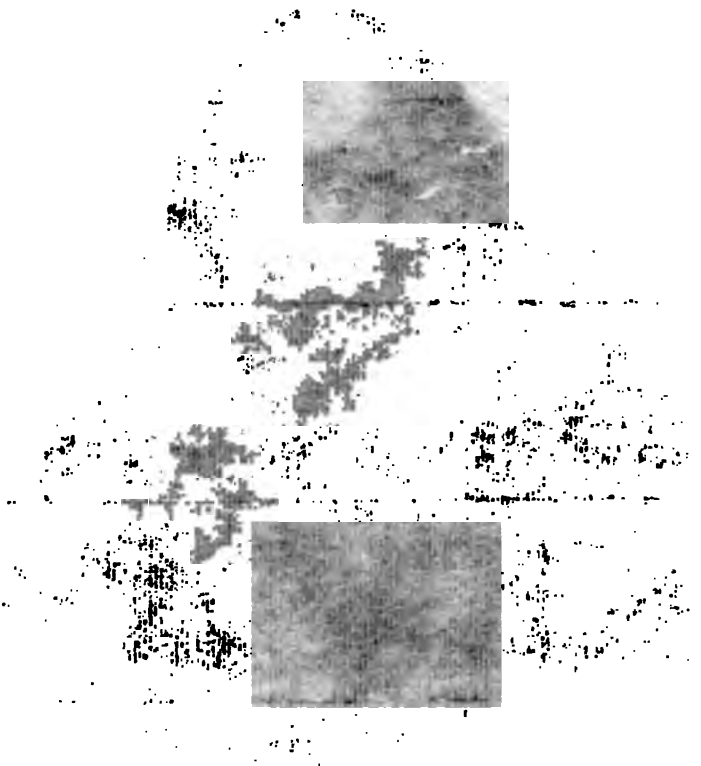

# Life of Shakspeare

## By A. Chalmers.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says, that according to the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion" in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen;" but the result of the late as well as early inquiries made by Mr. Malone is, that the epithet *gentleman* was first applied to the poet, and even to him at a late period of his life. Mr. Malone's inclination to elevate Shakspeare's family cannot be doubted, yet he is obliged to confess that, after thirty years' labour, he could find no evidence to support it.

His father, John Shakspeare, according to Mr. Malone's conjecture, was born in or before the year 1530. John Shakspeare was not originally of Stratford, but, perhaps, says Mr. Malone, of Snitterfield, which is but three miles from Stratford. He came to Stratford not very long after the year 1550. Former accounts have reported him to have been a considerable dealer in wool, but Mr. Malone has discovered that he was a glover; and, to add importance to this discovery,* he has given us a historical dissertation upon the state of the glove trade in queen Elizabeth's time. But, notwithstanding the flourishing state of that trade in Stratford, and a conjecture, that John Shakspeare furnished his customers with "leathern hose, aprons, belts, points, jerkins, pouches, wallets, satchels, and purses," Mr. Malone confesses, that from all this, the poet's father derived but a scanty maintenance.

John Shakspeare had been, in 1568, an officer or bailiff (high-bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford, and chief alderman in 1571. At one time, it is said that he possessed lands and tenements to the amount of 500*l.*, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to king Henry VIII. This might account for his being elected to the magistracy, had it not been asserted upon very doubtful authority; but Mr. Malone is of opinion, that these "faithful and approved services" must be meant of some of the ancestors of his wife, one of the Ardens.

Whatever may have been his former wealth it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as it is found in the books of the corporation, that in 1579 he was excused the trifling weekly tax of fourpence, levied on all the aldermen; and that in 1586 another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office.

His wife, to whom he was married in 1557, was the youngest daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote or Wilmecote, in the county of Warwick, by Agnes Webb his wife. Mary Arden's fortune, Mr. Malone has discovered, amounted to one hundred and ten pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence!

Mr. Arden is styled a "gentleman of worship," and the family of Arden is very ancient. Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq., is in the list of the Warwickshire gentry, returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of king



* "On the subject of the trade of John Shakspeare, I am not under the necessity of relying on conjecture, being enabled, after a *very tedious and troublesome search*, to shut up this *long agitated question* for ever." Malone's Life of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 70. of his new edition of Shakspeare's Plays and Poems, 21 vols. 8vo. 1821. It does not appear where any *question* about the trade of John Shakspeare was ever *agitated*. His being a dealer in wool was first asserted by Mr. Rowe, and silently acquiesced in by all succeeding editors and commentators, Mr. Malone not excepted, until he discovered that John's trade was that of a glover; and then, in his imagination, he had the honour of shutting up a *long agitated question for ever*.

Henry V., A.D. 1433. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of this county was anciently called *Ardern*, afterwards softened to *Arden*, and hence the name.

It was formerly said that John Shakspeare had ten children, and it was inferred, that the providing for so large a family must have embarrassed his circumstances; but Mr. Malone has reduced them to eight, five of whom only attained to the age of maturity,—four sons and a daughter. Our illustrious poet was the eldest of the eight, and received his education, however narrow or liberal, at the free-school founded at Stratford.

From this he appears to have been placed in the office of some country attorney, or the seneschal of some manor court, where, it is highly probable, he picked up those technical law phrases that frequently occur in his plays, and which could not have been in common use unless among professional men. It has been remarked, but the remark will probably be thought of no great value, that he derives none of his allusions from the other learned professions. Of amusements, his favourite appears to have been falconry. Very few, if any of his plays, are without some allusions to that sport; and archery, likewise, appears to have engaged much of his attention.

Mr. Capell conjectures, that his early marriage prevented his being sent to one of the universities. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education; and it is certain that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, "nay, and himself likewise, agree in his want "of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of Shakspeare's illiterature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have bestowed every other merit upon him, and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green:" and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewell, and others, down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth. Mr. Malone seems inclined to revive their opinion, but finds it impossible.

In his eighteenth year (1582), or perhaps a little sooner, he married ANNE HATHAWAY, who was seven years and a half older than himself. She was the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy or professional occupation at this time, we have no information; but if we may credit former accounts, by Rowe, &c., it would appear, that both were in a considerable degree neglected, in consequence of his associating with a gang of deer-stealers.

It is said, that being detected with them in robbing the park, that is, stealing deer out of the park of sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman as to be obliged to leave his family and business, whatever that might be, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, was exasperated by a ballad which Shakspeare wrote (probably his first essay in poetry), of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys:—

"A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate,
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

In our preceding edition, we remarked that these lines do no great honour to our poet, and the satire was probably unjust; for, although some of his admirers have exclaimed against sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," he was certainly exerting no very violent act of oppression in protecting his property against a young man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and who had at this time bespoke no indulgence by any display of superior talents. It was also added, that the ballad must have made some noise at sir Thomas's expense, for the author took care it should be affixed to his park gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbours.

In defence of Shakspeare, Mr. Malone attempts to prove that our poet could not have offended sir Thomas Lucy by stealing his deer: FIRST, because (granting for a moment that he did steal deer) stealing deer was a common youthful frolic, and therefore could not leave any very deep stain on his character: SECONDLY, it was a practice wholly unmixed with any sordid or lucrative motive, for the venison thus obtained was not sold, but freely participated at a convivial board: THIRDLY, that the ballad Shakspeare is said to have written in ridicule of sir Thomas Lucy is a forgery: and LASTLY, that sir Thomas had no park, and no deer.

After this very singular defence of Shakspeare, which occupies thirty of Mr. Malone's pages, besides some very prolix notes, he appears to be perplexed to know what to do with Shakspeare's resentment against sir Thomas Lucy. That he had a resentment against this gentleman is certain, and that he retained it for many years is equally certain, for he gave vent to it in 1601, when he wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor," about a year after sir Thomas's death.

Mr. Malone, after allowing that various passages in the first scene of the above-mentioned play afford ground for believing that our author, on some account or other, had not the most profound respect for sir Thomas, adds, "the dozen white *luces*, however, which Shallow is made to commend as 'a good coat,' was not sir Thomas Lucy's coat of arms: though Mr. Theobald asserts that it is found on the monument of one of the family, as represented by Dugdale. No such coat certainly is found, either in Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, or in the church of Charlecote, where I in vain sought for it. It is probable that the deviation from the real coat of the Lucies, which was gules, *three* lucies hariant, argent, was intentionally made by our poet, that the application might not be too direct, and give offence to sir Thomas Lucy's son, who, when this play was written, was living, and much respected, at Stratford."

As the deer-stealing story has hitherto been told in order to account for Shakspeare's arrival in London, it might have been expected that Mr. Malone would have been enabled to substitute some other reason, and to precede the arrival of our poet with some circumstances of more importance and of greater dignity; but nothing of this kind is to be found. We have lost the old tradition, with all its feasible accompaniments, but have got nothing in return. All that Mr. Malone ventures to conjecture, is, that when Shakspeare left Stratford, "he was involved in some pecuniary difficulties."

On his arrival in London, which was probably in the year 1586, when he was only twenty-two years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house, to which idleness or taste may have directed him, and where his necessities, if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's assistant. This is a menial whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in the life which he wrote, that must a little retard the advancement of our poet to the office just mentioned. According to this story, Shakspeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But "I cannot," says his acute commentator, Mr. Steevens, "dismiss this anecdote without "observing that it seems to want every mark "of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted "Stratford on account of a juvenile irregula-"rity, we have no reason to suppose that he "had forfeited the protection of his father, who "was engaged in lucrative business, or the "love of his wife, who had already brought "him two children, and was herself the "daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is un-"likely, therefore, when he was beyond the "reach of his prosecutor, that he should con-"ceal his plan of life, or place of residence, "from those who, if he found himself dis-"tressed, could not fail to afford him such "supplies as would have set him above the "necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence. "Mr Malone has remarked, in his 'Attempt "to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of "Shakspeare were written,' that he might "have found an easy introduction to the stage: "for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of "that period, was his townsman, and perhaps "his relation. The genius of our author "prompted him to write poetry; his connexion "with a player might have given his produc-"tions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity "might have taught him that fame was not in-"compatible with profit, and that the theatre "was an avenue to both. That it was once the "general custom to ride on horseback to the "play I am likewise yet to learn. The most "popular of the theatres were on the Bank-"side; and we are told by the satirical pam-"phleteers of that time, that the usual mode "of conveyance to these places of amusement "was by water, but not a single writer so "much as hints at the custom of riding to "them, or at the practice of having horses "held during the hours of exhibition. Some "allusion to this usage (if it had existed), "must, I think, have been discovered in the "course of our researches after contemporary

"fashions. Let it be remembered, too, that "we receive this tale on no higher authority "than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, "vol. i. p. 130. Sir William Davenant told "it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to "Mr. Rowe, who, according to Dr. Johnson, "related it to Mr. Pope."

Mr. Malone concurs in opinion that this story stands on a very slender foundation, while he differs with Mr. Steevens as to the fact of gentlemen going to the theatre on horseback. With respect to Shakspeare's father "being engaged in a lucrative business," we may remark that this could not have been the case at the time our author came to London. He is said to have arrived in London in 1586, the year in which his father resigned the office of alderman, and was in decayed circumstances.

But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

"The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!"

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, although Mr. Rowe was not able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the ghost in Hamlet. The instructions given to the players in that tragedy, and other passages of his works, show an intimate acquaintance with the skill of acting, and such as is scarcely surpassed in our own days. He appears to have studied nature in acting as much as in writing. Mr. Malone, however, does not believe that he played parts of the first rate, though he probably distinguished himself by whatever he performed; and the distinction which he obtained could only be in his own plays, in which he would be assisted by the novel appearance of author and actor combined. Before his time, it does not appear that any actor could avail himself of the wretched pieces represented on the stage.

Mr. Rowe regrets that he cannot inform us which was the first play he wrote, nor is that a point yet determined. Mr. Malone, in his first edition, appears to have attained something conclusive; but in his last edition, he has changed the dates of so many of the plays, that we can only refer to the lists given at the end of his History of the Stage. The progress of Shakspeare's taste or genius, it seems to be impossible to ascertain with any certainty.

His plays, however, must have been not only popular, but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain that he enjoyed the gracious favour of queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; and the particular and affectionate patronage of the earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and his "Rape of Lucrece." On Sir William Davenant's authority, it has been asserted that this nobleman at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to complete a purchase. This anecdote Mr. Malone thinks extravagantly exaggerated, and considers it as far more likely that he might have presented the poet with an hundred pounds in return for his dedications.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said, "that most learned prince and great "patron of learning, king James the First, "was pleased with his own hand to write an "amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare: which "letter, though now lost, remained long in the "hands of sir William Davenant, as a credible "person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer with great probability supposes, that this letter was written by King James in return for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth. The relator of this anecdote was Sheffield, duke of Buckingham. These brief notices, meagre as they are, may show that our author enjoyed high favour in his day. Whatever some may think of king James as a "learned prince," his patronage, as well as that of his predecessor, was sufficient to give celebrity to the founder of a new stage. It may be added, that Shakspeare's uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to suppose that Shakspeare was a man of humour and a social companion, and probably excelled in that species of minor wit not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted has not been discovered, but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career he acquired a property in the theatre,* which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention occurs of it in his will. His connection with Ben Jonson has been variously related. It is said

* In 1603 he and several others obtained a license from king James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c. at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere.

that when Jonson was unknown to the world, he offered a play to the theatre, which was rejected after a very careless perusal, but that Shakspeare having accidentally cast his eye on it, conceived a favourable opinion of it, and afterwards recommended Jonson and his writings to the public. For this candour he is said to have been repaid by Jonson, when the latter became a poet of note, with an envious disrespect. Jonson acquired reputation by the variety of his pieces, and endeavoured to arrogate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakspeare's incorrectness, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkable slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakspeare, viz. that he seldom altered or blotted out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, that, "not "long after the year 1600, a coolness arose "between Shakspeare and him, which, how-"ever he may talk of his almost idolatrous "affection, produced, on his part, from that "time to the death of our author and for "many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm "and many malevolent reflections." But from these, which were until lately the commonly received traditions on this subject, the learned Dr. Farmer was inclined to depart; and to think Jonson's hostility to Shakspeare absolutely groundless: and this opinion has been amply confirmed by modern critics.

Jonson had only one advantage over Shakspeare, that of superior learning, which might, in certain situations, give him a superior rank, but could never promote his rivalship with a man who attained the highest excellence without it. Nor will Shakspeare suffer by its being known, that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlow, Nashe, Lily, and Kid, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education; and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects.*

The latter part of Shakspeare's life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his "Letters and Essays" in 1694,) stated to amount to 300*l.* *per annum;* a sum at least equal to 1000*l.* in our days; but Mr. Malone doubes whether all his property amounted to much more than 200*l.* *per annum*, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times; and it is supposed that he might have derived 200*l.* *per annum* from the theatre while connected with it.

He retired about four years (1611 or 1612) before his death, to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III., and lord-mayor in that of Henry VII. By his will he bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford.* A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq. and sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser; who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion-house, afterwards erected in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were repurchased by the Clopton family. Here in May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister-at-law, was knighted by king George I., and died in the eightieth year of his age, in Dec. 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold *New Place* to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, inconsequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford: as he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared,

* This was the practice in Milton's days. "One "of his objections to academical education, as it "was then conducted, is, that men designed for "orders in the church were permitted to act "plays," &c. Johnson's Life of Milton.

* The account of this house in Malone's Shakspeare, 1821, is the same which appeared in his edition of 1790, but which he probably would have corrected, had he seen some further information on the subject, by Mr. Wheler, in Gent. Mag. vol. lxxix. and vol. lxxx.

that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree,* to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the classic ground on which it stood. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where New Place stood is now a garden.—Before concluding this history, it may be necessary to mention that the poet's house was once honoured by the temporary residence of Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. Theobald has given an inaccurate account of this, as if she had been obliged to take refuge in Stratford from the rebels: but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford triumphantly about the 22d of the same month, at the head of 3000 foot and 1,500 horse, with 150 waggons and a train of artillery. Here she was met by prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. She resided about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Nash, and her husband.

During Shakspeare's abode in this house, his pleasurable wit, and good nature, says Mr. Rowe, engaged him the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. This may be readily believed, for he was entitled to their respect. He had left his native place, poor, and almost unknown. He returned ennobled by fame, and enriched by fortune.

Mr. Rowe gives us a traditional story of a miser, or usurer, named Combe, who, in conversation with Shakspeare, said, he fancied the poet intended to write his epitaph if he should survive him, and desired to know what he meant to say. On this Shakspeare gave him the following, probably extempore:—

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
"'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, who lies in this tombe?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

* "As the curiosity of this house and tree brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town, a certain man, on some disgust, has pulled the house down, so as not to leave one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stack of firewood, to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants; however, an honest silversmith bought the whole stack of wood, and makes many odd things of this wood for the curious." Letter in Annual Register, 1760. Of Mr. Gastrell and his Lady see Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. ii. p. 456. edit. 1822. 4 vol.

The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it. These lines, however, or some which nearly resembled them, appeared in various collections, both before and after the time when they were said to have been composed; and the inquiries of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone satisfactorily prove that the whole story is a fabrication. Betterton is said to have heard it when he visited Warwickshire on purpose to collect anecdotes of our poet, and probably thought it of too much importance to be nicely examined. We know not whether it be worth adding of a story which we have rejected, that a *usurer*, in Shakspeare's time, did not mean one who took exorbitant, but any interest or usuance for money, and that ten in the hundred, or ten *per cent.*, was then the ordinary interest of money. It would have been of more consequence, however, to have here recorded the opinion of Mr. Malone, in his first edition, that Shakspeare, during his retirement, wrote the play of Twelfth Night; but unfortunately, in his last edition, he carried the date of this play back to the year 1607.

Shakspeare died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year,* and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion placed before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:—

*Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,*
*Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.*

"The first syllable in 'Socratem,' says "Steevens, is here made short, which cannot "be allowed. Perhaps we should read 'Sophoclem.' Shakspeare is then appositely "compared with a dramatic author among "the ancients: but still it should be remembered that the eulogium is lessened while "the metre is reformed; and it is well known "that some of our early writers of Latin poetry "were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, "especially in proper names. The thought

* The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "he was a handsome "well-shaped man," and adds, "verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and "smooth wit."

"of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might "have been taken from the Faëry Queene of "Spenser, B. II. c. ix. st. 48., and c. x. "st. 3.

"To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare "may be added the lines which are found un-"derneath it on his monument:

"Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."
"Obiit An°. Dni. 1616.
æt. 53, die 23 Apri."

"It appears from the verses of Leonard "Digges, that our author's monument was "erected before the year 1623. It has been "engraved by Vertue, and done in mezzotinto "by Miller."

On his grave-stone underneath are these lines, in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters:—

"Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
To dige T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man $^{T}_{Y}$ spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He $^{T}_{Y}$ moves my Bones."

It is uncertain whether this request and imprecation were written by Shakspeare, or by one of his friends. They probably allude to the custom of removing skeletons after a certain time, and depositing them in charnel-houses; and similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs. Shakspeare's remains, however, have been ever carefully protected from injury.*

We have no account of the malady which at no very advanced age closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius.

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married, June 5, 1607, to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died Nov. 1635, aged 60. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged 66. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, Esq., who died in 1647, and afterwards to sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire, but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married, February 10, 1615-16, to a Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died February 1661-62, in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried, and here the descendants of our poet became extinct.

Sir Hugh Clopton, who was born two years after the death of lady Barnard, which happened in 1669-70, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of sir John Barnard, Mr. Malone thought "these "must have fallen into the hands of Mr. "Edward Bagley, lady Barnard's executor, "and if any descendant of that gentleman be "now living, in his custody they probably re-"main." But Mr. Malone, in his last edition, tacitly confesses, that he has been able to make no discovery of such descendant, or such papers.

To this account of Shakspeare's family we have now to add, that among Oldys's papers is another traditional story of our illustrious poet's having been the father of sir William Davenant. Oldys's relation is thus given:

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare "often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in "Oxford, in his journey to and from London; "the landlady was a woman of great beauty "and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. "John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that "city), a grave melancholy man; who, as well "as his wife, used much to delight in Shak-"speare's pleasant company. Their son, "young Will. Davenant (afterwards sir Wil-"liam), was then a little school-boy in the "town, of about seven or eight years old, and "so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he "heard of his arrival, he would fly from school "to see him. One day an old townsman ob-"serving the boy running homeward almost "out of breath, asked him whither he was "posting in that heat and hurry. He an-"swered, to see his *god*-father Shakspeare. "There's a good boy, said the other, but have "a care that you don't take *God's* name in "vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the "earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of "some discourse which arose about Shak-"speare's monument, then newly erected in "Westminster Abbey."

This story appears to have originated with Anthony Wood, and it has been thought a

* Mr. Malone's causing the bust to be painted white has been severely censured; he did not live to defend it. See this and other information respecting this bust in Gent. Mag. vol. lxxxv. and lxxxvi.

presumption of its being true, that, after careful examination, Mr. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it. Mr. Steevens, however, treats it with the utmost contempt, but does not perhaps argue with his usual attention to experience when he brings sir William Davenant's "heavy, vulgar, unmeaning face," as a proof that he could not be Shakspeare's son.

In the year 1741 a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker (who received 300l. for it), after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year, one hundred and twenty-five years after the death of him whom it commemorates, and whose genius appears to have been forgotten during almost the whole of that long period. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the dean and chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury-lane theatre amounted to above 200*l.*, but the receipts at Covent-Garden did not exceed 100*l.*

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and if aught can be hereafter discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory and illustrate his writings. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be excepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contend eagerly, he may not be involved in controversy, and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

It is usually said that the life of an author can be little else than a history of his works; but this opinion is liable to many exceptions. If an author, indeed, has passed his days in retirement, his life can afford little more variety than that of any other man who has lived in retirement, but if, as is generally the case with writers of great celebrity, he has acquired a pre-eminence over his contemporaries, if he has excited rival contentions, and defeated the attacks of criticism or of malignity, or if he has plunged into the controversies of his age, and performed the part either of a tyrant or a hero in literature, his history may be rendered as interesting as that of any other public character. But whatever weight may be allowed to this remark, the decision will not be of much consequence in the case of Shakspeare. Unfortunately, we know as little of his writings as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last fifty years is such as, probably, never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation; yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind, that even the order in which his plays were written rests principally on conjecture, and of some plays usually printed among his works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole or any part

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakspeare's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest dramatic writer the world ever produced: "that he "thought his works unworthy of posterity, "that he levied no ideal tribute upon future "times, nor had any further prospect than that "of present popularity and present profit."* And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the ease and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we allow it any higher merit, or attempt to decide upon the affection or indifference with which he reviewed his labours, it may be necessary to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character and predominant occupations of the time in which he lived, and of that which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his life-time. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote

* Dr. Johnson's Preface.

them for a particular theatre, sold them to the managers when only an actor, reserved them in manuscript when himself a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state; but we may suppose that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than to publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear therefore that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the public at that time would have very poorly rewarded. We know not the exact portion of fame he enjoyed; it might be the highest which dramatic genius could confer, but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. His claims were, probably, not heard beyond the jurisdiction of the master of the revels, certainly not much beyond the metropolis. When he died, the English public was approaching to a period in which matters of higher moment were to engage attention, and in which his works were nearly buried in oblivion, and not for more than a century afterwards, ranked among the productions of which the nation had reason to be proud.

Such, however, was Shakspeare's reputation, that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident of popular favour to undeceive the public. This was a singular resolution in a man who wrote so unequally, that even at this day, the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, and the sympathies of taste were seldom felt, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "*not being designed* "*for the reader's desk*, was all that he desired "it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the au- "dience."

Shakspeare died in 1616, and seven years afterwards appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charge of four booksellers; a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, "that no single publisher was "at that time willing to risk his money on a "complete collection of our author's plays." This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers Heminge and Condell, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. Heminge and Condell had now retired from the stage, and, we may suppose, thought they were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance, which will, in our days, appear very extraordinary, namely, the declension of Shakspeare's popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was accounted a doubtful speculation; and it is yet more certain, so much had the public taste turned from him in quest of variety, that for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century they were made to give place to performances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period only four editions of his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not popular; nor is it thought that the impressions were numerous.

These circumstances, which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career, but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than of his contemporaries, let us recollect that his genius, however highly and justly we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of morality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral

purposes, that the force of law has in all ages been called in to preserve it within the bounds of common decency. The church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, in the 41st year of her reign, it is ordered, that no plays be printed except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer also remarks, that in that age poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the Puritans. The main transactions, indeed, of that period could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign to render it so firmly established in popular favour as to brave the caprice of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected in a great measure by the diffusion of religious controversy, which was encouraged by the church, and especially by the Puritans, who were the immediate teachers of the lower classes, were listened to with veneration, and usually inveighed against all public amusements, as inconsistent with the Christian profession. These controversies continued during the reign of James I. and were in a considerable degree promoted by him, although he, like Elizabeth, was a favourer of the stage, as an appendage to the grandeur and pleasures of the court. But the commotions which followed in the unhappy reign of king Charles I. when the stage was totally abolished, are alone sufficient to account for the oblivion thrown on the history and works of our great bard.

From this time no inquiry was made, until it was too late to obtain any information more satisfactory than the few hearsay scraps and contested traditions above detailed. "How little," says Mr. Steevens, "Shakspeare was "once read, may be understood from Tate, "who, in his dedication to the altered play of "King Lear, speaks of the original as an "obscure piece, recommended to his notice "by a friend: and the author of the Tatler "having occasion to quote a few lines out of "Macbeth, was content to receive them from "D'Avenant's alteration of that celebrated "drama, in which almost every original beauty "is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily "omitted." *

* Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to the Reader, first printed in 1773.

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions, that he was then become "a little ob-"solete." In the beginning of the last century, Lord Shaftesbury complains of his "rude "unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase "and wit." It is certain that, for nearly a hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles the Second's time, and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, "that if he had been read, "admired, studied, and imitated, in the same "degree as he is now, the enthusiasm of some "one or other of his admirers, in the last age, "would have induced him to make some in-"quiries concerning the history of his theatrical "career, and the anecdotes of his private life." *

His admirers, however, if he had admirers in that age, possessed no portion of such enthusiasm. That curiosity, which in our days has raised biography to the rank of an independent study, was scarcely known, and where known, was confined principally to the public transactions of eminent characters, principally divines, of whom a few brief notices were prefixed to their works; but we are not sure that any of these are of an older date than 1616. And if, in addition to the circumstances already stated, we consider how little is known of the personal history of Shakspeare's contemporaries, we may easily resolve the question, why, of all men who have ever claimed admiration by genius, wisdom, or valour, who have eminently contributed to enlarge the taste, promote the happiness, or increase the reputation of their country, we know the least of Shakspeare; and why, of the few particulars which seem entitled to credit, when simply related, and in which there is no manifest violation of probability or promise of importance, there is scarcely one which has not swelled into a controversy. After a careful examination of all that modern research has discovered, we know not how to trust our curiosity beyond the limits of those barren dates which afford no personal history. The nature of Shakspeare's writings prevents that appeal to internal evidence, which in other cases has been found to throw light on character. The purity of his morals, for example, if sought in his plays, must be measured against the licentiousness of his language, and the question

* Mr. Malone's Preface to his edition, 1790.

will then be, how much did he write from inclination, and how much to gratify the taste of his hearers? How much did he add to the age, and how much did he borrow from it? Pope says, "he was obliged to please the lowest of "the people, and to keep the worst of com-"pany:" this must have been Pope's conjecture. Managers are sometimes obliged to please the lowest of the people: and, in our days, they have not unfrequently yielded to or created a corrupt taste; but we know not that writers are under a similar obligation; and of Shakspeare's keeping the worst of company, we have no existing proof. With regard to the amusements of his leisure hours, we have many allusions in his works to the sports of the field, and falconry appears to have been a particular favourite. Generally speaking, there is every reason to think, that he soon acquired and maintained a respectable character. He came to London poor and unknown, and he left it with a high reputation, and took his seat with the men of rank and opulence in his native county.

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls, "Some Account, &c." In this we have, what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected in the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens, and in that part of a new but imperfect life of Shakspeare, published in Mr. Malone's last edition. In other parts also of their respective editions, they have scattered a few brief notices which we have incorporated in the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is no where before us: and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, it is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

M. Capell is of opinion that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be sup-"posed that he, who had so considerable a share "in the confidence of the Earls of Essex and "Southampton, could be a mute spectator only "of controversies in which they were so much "interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted a degree of confidence with these two statesmen which he ought first to have proved. Shakspeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hour, but it is mere conjecture that they admitted him into the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, the most frequent conjecturer of all Shakspeare's admirers, but whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit than those of Mr. Capell, thinks that our author's prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same cadence, the same elegance and vigour, which we find in his plays.

It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakspeare's manuscripts is known to exist, and his prose writings are no where hinted at. We are in possession of printed copies only of his plays and poems, and those so depraved by carelessness or ignorance, that all the labour of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to more than a probable purity. Many of the difficulties which originally attended the perusal of them yet remain, and will require, what it is now scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity and more happy conjecture than have hitherto been employed.

Of Shakspeare's Poems, it is perhaps necessary that some notice should be taken in an account of his life, although they have never been favourites with the public, and have seldom been reprinted with his plays. Shortly after his death, Mr. Malone informs us, a very incorrect impression of them was issued out, which in every subsequent reprint was implicitly followed, until he published a correct edition, or what he supposed to be such, in 1780, with illustrations. But the peremptory decision of his compeer, Mr. Steevens, on the merits of these poems, must be our apology for omitting them in the present abridgment of the labours of these critics. "We have not re-"printed the Sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, be-"cause the strongest act of parliament that "could be framed would fail to compel readers "into their service. Had Shakspeare pro-"duced no other works than these, his name "would have reached us with as little celebrity "as time has conferred on that of Thomas "Watson, an older and much more elegant "sonnetteer."

The elegant preface of Dr. Johnson gives an account of the attempts made in the early part of the last century to revive the memory and reputation of our poet, by Rowe, Pope,

Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton, whose respective merits he has characterised with candour, and with singular felicity of expression. Shakspeare's works may be overloaded with criticism, for what writer has excited so much curiosity, and so many opinions? but Johnson's preface is an accompaniment worthy of the genius it celebrates.—His own edition followed in 1765, and a second, in conjunction with Mr. Steevens, 1773. The third edition of the joint editors appeared in 1785, the fourth in 1793, in 15 vols., and the last and most complete, in 1803, in 21 volumes octavo. Mr. Malone's edition was published in 1790, in 10 vols. crown octavo, and soon became scarce. His original notes and improvements were, however, incorporated in the editions of 1793 and 1803, by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Malone's last edition, a posthumous work, which appeared in 1821, was edited by Mr. James Boswell, the second son of the biographer of Johnson, who appears to have been fully in the confidence of Mr. Malone. To this is prefixed a new life of Shakspeare, which, although extending to more than five hundred pages, conducts Shakspeare only to London, without giving us any more information of his subsequent progress than we had before in the notes which Steevens and Malone had formerly contributed to Rowe's life. Mr. Malone, after more than twenty years' labour, had not advanced farther, nor did he leave any materials from which his editor could attempt a continuation.

To follow Mr. Malone in enumerating the copies of Shakspeare dispersed through England would now be impossible. In one form or other his plays have been, for the last twenty years, almost continually in the press. Nor among the honours paid to his genius, ought we to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs. Boydell and Nicol. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakspeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performance. His share in directing the public taste towards the study of Shakspeare, was perhaps greater than that of any individual in his time, and such was his zeal, and such his success in this laudable attempt, that he may be forgiven for his injudicious alterations of some of the plays, as well as for the foolish mummery of the Stratford jubilee.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit or policy to despise it.* It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751 a book was published, entitled, "A Compendious or "briefe examination of certayne ordinary "Complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in "those our days: which although they are in "some Part unjust and frivolous, yet are they "all by way of dialogue throughly debated and "discussed by William Shakspeare, Gentle-"man." This had been originally published in 1581, but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved that *W. S. gent.* the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant *William Stafford, gent.*—Theobald, the same accurate critic, informs us, was desirous of palming upon the world a play called "Double Falsehood," for a posthumous one of Shakspeare. In 1770 was reprinted at Feversham, an old play called "The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham, and Black Will," with a preface attributing it to Shakspeare, without the smallest foundation. But these were trifles compared to the atrocious attempt made in 1795-6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters, &c., pretendedly in the handwriting of Shakspeare and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled Vortigern, was not only brought forward to the astonishment of the public, but actually performed on Drury-lane stage. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play, which Mr. Steevens has very happily characterized as "the performance of a madman, without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the history of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future historians and critics may derive considerable information.

* Mr. Malone has given a list of 14 plays ascribed to Shakspeare, either by the editors of the two later folios, or by the compilers of ancient catalogues. Of these Pericles has found advocates for its admission into his works.

# Shakspeare's Will.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii,* Anno Regni Domini Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, etc, decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini* 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

*First*, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estates and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.*

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece † Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her

*Our poet's will appears to have been drawn up in February, though not executed till the following month; for *February* was first written, and afterwards struck out, and *March* written over it. MALONE.

* This was found to be unnecessary, as it was ascertained that the copyhold descended to the eldest daughter by the custom of the manor. MALONE, edit. 1821.

† ——*to my* niece—] Elizabeth Hall was our poet's granddaughter. So, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. Iago says to Brabantio: "You'll have your *nephews* neigh to you;" meaning his grandchildren. MALONE.

decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjuged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, whereing she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —Hart.* and Michael Hart, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl †), that I now have at the date of this my will.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe ‡ my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins * of the borough of Warwick, gent, thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler † twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson, William Walker, ‡ twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, § gent. twenty six-shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, ** twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, †† twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

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* —— *Hart*,] It is singular that neither Shakspeare nor any of his family should have recollected the Christian name of his nephew who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His Christian name was *Thomas;* and he was baptized in that town, July 24. 1605. MALONE.

† —— *except my broad silver and gilt* bowl.] This bowl, as we afterwards find, our poet bequeathed to his daughter Judith.

‡ —— *Mr. Thomas Combe.*] This gentleman was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 9. 1588-9, so that he was twenty-seven years old at the time of Shakspeare's death. He died at Stratford in July, 1657, aged 68; and his elder brother William died at the same place, Jan. 30, 1666-7, aged 80. Mr. Thomas Combe by his will, made June 20, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on William Combe, the eldest son of John Combe of Allchurch in the county of Worcester, gent. and his heirs-male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore, out poet's sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the ages of Shakspeare's friends and relations, and the time of their deaths, because we are thus enabled to judge how far the traditions concerning him which were communicated to Mr. Rowe in the beginning of this century, are worthy of credit. MALONE.

* —— *to Francis Collins*—] This gentleman, was, I believe, baptized at Warwick. He died the year after our poet, and was buried at Stratford, Sept. 27, 1617, on which day he died. MALONE, edit. 1821.

† —— *to Hamnet Sadler*,] This gentleman was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, who was called after him. Mr. Sadler, I believe, was born about the year 1550, and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, in October, 1624. His wife, Judith Sadler, who was godmother to Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was buried there, March 23, 1613-14. Our poet probably was godfather to their son *William*, who was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 5, 1597-8. MALONE.

‡ —— *to my godson, William Walker*,] William, the son of Henry Walker, was baptized at Stratford, Oct. 16, 1608. I mention this circumstance, because it ascertains that our author was at his native town in the autumn of that year. Mr. William Walker was buried at Stratford, March 1, 1679-80. MALONE.

§ —— *to Anthony Nash*,] He was father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who married our poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall. He lived, I believe, at Welcombe, where his estate lay; and was buried at Stratford, Nov. 18, 1622. MALONE.

** —— *to Mr. John Nash*,] This gentleman died at Stratford, and was buried there, Nov. 10, 1623. MALONE.

†† —— *To my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell*,] These our poet's *fellows* did not very long survive him. Burbage died in March, 1619; Cundell in December, 1627; and Heminge in October, 1623. MALONE.

*Item*, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being, in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,* or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blakfriars in London near the Wardrobe; † and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs-males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs-males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

*Item*, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.*

*Item*, I give and bequeath to my said daughter, Judith, my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter, Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke

* ——*Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe.*] The lands of Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, here devised, were, in Shakspeare's time, a continuation of one large field, all in the parish of Stratford. Bishopton is two miles from Stratford, and Welcombe one. For *Bishopton*, Mr. Theobald erroneously printed *Bushaxton*, and the error has been continued in all the subsequent editions. The word in Shakspeare's original will is spelt *Bushopton*, the vulgar pronunciation of Bishopton.

I searched the Indexes in the Rolls Chapel from the year 1589 to 1616, with the hope of finding an enrolment of the purchase-deed of the estate here devised by our poet, and of ascertaining its extent and value; but it was not enrolled during that period, nor could I find any inquisition taken after his death, by which its value might have been ascertained. I suppose it was conveyed by the former owner to Shakspeare, not by bargain and sale, but by a deed of feoffment which it was not necessary to enroll. MALONE.

† —— *that messuage or tenement—in the Blackfriars in London, near* the Wardrobe;] This was the house which was mortgaged to Henry Walker.

By *the Wardrobe* is meant the King's Great Wardrobe, a royal house, near Puddle-Wharf, purchased by King Edward the Third from sir John Beauchamp, who built it. King Richard III. was lodged in this house, in the second year of his reign. See Stowe's *Survey*, p. 693, edit. 1618. After the fire of London this office was kept in Savoy: but it is now abolished. MALONE.

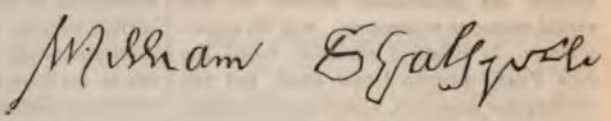
* ——*my* second *best bed, with the furniture.*] Thus Shakspeare's original will.

It appears, in the original will of Shakspeare (now in the Prerogative-office, Doctors Commons), that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Heminge, Burbage, and Cundell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the last two of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow.

all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

*By me,*



*Witness to the publishing hereof.*

Fra. Collyns,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whatcott.

*Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini,* 1616; *juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt, ex. &c. cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.*

## Shakspeare's Monuments.

Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.
*See pp.* vi *and* vii.

Monument in Westminster-Abbey.
*See p.* viii.

# Commendatory Verses on Shakspeare,

## By Contemporary Poets.

*...m Shakspeare, who died in April,* 1616.

...o Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
...l Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lie
...arer Spenser, to make room
...peare, in your three-fold, four-fold tomb.
...ll four in one bed make a shift
...sday; for hardly will a fift
...is day and that by fate be slain,
... your curtains may be drawn again.
...edency in death doth bar
...lace in your sacred sepulchre,
... carved marble of thine own,
... tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep alone.
...lested peace, unshared cave,
... lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
... us and others it may be
...reafter to be laid by thee.

WILLIAM BASSE.

*...Memory of my Beloved the Author,*
*...m Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.*

... envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
... ample to thy book, and fame;
...nfess thy writings to be such,
... man, nor muse, can praise too much;
...nd all men's suffrage: but these ways
...he paths I meant unto thy praise:
...t ignorance on these may light,
...hen it sounds at best, but echoes right;
...ation, which doth ne'er advance
...but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
...malice might pretend this praise,
... to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
... as some infamous bawd, or whore
...ke a matron; what could hurt her more?
...t proof against them; and, indeed,
...ll fortune of them, or the need:
..., will begin:—Soul of the age,
...ee, delight, the wonder of our stage,
...peare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
...r Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
...her, to make thee a room:
... monument without a tomb;
...ve still, while thy book doth live,
...ve wits to read, and praise to give.
... mix thee so, my brain excuses;
...th great but disproportion'd muses:
...hought my judgment were of years,
...mmit thee surely with thy peers;
...how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
...g Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
...h thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
...ce to honour thee, I would not seek
...; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
..., and Sophocles, to us,
... Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
...ain, to hear thy buskin tread
... a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
...e alone; for the comparison
...t insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
..., or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part:—
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

*Upon the Lines and Life of the famous Scenic Poet, Master William Shakspeare*

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britains brave; for done are Shakspeare's days;
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestic those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master William Shakspeare.*

Shakspeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages, when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakspeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age,—as Naso said
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions "of Juliet, and her Romeo;"
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakspeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

*To the Memory of Master W. Shakspeare.*

We wonder'd, Shakspeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause: an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This re-entrance to a plaudite.

J. M.

[Perhaps John Marston.]

*Upon the effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master William Shakspeare, and his Works.*

Spectator, this life's shadow is;—to see
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,—
Say (who alone effect such wonders could),
Rare Shakspeare to the life thou dost behold.

*On worthy Master Shakspeare, and his Poems.*

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse,
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves:——
This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
Was Shakspeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;—
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants,
These joinly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Not clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Nor out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
They say, his body, but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakspeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat:
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

*An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakspeare.*

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

John Milton.

*An Elegy on the death of that famous writer and actor, Mr. William Shakspeare.*

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.
I'll only sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemn tears at thy great funeral.
For every eye that runs a show'r for thee,
Laments thy loss in a sad elegy.
Nor is it fit each humble muse should have
Thy worth his subject, now thou art laid in grave.
No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthless pamphlets are not sense in prose.
Let learned Jonson sing a dirge for thee,
And fill our orb with mournful harmony:
But we need no remembrancer; thy fame
Shall still accompany thy honour'd name
To all posterity; and make us be
Sensible of what we lost, in losing thee:
Being the age's wonder; whose smooth rhymes
Did more reform than hath the looser times.
Nature herself did her own self admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire
Her in her native lustre; and confess,
Thy dressing was her chiefest comeliness.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefest tutor, and the widow'd stage
Her only favourite, in thee, hath lost,
And Nature's self, what she did brag of most?
Stop then, rich soul of numbers! whilst poor we
Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;
And think it happiness enough, we have
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may suffice to enlighten future times
With the bright lustre of thy matchless rhymes.

*In Memory of our famous Shakspeare.*

Sacred Spirit, whilst thy lyre
Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wonder'd at thy strains:

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear,
After they so long had slept,
So bright a genius should appear;

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate:—
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine.

That were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

S. Sheppard.

*In Remembrance of Master William Shakspeare.*

ODE.

I.

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a sun or show'r,
Hangs there the pensive head.

II.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
Unwilling now to grow;
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whose rifled *falls* are steep'd i' the tears
Which from his last rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since, alas! to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spy,
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a shallow brook.

William D'Avenant.

See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakspeare rise,
An awful ghost, confess'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage:
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more:
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain rich without supply.

Dryden's *Prologue to his Alteration of Troilus and Cressida.*

Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art:
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.

Dryden's *Prologue to his Alteration of the Tempest.*

Our Shakspeare wrote too in an age as blest,
The happiest poet of his time, and best;
A gracious prince's favour cheer'd his muse,
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose:
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.

Otway's *Prologue to Caius Marius.*

Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low.
He, like the god of day, was always bright;
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was sully'd and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is the advent'rous muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn!
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee!
Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name.

But like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear.

FENTON'S *Epistle to Southerne*, 1711.

*An Inscription for a Monument of Shakspeare.*

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakspeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKENSIDE.

*From the same Author's Pleasures of Imagination, B. III.*

——————— when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Dr. JOHNSON.

*Upon Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim;
Too mighty such monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind:
Nor yet unrivall'd the Mæonian strain;
The British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
With incontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;
Nor Homer's self such matchless laurels won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none

T. SEWARD.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

GRAY'S *Ode on the Progress of Poesy*

Next Shakspeare sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad, or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their powers united might withstand.

LLOYD'S *Progress of Envy*, 1751.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourse to Grecian art?
He scorn'd the rules of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakspeare.—

LLOYD'S *Shakspeare, a Poem.*

In the first seat, in robe of various dies,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd a master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL'S *Roscius.*

# Original Dedication & Preface
## To the Players' Edition.

*The Dedication of the Players. Prefixed to the first folio,* 1623.

To the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren, William Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the King's most Excellent Majesty, and Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties Bedchamber. Both Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are faine upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame; onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

*The Preface of the Players. Prefixed to the first folio edition published in* 1623.

To the great variety of Readers,

From the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth

best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall ahreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings: But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stoine, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

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Every possible adulteration has of late years been practised in fitting up copies of this folio edition. When leaves have been wanting, they have been reprinted with battered types, and foisted into vacancies, without notice of such defects and the remedies applied to them.

When the title has been lost, a spurious one has been fabricated, with a blank space left for the head of Shakspeare, afterwards added from the second, third, or fourth impression. To conceal these frauds, thick vermillion lines have been usually drawn over the edges of the engravings, which would otherwise have betrayed themselves when let into a supplemental page, however craftily it was lined at the back, and discoloured with tobacco-water till it had assumed the true *jaune antique*.

Sometimes leaves have been inserted from the second folio, and in a known instance, the entire play of *Cymbeline;* the genuine date at the end of it (1632) having been altered into 1623.

Since it was thought advantageous to adopt such contrivances while the book was only valued at six or seven guineas, now it has reached its present enormous price, may not artifice be still more on the stretch to vamp up copies for the benefit of future catalogues and auctions?—Shakspeare might say of those who profit by him, what Antony has observed of Enobarbus—

"——— my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men."

Mr. Garrick, about forty years ago, paid only 1*l.* 16*s.* to Mr. Payne at the Meuse Gate for a fine copy of this folio.—After the death of our Roscius, it should have accompanied his collection of old plays to the British Museum; but had been taken out of his library, and has not been heard of since.

Perhaps the original impression of the book did not amount to more than 250; and we may suppose that different fires in London had their share of them. Before the year 1649 they were so scarce, that (as Mr. Malone has observed) King Charles I. was obliged to content himself with a folio 1632, at present in my possession.

STEEVENS.

# Mr. Pope's Preface.

It is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets, Shakspeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets, have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it: which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.*

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen,

* Addison, in the 273d *Spectator*, has delivered a similar opinion respecting Homer: "There is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it." Steevens.

are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakspeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanics:* and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wits are buoyed up, and borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way: till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue; and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, *&c.* to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakspeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people;* and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had

And I make no doubt this
be found true in every instance,
ns extant from which we might
time when every piece was com-
whether writ for the town, or the

cause (and no less strong than the
ay be deduced from our poet's being
and forming himself first upon the
s of that body of men whereof he was
r. They have ever had a standard to
es, upon other principles than these
tio. As they live by the majority,
ow no rule but that of pleasing the pre-
mour, and complying with the wit in
; a consideration which brings all their
nt to a short point. Players are just
dges of what is *right* as tailors are of
is *graceful*. And in this view it will be
ir to allow, that most of our author's faults
ss to be ascribed to his wrong judgment
oet, than to his right judgment as a player.
y these men it would be thought* a praise
nspeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*.
they industriously propagated, as appears
what we are told by Ben Jonson in his
*veries*, and from the preface of *Heminge*
*Condell* to the first folio edition. But in
ity (however it has prevailed) there never
a more groundless report, or to the con-
y of which there are more undeniable
ences. As, the comedy of *The Merry Wives*
*Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; *The*
*ory of Henry the Sixth*, which was first
lished under the title of *The Contention of*
*k and Lancaster;* and that of *Henry the*
h extremely improved; that of *Hamlet*
rged to almost as much again as at first,
many others. I believe the common
ion of his want of learning proceeded from
etter ground. This too might be thought
aise by some, and to this his errors have as
diciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis
ain, were it true, it would concern but a
l part of them; the most are such as are
properly defects, but superfœtations; and
e not from want of learning or reading,
from want of thinking or judging: or
er (to be more just to our author) from
mpliance to those wants in others. As to
rong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct
he incidents, false thought, forced expres-
s, etc. if these are not to be ascribed to the

* "was thought"—Orig. Edit.

foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages, which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company), if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endured, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Roman are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus** may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been cele-

* These, as the reader will find in the notes on that play, Shakspeare drew from Sir Thomas North's translation, 1579. MALONE.

brated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than Shakspeare. We have translations from *Ovid* published in his name,* among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton), he appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expense of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakspeare had none at all; and because Shakspeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakspeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakspeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonist before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus; and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise, a poet without rule or reason:

"——si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat——."

* They were written by Thomas Heywood.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakspeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved William Shakspeare*, which shows as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious*, or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once to equal him: and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness;* he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches solus.**

* *Enter three Witches solus.*] This blunder

'heir French is as bad as their Latin, both in onstruction and spelling: their very Welsh is lse. Nothing is more likely than that those alpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, ith others of that gross kind, sprung from the ame root: it not being at all credible that these ould be the errors of any man who had the ast tincture of a school, or the least converation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom hey will not think partial to him) allows him t least to have had *some* Latin; which is tterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of ersons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as ead any history in any language; so could not e Shakspeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakspeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned and unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminge and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act III. sc. ii). But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin), where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place a number of beautiful passages, which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this; as it seems, without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed

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appears to be of Mr. Pope's own invention. It is not to be found in any one of the four folio copies of *Macbeth*, and there is no quarto edition of it extant. STEEVENS.

(at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece meal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very* names are through carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis;* and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables;* and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text† through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act V.) Shakspeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called *Philostrate*; all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character; or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward;* not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakspeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, *London Prodigal*, and a thing called *The Double Falshood*,* cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*), that only some characters, single scenes, or

* *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II: "*Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson,*" instead of *Balthasar*. And in Act IV. *Cowley* and *Kemp* constantly through a whole scene.
Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632. POPE.

† Such as

"My queen is murder'd! *Ring the little bell.*"

"—His nose grew as sharp as a pen, *and a table of green fields;*" which last words are not in the quarto. POPE.

There is no such line in any play of Shakspeare, as that quoted above by Mr. Pope. MALONE. Nor are these two lines *quoted by Pope* in any edition of his preface which has fallen in our way. C.

* Mr. Pope probably recollected the following lines in *The Taming of the Shrew*, spoken by a lord, who is giving directions to his servant concerning some players:

"Go, sirrah, take them to the *buttery*,
And give them friendly welcome, every one."

But he seems not to have observed that the players here introduced were *strollers;* and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Lowin, &c. who were licensed by king James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

† *The Double Falshood*, or *The Distressed Lovers*, a play acted at Drury Lane, 8vo. 1727. This piece was produced by Mr. Theobald as a performance of Shakspeare's. But it is not mentioned in any of the old editions of Mr. Pope's Preface. It is not in Warburton's edition, and when it crept in, I have not been able to discover. C.

perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakspeare's, was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminge and Condell, afterwards did Shakspeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name,* in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakspeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakspeare's writings lie at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense of conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakspeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages, which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficience in the context), are degraded to the bottom of the page, with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions, by which the greater part of the various readings, and of the corrected passages, are authorized; most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them. These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakspeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of *Gothic* architecture, compared with a neat

* His name was affixed only to four of them. MALONE.

modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.*

* The following passage by Mr. Pope stands as a preface to the *various readings* at the end of the 8th volume of his edition of Shakspeare, 1728. For the notice of it I am indebted to Mr. Chalmers's *Supplemental Apology*, p. 261. REED.

"Since the publication of *our* first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare published by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when *we*, by public advertisements, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author), *we* have inserted, in this impression, as many of 'em as are judg'd of any the least advantage to the poet; the whole amounting to about *twenty-five* words."

"But to the end every reader may judge for himself, we have annexed a *compleat list* of the rest; which if he shall think *trivial*, or *erroneous*, either in part, or in whole; at worst it can spoil but a half sheet of paper, that chances to be left vacant here. And we purpose for the future, to do the same with respect to any other persons, who either thro' *candor* or *vanity*, shall communicate or publish the least things tending to the illustration of our author. *We* have here omitted nothing but *pointings* and mere errors of the press, which I hope the corrector of it has rectify'd; if not, I cou'd wish as accurate an one as Mr. Th. [if he] had been at that trouble, which I desired Mr. Tonson to solicit him to undertake. A. P."

## Portrait and Hand-Writing of Alexander Pope,

### At the Age of 24.

A. Pope.

# Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence: and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The greater contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century,* the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or tem-

* First printed separately in 1765.

* "Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos." *Hor.* Steevens.

porary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas

from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessors to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned;* and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies; by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman, and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and conditions, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another: and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualities, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect

*"Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen,
Facit illud verisimile quod mendacium est."
Plauti, *Pseudolus*, Act I. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unvoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful, and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at least with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature.

In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty: as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not to wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hyppolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes, he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate, the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do.* He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such

* "But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic, &c." Orig. Edit. 1765.

elight, that he was content to purchase it by he sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities, his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings; but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, and in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard: and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place, and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintances are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the banks of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why

a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other: and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus: that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please us no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and

such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire.

> "Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
> Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
> Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli."

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand; not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared to the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous

transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's *Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious; but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustable plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek;* * who,

* "and *no* Greek." Orig. Edit. 1765. Dr. Farmer, in his "Essay on the learning of Shakspeare," has the following note, alluding to this alteration. "This passage of Ben Jonson, so often quoted, is given us in the admirable preface to the late edition, with a various reading, 'small Latin and no Greek,' which had been held up to the public for a modern sophistication: yet whether an error or not, it was adopted above a century ago by W. Towers, in a panegyric on Cartwright. His eulogy, with more than fifty others, on this now forgotten poet, was prefixed to the edit. 1651."

besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy; unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thoughts, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cried to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little: he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know*, says he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best*. But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned;

and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry: so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned: the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems*, says Dennis, *to have been the very original of our*

*English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common uses makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo*, of which the date is not certain,* but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This, however, is certain that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better than when he tries to smooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's ununskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more

* It appears to have been acted before 1590.

common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches: and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe,* though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates, however, what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, showed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been emitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to

* "Of Rowe, as of all the editors, I have preserved the preface, and have likewise retained the author's life." Orig. Edit. 1765.

have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions, he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyric in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which despatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much: his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learn-

ing; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant errors of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just: and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the public has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness or malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer, is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system is to demolish the fabrics which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to show how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero* to his captive, when thou knowest that thou are now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The Canons of Criticism*,† and of *The Revisal of Shakspeare's Text*;‡ of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boy with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

> * A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shown acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities,

* "Achilles." Orig. Edit 1765.
† Mr. Edwards. ‡ Mr. Heath.

and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical Observations on Shakspeare* had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he, likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolics in conjecture.

*Critical, historical, and explanatory Notes* have been likewise published upon Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty, nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous train of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frighted from perusing him, and contributed something to the public by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not

systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I give this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shown so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To most of the plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not by any affectation of singularity deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the public attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation though all the editions is indubitably certain; of these, the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous: some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collector of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands, I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorized, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more

more intelligible. These corruptions
ten silently rectified; for the history
nguage, and the true force of our
n only be preserved, by keeping the
hors free from adulteration. Others,
very frequent, smoothed the cadence,
ed the measure; on these I have not
the same rigour; if only a word was
l, or a particle inserted or omit-
e sometimes suffered the line to stand;
onstancy of the copies is such, as that
rties may be easily permitted. But
ce I have not suffered to proceed far,
tored the primitive diction wherever
r any reason be preferred.
endations, which comparison of copies
I have inserted in the text; some-
here the improvement was slight,
otice, and sometimes with an account
sons of the change.
ure, though it be sometimes unavoid-
ve not wantonly nor licentiously in-
It has been my settled principle, that
g of the ancient books is probably
therefore is not to be disturbed for
f elegance, perspicuity, or mere im-
of the sense. For though much
ot due to the fidelity, nor any to the
of the first publishers, yet they who
py before their eyes were more likely
right, than we who read it only by
n. But it is evident that they have
e strange mistakes by ignorance or
, and that therefore something may
ly attempted by criticism, keeping
way between presumption and timi-

iticism I have attempted to practise,
any passage appeared inextricably
have endeavoured to discover how
ecalled to sense, with least violence.
rst labour is, always to turn the old
ery side, and try if there be any in-
hrough which light can find its way;
Huetius himself condemn me, as
he trouble of research for the ambi-
eration. In this modest industry I
been unsuccessful. I have rescued
s from the violations of temerity, and
any scenes from the inroads of cor-
have adopted the Roman sentiment,
ore honourable to save a citizen, than
enemy, and have been more careful
than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in a play, but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate

and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

## Portrait and Hand-Writing of Dr. Johnson.

Sam: Johnson

# An Historical Account of The English Stage,

By Mr. Malone.

The drama before the time of Shakspeare as so little cultivated, or so ill understood, at to many it may appear unnecessary to rry our theatrical researches higher than that riod. Dryden has truly observed, that he found not, but created first the stage;" of hich no one can doubt, who considers, that of l the plays issued from the press antecedent the year 1592, when there is reason to beve he commenced a dramatic writer, the titles e scarcely known, except to antiquaries; nor there one of them that will bear a second rusal. Yet these, contemptible and few as ey are, we may suppose to have been the ost popular productions of the time, and e best that had been exhibited before the apearance of Shakspeare.*

A minute investigation, therefore, of the igin and progress of the drama in England, ill scarcely repay the labour of the enquiry. However, as the best introduction to an account the internal economy and usages of the Engsh theatres in the time of Shakspeare (the incipal object of this dissertation), I shall take cursory view of our most ancient dramatic exbitions, though I fear I can add but little to e researches which have already been made that subject.

Mr. Warton in his elegant and ingenious *Istory of English Poetry* has given so accurate account of our earliest dramatic poetry permances, that I shall make no apology for extracting from various parts of his valuable work, such particulars as suit my present purpose.

The earliest dramatic entertainments exhibited in England, as well as every other part of Europe, were of a religious kind. So early as in the beginning of the twelfth century, it was customary in England on holy festivals to represent, in or near the churches, either the lives and miracles of saints, or the more mysterious parts of Holy Writ, such as the incarnation, passion, and resurrection of Christ. From the subject of these spectacles, these scriptural plays were denominated *Miracles*, or *Mysteries*. At what period of time they were first exhibited in this country, I am unable to ascertain. Undoubtedly, however, they are of very great antiquity; and Riccoboni, who has contended that the Italian theatre is the most ancient in Europe, has claimed for his country an honour to which it is not entitled. The era of the earliest representation in Italy founded on Holy Writ, he has placed in the year 1264, when the fraternity *del Gonfalone* was established; but we had similar exhibitions in England above 150 years before that time. In the year 1110, as Dr. Percy and Mr. Warton have observed, the Miracle-play of *Saint Catharine*, written by Geoffrey, a learned Norman (afterwards abbot of St. Alban's), was acted, probably by his scholars, in the abbey of Dunstable; perhaps the first spectacle of this kind exhibited in England. William Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who according to the best accounts composed his very curious work in 1174, about four years after the murder of his patron Archbishop Becket, and in the twenty-first year of the reign of King Henry the Second, mentions, that "London, for its theatrical exhibitions,

* Mr. Reed gives a list of seventy-five plays ow extant, written from the year 1540 to 1600. These are exclusive of mysteries, moralities, interludes, and translated pieces, and of some dramatic pieces which were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, but have not been printed.

has religious plays, either the representations of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs."

Mr. Warton has remarked, that "in the time of Chaucer, Plays of Miracles appear to have been the common resort of idle gossips in Lent.

"And in Pierce Plowman's Creed, a piece, perhaps, prior to Chaucer, a friar Minorite mentions these Miracles as not less frequented than market-towns and fairs:

> 'We haunten no taverns, ne hobelen about,
> At markets and Miracles we meddle us never.'"

The elegant writer, whose words I have just quoted, has given the following ingenious account of the origin of this rude species of dramatic entertainment:

"About the eighth century trade was principally carried on by means of fairs, which lasted several days. Charlemagne established many great marts of this sort in France, as did William the Conqueror, and his Norman successors in England. The merchants who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons; who were no less interested in giving their attendance, and exerting all their skill on these occasions. As now but few large towns existed, no public spectacles or popular amusements were established; and as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair-time was the season for diversion. In proportion as these shows were attended and encouraged, they began to be set off with new decorations and improvements; and the arts of buffoonery being rendered still more attractive, by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees the clergy observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimickry, exhibited at these protracted annual celebrities, made the people less religious, by promoting idleness and a love of festivity, proscribed these sports, and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy. The death of Saint Catharine acted by the monks of Saint Dennis rivalled the popularity of the professed players. Music was admitted into the churches, which served as theatres for the representation of holy farces. The festivals among the French, called *La Fête des Foux, de l'Ane*, and *des Innocens*, at length became greater favourites, as they certainly were more capricious and absurd, than the interludes of the buffoons at the fairs. These are the ideas of a judicious French writer now living, who has investigated the history of human manners with great comprehension and sagacity."

"Voltaire's theory on this subject is also very ingenious, and quite new. Religious plays, he supposes, came originally from Constantinople; where the old Grecian stage continued to flourish in some degree, and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented, till the fourth century. About that period Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, banished pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, and introduced stories from the Old and New Testament. As the ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle, a transition was made on the same plan; and the chorusses were turned into Christian hymns. Gregory wrote many sacred dramas for this purpose, which have not survived those inimitable compositions over which they triumphed for a time: one, however, his tragedy called Χριστος πασχων, or *Christ's Passion*, is still extant. In the prologue it is said to be an imitation of Euripides, and that is the first time the Virgin Mary had been introduced on the stage. The fashion of acting spiritual dramas, in which at first a due degree of method and decorum was preserved, was at length adopted from Constantinople by the Italians; who framed, in the depth of the dark ages, on this foundation, that barbarous species of theatrical representation called MYSTERIES, or sacred comedies, and which were soon after received in France. This opinion will acquire probability, if we consider the early commercial intercourse between Italy and Constantinople; and although the Italians, at the time when they may be supposed to have imported plays of this nature, did not understand the Greek language, yet they could understand, and consequently could imitate, what they saw.

"In defence of Voltaire's hypothesis, it may be further observed, that *The Feast of Fools* and of *the Ass*, with other religious farces of that sort, so common in Europe, originated at

Constantinople. They were instituted, although perhaps under other names, in the Greek church, about the year 990, by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, probably with a better design than is imagined by the ecclesiastical annalists; that of weaning the minds of the people from the pagan ceremonies, by the substitution of Christian spectacles partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness.—To those who are accustomed to contemplate the great picture of human follies, which the unpolished ages of Europe hold up to our view, it will not appear surprising, that the people who were forbidden to read events of the sacred history in the Bible, in which they were faithfully and beautifully related, should at the same time be permitted to see them represented on the stage, disgraced with the grossest improprieties, corrupted with inventions and additions of the most ridiculous kind, sullied with impurities, and expressed in the language of the lowest farce.

"On the whole, the *Mysteries* appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics, and were most probably first acted with any degree of form by the monks. This was certainly the case in the English monasteries. I have already mentioned the play of *Saint Catharine*, performed at Dunstable Abbey, by the novices in the eleventh century, under the superintendence of Geoffrey, a Parisian ecclesiastic; and the exhibition of the *Passion* by the mendicant friars of Coventry and other places. Instances have been given of the like practice among the French. The only persons who could now read were in the religious societies; and various circumstances, peculiarly arising from their situation, profession, and institution, enabled the monks to be the sole performers of these representations."

"As learning increased, and was more widely disseminated, from the monasteries, by a natural and easy transition, the practice migrated to schools and universities, which were formed on the monastic plan, and in many respects resembled the ecclesiastical bodies."

*Candlemas-Day*, or *The Slaughter of the Innocents*, written by Ihan Parfre, in 1512, *Mary Magdalene*, produced in the same year, and *The Promises of God*, written by John Bale, and printed in 1538, are curious specimens of this early species of drama. But the most ancient as well as most complete collection of this kind is, *The Chester Mysteries*, which were written by Ralph Higden, a monk of the Abbey of Chester, about the year 1328;* of which a particular account will be found below.

* MSS. Harl. 2013, &c. "Exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. *The Fall of Lucifer*, by the Tanners. *The Creation*, by the Drapers. *The Deluge*, by the Dyers. *Abraham*, *Melchisedeck*, and *Lot*, by the Barbers. *Moses*, *Balak*, and *Balaam*, by the Cappars. *The Salutation* and *Nativity*, by the Wrightes. *The Shepherds feeding their Flocks by Night*, by the Painters and Glaziers. *The three Kings*, by the Vintners. *The Oblation of the three Kings*, by the Mercers. *The Killing of the Innocents*, by the Goldsmiths. *The Purification*, by the Blacksmiths. *The Temptation*, by the Butchers. *The last Supper*, by the Bakers. *The blind Men and Lazarus*, by the Glovers. *Jesus and the Lepers*, by the Corvesarys. *Christ's Passion*, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers. *Descent into Hell*, by the Cooks and Innkeepers. *The Resurrection*, by the Skinners. *The Ascension*, by the Taylors. *The Election of St. Mathias, sending of the Holy Ghost, &c.* by the Fishmongers. *Antichrist*, by the Clothiers. *Day of Judgment*, by the Websters. The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play: God enters creating the world; he breathes life into Adam, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. Adam and Eve appear naked, and *not ashamed*, and the old serpent enters lamenting his fall. He converses with Eve. She eats of the forbidden fruit, and gives part to Adam. They propose, according to the stage-direction, to make themselves *subligacula a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda*. Cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with God. God's curse. The serpent *exit* hissing. They are driven from Paradise by four angels and the cherubim with a flaming sword. Adam appears digging the ground, and Eve spinning. Their children Cain and Abel enter: the former kills his brother. Adam's lamentation. Cain is banished," &c. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 243.

[Since the publication of our last edition, the history of the "Chester Mysteries" has been ably illustrated by James Heywood Markland, Esq. who, in 1818, printed a specimen of them for private distribution among a select number of friends, the members of the Roxburghe club. To this specimen Mr. Markland has prefixed an elaborate dissertation, in which, with equal candour and acuteness, he has rectified the mistakes of Messrs. Warton, Malone, &c. We owe to Mr. Markland's researches, that Higden could not have been the author of these Mysteries, but that there are good grounds to degard them as the production of an earlier ecclesiastic of Chester Abbey, of the name of Randal—that they were in all probability first represented between the years 1268 and 1276 (consequently, that the opinion of Mr. Roscoe, which would place them as late as the commencement of the 16th century, is widely erroneous), and lastly, that they were not revived or acted after the year 1574. C.]

Many licentious pleasantries, as Mr. Warton has observed, were sometimes introduced into these religious representations. "This might imperceptibly lead the way to subjects entirely profane, and to comedy; and perhaps earlier than is imagined. In a mystery of *The Massacre of the Holy Innocents*, part of the subject of a sacred drama given by the English fathers at the famous Council of Constance, in the year 1417, a low buffoon of Herod's court is introduced, desiring of his lord to be dubbed a knight, that he might be properly qualified to *go on the adventure* of killing the mothers of the children of Bethlehem. This tragical business is treated with the most ridiculous levity. The good women of Bethlehem attack our knight-errant with their spinning-wheels, break his head with their distaffs, abuse him as a coward and a disgrace to chivalry, and send him to Herod as a recreant champion with much ignominy.——It is certain that our ancestors intended no sort of impiety by these monstrous and unnatural mixtures. Neither the writers nor the spectators saw the impropriety, nor paid a separate attention to the comic and the serious part of these motley scenes; at least they were persuaded that the solemnity of the subject covered or excused all incongruities. They had no just idea of decorum, consequently but little sense of the ridiculous: what appears to us to be the highest burlesque, on them would have made no sort of impression. We must not wonder at this, in an age when courage, devotion, and ignorance, composed the character of European manners; when the knight going to a tournament, first invoked his God, then his mistress, and afterwards proceeded with a safe conscience and great resolution to engage his antagonist. In these mysteries I have sometimes seen gross and open obscenities. In a play of *The Old and New Testament*, Adam and Eve are both exhibited on the stage naked, and conversing about their nakedness; this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves. This extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a numerous assembly of both sexes with great composure: they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of *Genesis*. It would have been absolute heresy to have departed from the sacred text in personating the primitive appearance of our first parents, whom the spectators so nearly resembled in simplicity; and if this had not been the case, the dramatists were ignorant what to reject and what to retain."

"I must not omit," adds Mr. Warton, "an anecdote entirely new, with regard to the mode of playing the *Mysteries* at this period [the latter part of the fifteenth century], which yet is perhaps of much higher antiquity. In the year 1487, while Henry the Seventh kept his residence at the castle of Winchester, on occasion of the birth of Prince Arthur, on a Sunday, during the time of dinner, he was entertained with a religious drama called *Christi Descensus ad Inferos*, or *Christ's Descent into Hell*. It was represented by the *Pueri Eleemosynarii*, or choir-boys, of Hyde Abbey, and Saint Swithin's Priory, two large monasteries at Winchester. This is the only proof I have ever seen of choir-boys acting the old *Mysteries*: nor do I recollect any other instance of a royal dinner, even on a festival, accompanied with this species of diversion. The story of this interlude, in which the chief characters were Christ, Adam, Eve, Abraham, and John the Baptist, was not uncommon in the ancient religious drama, and I believe made made a part of what is called the LUDUS PASCHALIS, or *Easter Plays*. It occurs in the Coventry Plays, acted on Corpus Christi day, and in the Whitsun-plays at Chester, where it is called the HARROWING OF HELL. The representation is, Christ entering hell triumphantly, delivering our first parents, and the most sacred characters of the Old and New Testaments, from the dominion of Satan, and conveying them into paradise.—The composers of the Mysteries did not think the plain and probable events of the New Testament sufficiently marvellous for an audience who wanted only to be surprised. They frequently selected their materials from Books which had more of the air of romance. The subject of the Mysteries just mentioned was borrowed from the *Pseudo-Evangelium*, or the *fabulous Gospel*, ascribed to Nicodemus: a book, which together with the numerous apocryphal narratives, containing infinite innovations of the evangelical history, and forged at Constantinople by the early writers of the Greek church, gave birth to an endless variety of legends concerning the life of Christ and his apostles; and which, in the barbarous ages, was better esteemed than the genuine Gospel, on account of its improbabilities and absurdities."

But whatsoever was the source of these ex-

hibitions, they were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people on the most important subjects of religion, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays performed in the Whitsun-week at Chester, beginning with the creation, and ending with the general judgment; and this indulgence was seconded by the bishop of the diocese, who granted forty days of pardon: the pope at the same time denouncing the sentence of damnation on all those incorrigible sinners who presumed to interrupt the due celebration of these pious sports. It is certain that they had their use, not only in teaching the great truths of Scripture to men who could not read the Bible, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games, and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement. Rude and even ridiculous as they were, they softened the manners of the people, by diverting the public attention to spectacles in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than those of bodily strength and savage valour."

I may add, that these representations were so far from being considered as indecent or profane, that even a supreme pontiff, Pope Pius the Second, about the year 1416, composed, and caused to be acted before him on Corpus Christi day, a Mystery, in which was represented the *court of the king of heaven*.

These religious dramas were usually represented on holy festivals in or near churches. "In several of our old scriptural plays," says Mr. Warton, "we see some of the scenes directed to be represented *cum cantu et organis*, a common rubric in a missal; that is, because they were performed in a church where the choir assisted. There is a curious passage in Lambarde's *Topographical Dictionary*, written about the year 1570, much to our purpose, which I am therefore tempted to transcribe. 'In the dayes of ceremonial religion, they used at Wytney (in Oxfordshire) to set fourthe yearly in maner of a shew or interlude, the resurrection of our Lord, etc. For the which purposes, and the more lyvely heareby to exhibite to the eye the hole action of the resurrection, the priestes garnished out certain small puppettes, representing the persons of Christ, the Watchman, Marie, and others; amongest the which, one bore the parte of a waking watchman, who espiinge Christe to arrise, made a continuall noyce, like to the sound that is caused by the metynge of two stickes, and was therefore commonly called *Jack Snacker of Wytney*. The like toye I myself, being then a childe, once saw in Powles Church, at London, at a feast of Whitsuntyde; wheare the comynge down of the Holy Ghost was set forthe by a white pigeon, that was let to fly out of a hole that yet is to be sene in the mydst of the roofe of the great ile, and by a longe censer which descendinge out of the same place almost to the verie grounde, was swinged up and downe at such a lengthe, that it reached with thone sweepe, almost to the west-gate of the churche, and with the other to the quyre staires of the same; breathinge out over the whole churche and companie a most pleasant perfume of such swete thinges as burned therein. With the like doome-shews they used everie where to furnish sondrye parts of theire church service, as by their spectacles of the nativitie, passion, and ascension,'" &c.

In a preceding passage Mr. Warton has mentioned that the singing boys of Hyde Abbey and St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester, performed a Mystery before king Henry the Seventh in 1487; adding, that this is the only instance he has met with of choir-boys performing in Mysteries; but it appears from the accompts of various monasteries that this was a very ancient practice, probably coeval with the earliest attempts at dramatic representations. In the year 1378, the scholars, or choristers, of Saint Paul's cathedral presented a petition to King Richard the Second, praying His Majesty to prohibit some ignorant and unexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the church, who had expended considerable sums for a public presentation of that play at the ensuing Christmas. About twelve years afterwards, the Parish Clerks of London, as Stowe informs us, performed spiritual plays at Skinner's Well for three days successively, in the presence of the King, Queen, and nobles of the realm. And in 1409, the tenth year of King Henry IV., they acted at Clerkenwell for eight days successively a play, which "was matter from the creation of the world," and probably concluded with the day of judgment, in the presence of most of the nobility and gentry of England.

We are indebted to Mr. Warton for some curious circumstances relative to these Miracle-

plays, which "appear in a roll of the Churchwardens of Bassingborne, in Cambridgeshire, which is an accompt of the expenses and receptions for acting the play of SAINT GEORGE at Bassingborne, on the feast of Saint Margaret, in the year 1511. They collected upwards of four pounds in twenty-seven neighbouring parishes for furnishing the play. They disbursed about two pounds in the representation. These disbursements are to four minstrels, or waits, of Cambridge, for three days, vs. vjd. To the players, in bread and ale, iijs. ijd. To the *garnement-man* for *garnements* and *propyrts*, that is, for dresses, decorations, and implements, and for play-books, xxs. To John Hobard, *brotherhoode preeste*, that is, a priest of the guild in the church, for the *play book*, ijs. viiid. For the *crofte*, or field in which the play was exhibited, js. For *propyrte-making*, or furniture, js. ivd. For fish and bread, and to setting up the stages, ivd. For painting three *fanchoms* and four *tormenters*, words which I do not understand, but perhaps *fantoms* and devils - - - -. The rest was expended for a feast on the occasion, in which are recited 'Four chicken for the gentilmen, ivd.' It appears by the manuscript of the Coventry plays, that a temporary scaffold only was erected for these performances."

In the ancient religious plays the Devil was very frequently introduced. He was usually represented with horns, a very wide mouth (by means of a mask), staring eyes, a large nose, a red beard, cloven feet, and a tail. His constant attendant was the Vice (the buffoon of the piece), whose principal employment was to belabour the Devil with his wooden dagger, and to make him roar for the entertainment of the populace.

As the *Mysteries* or *Miracle-plays* "frequently required the introduction of allegorical characters, such as Charity, Sin, Death, Hope, Faith, or the like, and as the common poetry of the times, especially among the French, began to deal much in allegory, at length plays were formed entirely consisting of such personifications. These were called MORALITIES. The *Miracle-plays* or MYSTERIES were totally destitute of invention and plan: they tamely represented stories, according to the letter of the Scripture, or the respective legend. But the MORALITIES indicate dawnings of the dramatic art: they contain some rudiments of a plot, and even attempt to delineate characters, and to paint manners. From hence the gradual transition to real historical personages was natural and obvious."

Dr. Percy, in his Account of the English Stage, has given an Analysis of two ancient Moralities, entitled *Every Man*, and *Lusty Juventus*, from which a perfect notion of this kind of drama may be obtained. *Every Man* was written in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and *Lusty Juventus* in that of King Edward the Sixth. As Dr. Percy's curious and valuable collection of ancient English Poetry is in the hands of every scholar, I shall content myself with merely referring to it. Many other Moralities are yet extant, of some of which I shall give titles below.* Of one, which is not now extant, we have a curious account in a book entitled, *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner, by* R. W. (R. Willis), *Esq. published in the Year of his Age* 75, *Anno Domini* 1639; an extract from which will give the reader a more accurate notion of the old Moralities than a long dissertation on the subject.

"UPON A STAGE-PLAY WHICH I SAW WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations), that when players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the Mayor, to enforme him what noblemans servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself, and the Aldermen and Common-Counsell of the city; and that is called the *Mayor's Play*: where every one that will, comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play my father tooke me with him and made me stand between his leggs, as he sate upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called *The Cradle of*

* *Magnificence*, written by *John Skelton*; *Impatient Poverty*, 1560; *The Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567; *The Trial of Treasure*, 1567; *The Nice Wanton*, 1568; *The Disobedient Child*, no date; *The Marriage of Wit and Science*, 1570; *The Interlude of Youth*, no date; *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, no date; *The Interlude of Wealth and Health*, no date; *All for Money*, 1578; *The Conflict of Conscience*, 1581; *The Three Ladies of London*, 1585; *The Three Lords of London*, 1590; *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, &c.

*Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good councell and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, that he snorted againe; and in the mean time closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithall he was covered, a vizard, like a swines snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at armes his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the others shoulders; and so they went along with a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearfull blow upon the cradle; wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies, and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince starting up bare-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the Morall, the wicked of the world; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards mans estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted."

The writer of this book appears to have been born in the same year with our great poet (1564). Supposing him to have been seven or eight years old when he saw this interlude, the exhibition must have been in 1571 or 1572.

I am unable to ascertain when the first Morality appeared, but incline to think not sooner then the reign of King Edward the Fourth (1460). The public pageants of the reign of King Henry the Sixth were uncommonly splendid; and being the first enlivened by the introduction of speaking allegorical personages properly and characteristically habited, they naturally led the way to those personifications by which Moralities were distinguished from the simpler religious dramas called Mysteries. We must not, however, suppose, that, after Moralities were introduced, Mysteries ceased to be exhibited. We have already seen that a Mystery was represented before King Henry the Seventh, at Winchester, in 1487. Sixteen years afterwards, on the first Sunday after the marriage of his daughter with King James of Scotland, a Morality was performed. In the early part of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, they were perhaps performed indiscriminately; but Mysteries were probably seldom represented after the statute 34 and 35 Henry VIII. c. s, which was made, as the preamble informs us, with a view that the kingdom should be purged and cleansed of all *religious plays*, *interludes*, rhymes, ballads, and songs, which are equally *pestiferous* and *noysome* to the commonweal. At this time both Moralities and Mysteries were made the vehicle of religious controversy; Bale's *Comedy of the Three Laws of Nature*, printed in 1538, (which, in fact, is a Mystery), being a disguised satire against popery; as the Morality of *Lusty Juventus* was written expressly with the same view in the reign of King Edward the Sixth. In that of his successor, Queen Mary, Mysteries were again revived, as appendages to the papistical worship. "In the years 1556," says Mr. Warton, "*a goodly stage-play* of the *Passion of Christ* was presented at the Grey-Friars in London, on Corpus-Christi-day, before the Lord Mayor, the Privy Council, and many great estates of the realm. Strype also mentions, under the year 1577, a stage-play at the Grey-Friars, of the *Passion of Christ*, on the day that war was proclaimed in London against France, and in honour of that occasion. On Saint Olave's day in the same year, the holiday of the church in Silver-Street, which is dedicated to that saint, was kept with great solemnity. At eight of the clock at night, began a stage-play of *goodly matter*, being the miraculous history of the life of that saint, which continued four hours, and concluded with many religious songs." No Mysteries, I believe, were represented during the reign of Elizabeth, except such as were occasionally performed by those who were favourers of the popish religion, and those already mentioned, known by the name of the Chester Mysteries, which had been

originally composed in 1328, were revived in the time of King Henry the Eighth (1533), and again performed at Chester in the year 1600.* The last Mystery, I believe, ever represented in England was that of *Christ's Passion*, in the reign of King James the First, which Prynne tells us was "performed at Elle-House in Holborne, when Gundomar lay there, on Good-Friday at night, when there were thousands present."

In France the representation of Mysteries was forbid in the year 1548, when the fraternity associated under the name of *The Actors of our Saviour's Passion*, who had received letters-patent from King Charles the Sixth, in 1402, and had for near 150 years exhibited religious plays, built their new theatre on the site of the Duke of Burgundy's house; and were authorised by an arrêt of parliament to act, on condition that "they should meddle with none but profane subjects, such as are lawful and honest, and not represent any sacred Mysteries." Representations founded on Holy Writ continued to be exhibited in Italy till the year 1660, and the Mystery of *Christ's Passion* was represented at Vienna so lately as the early part of the present century.

Having thus occasionally mentioned foreign theatres, I take this opportunity to observe that the stages of France so lately as in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign were entirely unfurnished with scenery or any kind of decoration, and that the performers at that time remained on the stage the whole time of the exhibition; in which mode perhaps our Mysteries in England were represented. For this information we are indebted to the elder Scaliger, in whose *Poetics* is the following curious passage: "At present in France [about the year 1556] plays are represented in such a manner, that nothing is withdrawn from the view of the spectator. The whole apparatus of the theatre consists of some high seats ranged in proper order. The persons of the scene never depart during the representation: he who ceases to speak, is considered as if he were no longer on the stage. But in truth it is extremely ridiculous, that the spectator should see the actor listening, and yet he himself should not hear what one of his fellow-actors says concerning him, though in his own presence and within his hearing: as if he were absent, while he is present. It is the great object of the dramatic poet to keep the mind in a constant state of suspense and expectation. But in our theatres there can be no novelty, no surprise: insomuch that the spectator is more likely to be satiated with what he has already seen, than to have any appetite for what is to come. Upon this ground it was, that Euripides objected to Æschylus, in The Frogs of Aristophanes, for having introduced Niobe and Achilles as mutes upon the scene, with a covering which entirely concealed their heads from the spectators."

Another practice, equally extraordinary, is mentioned by Bulenger in his treatise on the Grecian and Roman theatres. In his time, so late as in the year 1600, all the actors employed in a dramatic piece came on the stage in a troop, before the play began, and presented themselves to the spectators, in order, says he, to raise the expectation of the audience. I know not whether this was ever practised in England. Instead of raising, it should seem more likely to repress expectation. I suppose, however, this writer conceived the audience would be animated by the *number* of the characters, and that this display would operate on the gaping spectators like some of our modern enormous play-bills; in which the length of the show sometimes constitutes the principal merit of the entertainment.

Mr. Warton observes that Moralities were become so fashionable a spectacle about the close of the reign of Henry the Seventh, that "John Rastall, a learned typographer, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, extended its province, which had been hitherto confined either to moral allegory, or to religion blended with buffoonery, and conceived a design of making it the vehicle of science and philosophy. With this view he published *A new* INTERLUDE *and a mery, of the Nature of the iiij Elements, declaring many proper Points of Philosophy naturall, and dyvers straunge Landys, etc.* In the cosmographical part of the play, in which the poet professes to treat of *dyvers straunge landys, and of the new-found landys*, the tracts of America recently discovered, and the manners of the natives are described. The characters are, a Messenger, who speaks the prologue, Nature, Humanity, Studious Desire, Sensual Appetite, a Taverner, Experience, and Ignorance."

As it is uncertain at what period of time the ancient Mysteries ceased to be represented as an ordinary spectacle for the amusement of the people, and Moralities were substituted in their

* This Mr. Markland has proved to be a mistake.

room, it is equally difficult to ascertain the precise time when the latter gave way to a more legitimate theatrical exhibition. We know that Moralities were exhibited *occasionally* during the whole of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and even in that of her successor, long after regular dramas had been presented on the scene; but I suspect that about the year 1570 (the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth) this species of drama began to lose much of its attraction, and gave way to something that had more the appearance of comedy and tragedy. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was written by Mr. Still (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells), in the 23d year of his age, and acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566, is pointed out by the ingenious writer of the tract entitled *Historia Histrionica*, as the first piece "that looks like a regular comedy;" that is, the first play that was neither Mystery nor Morality, and in which some humour and discrimination of character may be found. In 1561-2, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, joined in writing the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was exhibited on the 18th of January in that year, by the Students of the Inner Temple, before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall. Neither of these pieces appears to have been acted on a public theatre, nor was there at that time any building in London constructed solely for the purpose of representing plays. Of the latter piece, which, as Mr. Warton has observed, is perhaps "the first specimen in our language of an heroic tale written in verse, and divided into acts and scenes, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular tragedy," a correct analysis may be found in THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, and the play itself within these few years has been accurately reprinted in Dodsley's Collection, vol. i.

It has been justly remarked by the same judicious writer, that the early practice of performing plays in schools and universities greatly contributed to the improvement of our drama. "While the people were amused with Skelton's *Trial of Simony*, Bale's *God's Promises*, and *Christ's Descent into Hell*, the scholars of the times were composing and acting plays on historical subjects, and in imitation of Plautus and Terence. Hence ideas of legitimate fable must have been imperceptibly derived to the popular and vernacular drama."

In confirmation of what has been suggested, it may be observed, that the principal dramatic writers, before Shakspeare appeared, were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all a regular university education. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the dramatic poetry about this period certainly assumed a better, though still an exceptionable, form. The example which had been furnished by Sackville was quickly followed, and a great number of tragedies and historical plays was produced between the years 1570 and 1590; some of which are still extant, though by far the greater part is lost. This, I apprehend, was the great era of those bloody and bombastic pieces, which afforded subsequent writers perpetual topics of ridicule; and during the same period were exhibited many *Histories*, or historical dramas, formed on our English Chronicles, and representing a series of events simply in the order of time in which they happened. Some have supposed that Shakspeare was the first dramatic poet that introduced this species of drama; but this is an undoubted error. I have elsewhere observed that every one of the subjects on which he constructed his historical plays appears to have been dramatized, and brought upon the scene, before his time. The historical drama is by an elegant modern writer [Lord Orford] supposed to have owed its rise to the publication of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in which many of the most distinguished characters in English history are introduced giving a poetical narrative of their own misfortunes. Of this book three editions, with various alterations and improvements, were printed between 1563 and 1587.

At length (about the year 1591) the great luminary of the dramatic world blazed out, and our poet produced those plays which have now for two hundred years been the boast and admiration of his countrymen.

Our earliest dramas, as we have seen, were represented in churches or near them by ecclesiastics: but at a very early period, I believe, we had regular and established players, who obtained a livelihood by their art. So early as in the year 1378, as has been already noticed, the singing boys of St. Paul's represented to the king, that they had been at a considerable expense in preparing a stage-representation at Christmas. These, however, cannot properly be called comedians, nor am I able to point out the time when the profession of a player became common and established. It has been supposed that the license granted by Queen Elizabeth to James Burbage and others, in 1574,

was the first regular license ever granted to comedians in England; but this is a mistake, for Heywood informs us that similar licenses had been granted by her father King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary. Stowe records, that "when King Edward the Fourth would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. John's, where he was accustomed to see the *City Actors*." In two books in the Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King Henry the Seventh, are many articles, from which it appears, that at that time players, both French and English, made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment.

It appears that there was then not only a regular troop of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which Henry must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485), accounts for the article relative to the company of French players.

In a manuscript in the Cottonian Library in the Museum, a narrative is given of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas in the fifth year of this king's reign, 1490: "This Cristmass I saw no disgysyngs, and but *right few plays;* but ther was an abbot of misrule, that made muche sport, and did right well his office.—On Candell Mass day, the king, the qwen, my ladye the king's moder, with the substance of all the lordes temporell present at the parlement, etc. wenten a procession from the chapel into the hall and soo into Westmynster Hall:—The kynge was that daye in a riche gowne of purple, pirled withe gold, furred withe sabuls:—At nyght the kyng, the qwene, and my ladye the kyngs moder, came into the Whit hall, and ther had a pley." —"On new-yeeres day at nyght (says the same writer, speaking of the year 1488), ther was a goodly dysgysyng, and also this Cristmass ther wer *many and dyvers playes*."

A proclamation which was issued out in the year 1547 by King Edward the Sixth, to prohibit for about two months the exhibition of "any kind of interlude, play, dialogue, or other matter set forth in the form of a play, in the English tongue," describes plays as a familiar entertainment, both in London and in the country, and the profession of an actor as common and established. "For as much as great number of those that be *common players of interludes and playes*, as well within the city of London as elsewhere within the realme, doe for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition," etc. By *common* players of interludes here mentioned, I apprehend, were meant the players of the city, as contradistinguished from the king's own servants. In a manuscript which I saw some years ago, and which is now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdown,* are sundry charges for the players belonging to King Edward the Sixth; but I have not preserved the articles. And in the household book of Queen Mary, in the library of the Antiquarian Society, is an entry which shows that she also had a theatrical establishment: "Eight players of interludes, each 66*s.* 8*d.*—26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"

It has already been mentioned that originally plays were performed in churches. Though Bonner, Bishop of London, issued a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese in 1542, prohibiting "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes, to be played, set forth, or declared within their churches, chappels," &c. the practice seems to have been continued occasionally during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for the author of *The Third Blast of Retrait from Plays and Players* complains, in 1580, that "the players are permitted to publish their mammetrie in every temple of God, and that throughout England," &c.; and this abuse is taken notice of in one of the Canons of King James the First, given soon after his accession in the year 1603. Early, however, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the established players of London began to act in temporary theatres constructed in the yards of inns; and about the year 1570, I imagine, one or two regular playhouses were erected. Both the theatre in Blackfriars and that in Whitefriars were certainly built before 1580; for we learn from a puritanical pamphlet published in the last century, that soon after that year, "many goodly citizens and well disposed gentlemen of London, considering that play-houses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen, and others, and perceiving that many inconveniencies and great damage would ensue upon the long suffering of the same,—acquainted some pious magistrates therewith,—who thereupon made humble suite to Queene Elizabeth and her privy-councell, and obtained leave from her majesty to thrust the

* Now in the British Museum. C.

players out of the citty, and to pull down all playhouses and dicing-houses within their liberties; which accordingly was effected, and the playhouses in Gracious-Street, Bishopsgate-Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate-Hill, and the White-Friars, were quite pulled down and suppressed by the care of these religious senators." The theatre in Blackfriars, not being within the liberties of the city of London, escaped the fury of these fanatics. Elizabeth, however, though she yielded in this instance to the frenzy of the time, was during the whole course of her reign a favourer of the stage, and a frequent attendant upon plays. So early as in the year 1569, as we learn from another puritanical writer, the children of her chapel (who are described as "her majesty's unfledged minions") "flaunted it in their silkes and satens," and acted plays on profane subjects in the Chapel Royal. In 1574 she granted a license to James Burbage, probably the father of the celebrated tragedian, and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of stage-plays during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them;" and in the year 1583, soon after a furious attack had been made on the stage by the puritans, twelve of the principal comedians of that time, at the earnest request of Sir Francis Walsingham, were selected from the companies then subsisting, under the license and protection of various noblemen, and were sworn her majesty's servants. Eight of them had an annual stipend of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each. At that time there were eight companies of comedians, each of which performed twice or thrice a week.

King James the First appears to have patronized the stage with as much warmth as his predecessor. In 1599, while he was yet in Scotland, he solicited Queen Elizabeth (if we may believe a modern historian) to send a company of English comedians to Edinburgh; and very soon after his accession to the throne, granted a license to the company at the Globe, which is found in Rymer's *Fœdera*.

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Having now, as concisely as I could, traced the History of the English Stage, from its first rude state to the period of its maturity and greatest splendor, I shall endeavour to exhibit as accurate a delineation of the internal form and economy of our ancient theatres as the distance at which we stand, and the obscurity of the subject, will permit.

The most ancient English playhouses of which I have found any account, are, the playhouse in *Blackfriars*, that in *Whitefriars*, *The Theatre*, of which I am unable to ascertain the situation, and *The Curtain*, in Shoreditch. *The Theatre*, from its name, was probably the first building erected in or near the metropolis purposely for scenic exhibitions.

In the time of Shakspeare there were seven principal theatres: three private houses, namely, that in *Blackfriars*, that in *Whitefriars*, and *The Cockpit* or *Phœnix*, in Drury Lane: and four that were called public theatres; viz. *The Globe* on the Bankside, *The Curtain* in Shoreditch, *The Red Bull*, at the upper end of St. John's Street, and *The Fortune* in Whitecross-Street. The last two were chiefly frequented by citizens. There were, however, but six companies of comedians: for the playhouse in Blackfriars, and the Globe, belonged to the same troop. Beside these seven theatres, there were for some time on the Bankside three other public theatres; *The Swan*, *The Rose* and *The Hope:* but *The Hope* being used chiefly as a bear-garden, and *The Swan* and *The Rose* having fallen to decay early in King James's reign, they ought not to be enumerated with the other regular theatres.

All the established theatres that were open in 1598, were either without the city of London or its liberties.

It appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to King James the First, and the two succeeding kings, that very soon after our poet's death, in the year 1622, there were but five principal companies of comedians in London; the King's Servants, who performed at the Globe and in Blackfriars; the Prince's Servants, who performed then at the Curtain; the Palsgrave's Servants, who had possession of the Fortune; the players of the Revels, who acted at the Red Bull; and the Lady Elizabeth's Servants, or, as they are sometimes denominated, the Queen of Bohemia's players, who performed at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane.

When Prynne published his *Histriomastix* (1633), there were six playhouses open; the theatre in Blackfriars; the Globe; the Fortune; the Red Bull; the Cockpit or Phœnix, and a theatre in Salisbury Court, Whitefriars.

All the plays of Shakspeare appear to have been performed either at *The Globe*, or the theatre in *Blackfriars*. I shall therefore confine my inquiries principally to those two. They belonged, as I have already observed, to the same company of comedians, namely, His Majesty's servants, which title they obtained after a license had been granted to them by King James in 1603; having before that time, I apprehend, been called the servants of the Lord Chamberlain. Like the other servants of the household, the performers enrolled into this company were sworn into office, and each of them was allowed four yards of bastard scarlet for a cloak, and a quarter of a yard of velvet for the cape, every second year.

The theatre in Blackfriars was situated near the present Apothecaries' Hall, in the neighbourhood of which there is yet *Playhouse Yard*, not far from which the theatre probably stood. It was, as has been mentioned, a private house; but what were the distinguishing marks of a private playhouse, it is not easy to ascertain. We know only that it was smaller than those which were called public theatres; and that in the private theatres plays were usually presented by candle-light.

In this theatre, which was a very ancient one, the children of the Revels occasionally performed.

It is said in Camden's Annals of the Reign of King James the First, that the theatre in Blackfriars fell down in the year 1623, and that above eighty persons were killed by the accident; but he was misinformed. The room which gave way was in a private house, and appropriated to the service of religion.

I am unable to ascertain at what time the Globe theatre was built. Hentzner has alluded to it as existing in 1598, though he does not expressly mention it. I believe it was not built long before the year 1596. It was situated on the Bankside (the southern side of the river Thames), nearly opposite to Friday-Street, Cheapside. It was an hexagonal wooden building, partly open to the weather, and partly thatched.* When Hentzner wrote, all the other theatres as well as this were composed of wood.

The Globe was a public theatre, and of considerable size, and there they always a daylight. On the roof of this and th public theatres a pole was erected, to a flag was affixed. These flags were p displayed only during the hours of exhi and it should seem from one of the old co that they were taken down in Lent, in time, during the early part of King James' plays were not allowed to be represented, at a subsequent period this prohibition w pensed with.

I formerly conjectured that *The Globe*, hexagonal at the outside, was perhaps a r within, and that it might have derived it from its circular form. But, though the p propriated to the audience was probably c I now believe that the house was denom only from its sign; which was a figure o cules supporting the Globe, under whi written, *Totus mundus agit histrionem.* theatre was burnt down on the 29th of 1613; but it was rebuilt in the followin and decorated with more ornament th been originally bestowed upon it.

The exhibitions at *The Globe* seem t been calculated chiefly for the lower c people; those at *Blackfriars* for a more and judicious audience. This appears fr following prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful* which is inserted among his poems, pri 1646, with this title:

"Prologue at *the* GLOBE, to his Comedy *The Doubtful Heir*, which should hav presented at *the Blackfriars*.

"Gentlemen, I am only sent to say,
Our author did not calculate his play
For *this* meridian. The *Bankside* he knows,
Is far more skilful at the ebbs and flows
Of water than of wit; he did not mean
For the elevation of your poles, this scene.
No shews,—no dance,—and what you most del
Grave understanders, here's no target-fighting
Upon the stage; all work for cutlers barr'd;
No bawdry, nor no ballads;—this goes hard:
But language clean, and, what affects you not,
Without impossibilities the plot;
No clown, no squibs, no devil in't.—Oh now,
You squirels that want nuts, what will you do!
Pray do not crack the benches, and we may
Hereafter fit your palates with a play.
But you that can contract yourselves, and sit,
As you were now in the *Blackfriars* pit,
And will not deaf us with lewd noise and tongu
Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
Will pardon our *vast* stage, and not disgrace
This play, meant for your persons, not the plac

The superior discernment of the *Black* audience may be likewise collected from a sage in the preface prefixed by Heming Condell to the first folio edition of our au

* In the long Antwerp View of London in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, is a representation of the Globe theatre, from which a drawing was made by the Rev. Mr. Henley, and transmitted to Mr. Steevens. *See the vignette on the title page of Vol II.*

works: "And though you be *a magistrate of est*, and sit on the stage at *Blackfriers*, or the Cockpit, to araigne plays daille, know these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeales."

A writer already quoted informs us that one of these theatres was a winter, and the other a summer, house. As *the Globe* was partly exposed to the weather, and they acted there usually by daylight, it appeared to me probable (when this Essay was originally published) that this was the summer theatre; and I have lately found my conjecture confirmed by Sir Henry Herbert's Manuscript. The king's company usually began to play at the Globe in the month of May. The exhibitions here seem to have been more frequent than at *Blackfriars*, till the year 1604, or 1605, when the *Bankside* appears to have become less fashionable, and less frequented than it formerly had been.

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces (as has been already observed) were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage. The form of these temporary playhouses seems to be preserved in our modern theatre. The galleries, in both, are ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries answer to our present boxes; and it is observable that these even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions, still retained their old name, and are frequently called *rooms*, by our ancient writers. The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use. We may suppose the stage to have been raised in this area, on the fourth side, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a playhouse not incommodious might have been formed.

Hence, in the middle of *the Globe*, and I suppose of the other *public* theatres, in the time of Shakspeare, there was an open yard or area, where the common people stood to see the exhibition: from which circumstance they are called by our author *groundlings*, and by Ben Jonson "the *understanding* gentlemen of the *ground*."

The galleries, or *scaffolds*, as they are sometimes called, and that part of the house which in private theatres was named the pit, seem to have been at the same price; and probably in houses of reputation, such as *the Globe*, and that in *Blackfriars*, the price of admission into those parts of the theatre was sixpence, while in some meaner playhouses it was only a penny, in others twopence. The price of admission into the best *rooms*, or boxes, was, I believe, in our author's time, a shilling, though afterwards it appears to have risen to two shillings and half a crown. At the Blackfriars' theatre the price of the boxes was, I imagine, higher than at the Globe.

From several passages in our old plays we learn, that spectators were admitted on the stage, and that the critics and wits of the time usually sat there. Some were placed on the ground; others sat on stools, of which the price was either sixpence, or a shilling, according, I suppose, to the commodiousness of the situation. And they were attended by pages, who furnished them with pipes and tobacco, which was smoked here as well as in other parts of the house. Yet it should seem that persons were suffered to sit on the stage only in the private playhouses, (such as *Blackfriars*, etc.) where the audience was more select, and of a higher class; and that in *the Globe* and the other public theatres no such license was permitted.

The stage was strewed with rushes, which, we learn from Hentzner and Caius de Ephemera, was in the time of Shakspeare the usual covering of floors in England. On some occasions it was entirely matted over; but this was probably very rare. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, though not a modern invention (for it was used by Inigo Jones in the masques at court), was yet an apparatus to which the simple mechanism of our ancient theatres had not arrived; for in them the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In some playhouses they were woollen, in others, made of silk. Towards the rear of the stage there appears to have been a balcony, or upper stage; the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence, in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in the front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience. At each side of this balcony was a box, very conveniently situated, which sometimes was called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity.

How little the imaginations of the audience were assisted by scenical deception, and how much necessity our author had to call on them to "piece out imperfections with their thoughts," may be collected from Sir Philip Sidney, who, describing the state of the drama and the stage, in his time (about the year 1583), says, "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must beleeve the stage to be a garden. By and by we heare news of shipwrack in the same place: then we are to blame, if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hidious monster with fire and smoke; and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receive it for a pitched field."

The first notice that I have found of any thing like moveable scenes being used in England, is in the narrative of the entertainment given to King James at Oxford, in August, 1605, when three plays were performed in the hall of Christ-Church, of which we have the following account by a contemporary writer. "The stage," he tells us, "was built close to the upper end of the hall, as it seemed at the first sight: but indeed it was but a false wall faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other *painted clothes*, their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy:" that is, in other words, there were three scenes employed in the exhibition of the piece. The scenery was contrived by Inigo Jones, who is described as *a great traveller*, and who undertook to "further his employers much, and furnish them with rare devices, but produced very little to that which was expected."*

It is observable, that the writer of this account was not acquainted even with the term, *scene*, having used *painted clothes* instead of it: nor indeed is this surprising, it not being then found in this sense in any dictionary or vocabulary, English or foreign, that I have met with. Had the common stages been furnished with them, neither this writer, nor the makers of dictionaries, could have been ignorant of it. To effect even what was done at Christ-Church, the University found it necessary to employ two of the king's carpenters, and to have the advice of the controller of his works. The Queen's Masque, which was exhibited in the preceding January, was not much more successful, though above 3000l. was expended upon it. "At night," says Sir Dudley Carleton, "we had the Queen's Maske in the Banqueting-house, or rather her Pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses (with other terrible fishes), which were ridden by the Moors. The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell in form of a skallop, wherein were four seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Darby," etc. Such were most of the Masques in the time of James the First; triumphal cars, castles, rocks, caves, pillars, temples, clouds, rivers, tritons, etc. composed the principal part of their decoration. In the courtly masques given by his successor during the first fifteen years of his reign, and in some of the plays exhibited at court, the art of scenery seems to have been somewhat improved. In 1636 a piece written by Thomas Heywood, called *Love's Mistress or the Queen's Masque*, was represented at Denmark House before their Majesties. "For the rare decorements," (says Heywood in his preface) "which new apparelled it, when it came the second time to the royal view, (her gracious majesty then entertaining his highness at *Denmark House* upon his birth-day). I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable artist Mr. Inigo Jones, master surveyor of the king's worke, etc. who to *every act*, nay *almost* to every *scene*, by his excellent inventions gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion *changing the stage*, to the admiration of all the spectators." Here, as on a former occasion we may remark, the term *scene* is not used; the *stage was changed* to the admiration of all the spectators.

In August, 1636, *The Royal Slave*, written by a very popular poet, William Cartwright, was acted at Oxford before the king and queen, and afterwards at Hampton-Court. Wood informs us, that the scenery was an exquisite and uncommon piece of machinery, contrived by Inigo Jones. The play was printed in 1639; and yet even at that late period, the term *scene*, in the sense now affixed to it, was unknown to the author; for describing the various scenes employed in this court-exhibition, he denominates them thus: "The first *Appearance*, a temple of the sun.— Second *Appearance*, a city in the front, and a prison at the side," &c. The three other *Appearances* in this play were, a wood, a palace, and a castle.

* Leland Collect. vol. ii. edit. 1770.

ery disquisition of this kind much trouble
ny words might be saved, by defining the
of dispute. Before therefore I proceed
in this inquiry, I think it proper to say,
a *scene*, I mean, *A* painting *in* perspec-
*a cloth fastened to a wooden frame or*
and that *I* do *not* mean by this term,
in, or a tomb, or a gilt chair, or a fair
f pearl, or a crucifix;" and I am the
nduced to make this declaration, because
r,* who obliquely alluded to the position
am now maintaining, soon after the first
of this Essay was published, has men-
xhibitions of this kind as a proof of the
of our old plays; and taking it for gran-
the point is completely established by
*isive* argument, triumphantly adds, "Let
ne future no more be told of the want of
*scenes* and dresses in our ancient thea-

sage which has been produced from one
l comedies, proves that the common thea-
e furnished with some rude pieces of
ry, which were used when it was ne-
to exhibit the descent of some god or
ut it is manifest from what has been al-
sted, as well as from all the contempo-
nunts, that the mechanism of our ancient
seldom went beyond a tomb, a painted
sinking cauldron, or a trap-door, and
e of them had moveable scenes. When
enry VIII. is to be discovered by the
of Suffolk and Norfolk, reading in his
he scenical direction in the first folio,
which was printed apparently from play-
pies), is "*The King draws the curtain,*
aws it open] *and sits reading pensively;*
ide the principal curtains that hung in
t of the stage, they used others as sub-
for scenes, which were denominated
s. If a bedchamber is to be represented
ge of scene is mentioned; but the pro-
an is simply ordered *to thrust forth a*
, the curtains being opened, a bed is
d. So, in the old play on which Shak-
formed his *King Henry VI.* P. II. when
l Beaufort is exhibited dying, the stage
n is—"Enter King and Salisbury, and
*curtains be drawn*,[i. e. drawn open,]
Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving
ring as if he were mad." When the
quires the Roman capitol to be repre-

* Steevens, if, as supposed, the author of
er in the St. James's Chronicle, in which
ecisive argument" first appeared, May 1780.

sented, we find two officers enter, "two lay cushions, *as it were*, in the Capitol." So, in *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. i. "Bolingbroke, etc. enter *as* to the parliament," Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, *as* in a chamber." When the citizens of Angiers are to appear on the walls of their town, and young Arthur to leap from the battlements, I suppose our ancestors were contented with seeing them in the balcony already described; or perhaps a few boards were tacked together, and painted so as to resemble the rude discoloured walls of an old town, behind which a platform might have been placed near the top, on which the citizens stood: but surely this can scarcely be called a *scene*. Though undoubtedly our poet's company were furnished with some wooden fabric sufficiently resembling a tomb, for which they must have had occasion in several plays, yet some doubt may be entertained, whether in *Romeo and Juliet* any exhibition of Juliet's monument was given on the stage. Romeo perhaps only opened with his mattock one of the stage-trap-doors (which might have represented a tomb-stone), by which he descended to a vault beneath the stage, where Juliet was deposited; and this notion is countenanced by a passage in the play, and by the poem on which the drama was founded.

In all the old copies of the play last-mentioned we find the following stage direction: "*They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with their napkins.*" A more decisive proof than this, that the stage was not furnished with scenes, cannot be produced. Romeo, Mercutio, &c. with their torch-bearers and attendants, are the persons who march about the stage. They are in the street, on their way to Capulet's house, where a masquerade is given; but Capulet's servants, who come forth with their napkins, are supposed to be in a hall or saloon of their master's house: yet both the masquers *without* and the servants *within* appear on the same spot. In like manner in *King Henry VIII.* the very same spot is at once the outside and inside of the council-chamber.

It is not, however, necessary to insist either upon the term itself, in the sense of a painting in perspective on cloth or canvas, being unknown to our early writers, or upon the various stage-directions which are found in the plays of our poet and his contemporaries, and which afford the strongest presumptive evidence that the stage in his time was not furnished with scenes: because we have to the same point the

concurrent testimony of Shakspeare himself, of Ben Jonson, of every writer of the last age who has had occasion to mention this subject, and even of the very person who first introduced scenes on the public stage.

In the year 1629, Jonson's comedy, intitled *The New Inn*, was performed at the Blackfriars theatre, and deservedly damned. Ben was so much incensed at the town for condemning his piece, that in 1631 he published it with the following title: *The New Inne, or the light Heart*, a comedy; as it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some, the kings servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the kings subjects, 1629: And now at last set at liberty to the readers, his Ma. servants and subjects to be judged, 1631." In the Dedication to this piece, the author, after expressing his profound contempt for the spectators, who were at the first representation of this play, says, "What did they come for, then? thou wilt ask me. I will as punctually answer: to see and to be seene. To make a general muster of themselves in their clothes of credit, and possesse the stage against the playe: to dislike all, but marke nothing: and by their confidence of rising between the actes in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house of their not understanding one scene. Arm'd with this prejudice, as *the stage furniture or arras clothes*, they were there: as spectators away; for *the faces in the hangings* and they beheld alike."

The exhibition of plays being forbidden some time before the death of Charles I. Sir William D'Avenant in 1656 invented a new species of entertainment, which was exhibited at Rutland House, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street. The title of the piece, which was printed in the same year, is, *The Siege of Rhodes, made a Representation* by the Art of prospective in Scenes; *and the Story sung in recitative Music.* "The original of this music," says Dryden, "and of the *scenes* which adorned his work, he had from the Italian operas; but he heightened his characters (as I may probably imagine) from the examples of Corneille and some French poets." If sixty years before, the exhibition of the plays of Shakspeare had been aided on the common stage by the advantage of moveable scenes, or if the term *scene* had been familiar to D'Avenant's audience, can we suppose that he would have found it necessary to use a periphrastic description, and to promise that his representation should be assisted by *the art of prospective in scenes?* "It has been often wished," says he, in his Address to the Reader, "th our *scenes* (we having obliged ourselves to th variety of *five changes*, according to the ancie dramatic distinctions made for time), had n been confined to about eleven feet in the heig and about fifteen in depth, including the plac of passage reserved for the music." From the words we learn that he had in that piece fi scenes. In 1658 he exhibited at the old theat called the Cockpit in Drury Lane, *The Cruell of the Spaniards in Peru, express'd by voca and instrumental Musick, and by Art of pe* spective *in* Scenes. In spring, 1662, having ob tained a patent from King Charles the Second and built a new playhouse in Lincoln's In Fields, he opened this theatre with *The Firs Part of the Siege of Rhodes*, which since its firs exhibition he had enlarged. He afterwards i the same year exhibited, *The Second Part of th Siege of Rhodes*, and his comedy called *The Wits*, "These plays," says Downes, who himself acte in *The Siege of Rhodes*, "having new scene and decorations, being *the first* that ever wer introduced in England." Scenes had certainl been used before in the masques at Court, an in a few private exhibitions, and by D'Avenan himself in his attempts at theatrical entertainments shortly before the death of Cromwell: Downes, therefore, who is extremely inaccurat in his language in every part of his book, mus have meant—the first ever exhibited in a *regular drama, on a public theatre.*

I have said that I could produce the testimony of Sir William D'Avenant himself on this subject. His prologue to *The Wits*, which was exhibited in the spring of the year 1662, soon after the opening of his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, if every other document had perished, would prove decisively that our author's plays had no the assistance of painted scenes. "There are some," says D'Avenant,

> "—— who would the world persuade,
> That gold is better when the stamp is bad;
> And that an *ugly ragged* piece of eight
> Is ever true in metal and in weight;
> As if a guinny and louis had less
> Intrinsick value for their handsomeness,
> So divers, who outlive the former age,
> Allow the coarseness of the *plain old stage*,
> And think rich vests and *scenes* are only fit
> Disguises for the want of art and wit."

And no less decisive is the different language of the license for erecting a theatre, granted to him by King Charles I. in 1633, and the letters patent which he obtained from his son in 1662. In the former, after he is authorised "to entertain, govern, privilege, and keep such and so

many players to exercise action, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, and the like, as he the said William Davenant shall think fit and approve for the said house, and such persons to permit and continue at and during the pleasure of the said W. D. to act plays in such house so to be by him erected, and exercise music, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, or other the like, at the same or other hours, or times, or after plays are ended,"—the clause which empowers him to take certain prices from those who should resort to his theatre runs thus:

"And that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said W. D. etc. to take and receive of such our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such *plays, scenes, and entertainments* whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as is or hereafter from time to time shall be accustomed to be given or taken in other playhouses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments."

Here we see that when the theatre was fitted up in the usual way of that time without the decoration of scenery (for *scenes* in the foregoing passages mean, not paintings, but short stage representations or presentments), the usual prices were authorized to be taken: but after the Restoration, when Sir W. D'Avenant furnished his new theatre with scenery, he took care that the letters patent which he then obtained, should speak a different language, for there the corresponding clause is as follows:

"And that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Sir William D'Avenant, his heirs, and assigns, to take and receive of such of our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes, and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as either have accustomably been given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable by him or them, in regard of the great expenses of SCENES, music, and such new decorations *as have not been formerly used.*"

Here for the first time in these letters patent the word *scene* is used in that sense in which Sir William had employed it in the printed title-pages of his musical entertainments exhibited a few years before. In the former letters patent granted in 1639, the word in that sense does not once occur.

To the testimony of D'Avenant himself may be added that of Dryden, both in the passage already quoted, and in his prologue to *The Rival Ladies*, performed at the King's Theatre in 1664:

"——————— in former days
Good prologues were as scarce as now good plays—
You now have habits, dances, *scenes*, and rhymes;
High language often, ay, and sense sometimes."

And still more express is that of the author of *The Generous Enemies*, exhibited at the King's Theatre in 1672:

"I cannot choose but laugh, when I look back and see
The strange vicissitudes of poetrie.
Your aged fathers came to plays for wit,
And sat knee-deep in nutshells in the pit:
*Coarse hangings then, instead of scenes, were worn,*
*And Kidderminster did the stage adorn:*
But you, their wiser offspring did advance
To plot of jig, and to dramatic dance," &c

These are not the speculations of scholars concerning a custom of a former age, but the testimony of persons who were either spectators of what they describe, or daily conversed with those who had trod our ancient stage: for D'Avenant's first play, *The Cruel Brother*, was acted at the Blackfriars in January, 1626-7, and Mohun, and Hart, who had themselves acted before the civil wars, were employed in that company, by whose immediate successors *The Generous Enemies* was exhibited: I mean the King's Servants. Major Mohun acted in the piece before which the lines last quoted were spoken.

I may add also, that Mr. Wright, the author of *Historia Histrionica*, whose father had been a spectator of several plays before the breaking out of the civil wars, expressly says, that the theatre had *no scenes*.

But, says Mr. Steevens (who differs with me in opinion on the subject before us), "how happened it, that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted?* Thus, in the chorus to *King Henry V.*:

'Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*.'

"This phrase (he adds) was hardly more ancient than the custom it describes."

Who does not see, that Shakspeare in the passage here quoted uses the word *scene* in the same sense in which it was used two thousand years before he was born; that is, for the place of action represented by the stage, and not for that moveable hanging or painted cloth, strained on a wooden frame, or rolled round a cylinder, which is now called a SCENE? If the smallest doubt could be entertained of his meaning, the following lines in the same play would remove it:

"The king is set from London, and the *scene*
Is now *transported* to Southampton."

This, and this only, was the *shifting* that was meant; a movement from one place to another in the progress of the drama; nor is there found a single passage in his plays in which the word *scene* is used in the sense required to support the argument of those who suppose that the common stages were furnished with moveable scenes in his time. He constantly uses the word either for a stage-exhibition in general, or the component part of a play, or the place of action represented by the stage:

> "For all my life has been but as a *scene*
> Acting that argument." *King Henry IV.* Part II.

> "At your industrious *scenes* and acts of death."
> *King John.*

> "What *scene* of death hath Roscius now to act?"
> *King Henry VI.* Part III.

> "Thus with imagin'd wing our swift *scene* flies.——."
> *King Henry V.*

> "To give our *scene* such growing,——." *Ibid.*

> "And so our *scene* must to the battle fly,——." *Ibid.*

> "That he might play the woman in the *scene*."
> *Coriolanus.*

> "A queen in jest, only to fill the *scene*.
> *King Richard III.*

I shall add but one more instance from *All's well that ends well:*

> "Our *scene* is alter'd from a serious thing
> And now *chang'd* to the Beggar and the King."

from which lines it might, I conceive, be as reasonably inferred that *scenes* were *changed* in Shakspeare's time, as from the passage relied on in *King Henry V.;* and perhaps by the same mode of reasoning it might be proved, from a line above quoted from the same play, that the technical modern term, *wings*, or side-scenes, was not unknown to our great poet.

The various circumstances which I have stated, and the accounts of the contemporary writers, furnish us, in my apprehension, with decisive and incontrovertible proofs, that the stage of Shakspeare was not furnished with *moveable painted scenes*, but merely decorated with curtains, and tapestry hangings, which, when decayed, appear to have been sometimes ornamented with pictures; and some passages in our old dramas incline me to think, that when tragedies were performed, the stage was hung with black.

In the early part, at least, of our author's acquaintance with the theatre, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the play, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience.

Though the apparatus for the theatric exhibitions was thus scanty, and the machinery of the simplest kind, the invention of trap-doors appears not to be modern; for in an old Morality, entitled, *All for Money*, we find a marginal direction, which implies that they were very early in use.

We learn from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the covering, or internal roof, of the stage, was anciently termed *the heavens*. It was probably painted of a sky-blue colour; or perhaps pieces of drapery tinged with blue were suspended across the stage, to represent the heavens.

It appears from the stage-directions given in *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself), as in the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony or upper stage already described; and a curtain or traverse being hung across the stage *for the nonce*, the performers entered between the curtain and the general audience, and on it being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance.

From a plate prefixed to Kirkman's *Drolls*, printed in 1672, in which there is a view of a theatrical booth, it should seem that the stage was formerly lighted by two larges branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches; and from Beaumont's Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, which was acted before the year 1611, we find that wax lights were used.

These branches having been found incommodious, as they obstructed the sight of the spectators, gave place at a subsequent period to small circular wooden frames, furnished with candles, eight of which were hung on the stage, four at either side; and these within a few years were wholly removed by Mr. Garrick, who, on his return from France in 1765, first introduced the present commodious method of illuminating the stage by lights not visible to the audience.

The body of the house was illuminated by cressets, or large open lanterns of nearly the same size with those which are fixed in the poop of a ship.

If all the players whose names are enume-

rated in the first folio edition of our author's works, belonged to the same theatre, they composed a numerous company; but it is doubtful whether they all performed at the same period, or always continued in the same house. Many of the companies, in the infancy of the stage, certainly were so thin, that the same person played two or three parts; and a battle on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend, was decided by half a dozen combatants. It appears to have been a common practice in their mock engagements, to discharge small pieces of ordnance on or behind the stage.

Before the exhibition began, three flourishes were played, or, in the ancient language, there were three soundings. Music was likewise played between the acts. The instruments chiefly used, were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs. The band, which I believe did not consist of more than eight or ten performers, sat (as I have been told by a very ancient stage veteran, who had his information from Bowman, the contemporary of Betterton), in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box.

From Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript I learn, that the musicians belonging to Shakspeare's company were obliged to pay the master of the Revels an annual fee for a license to play in the theatre.

Not very long after our poet's death the Blackfriars' band was more numerous; and their reputation was so high as to be noticed by Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, in an account which he has left of the splendid Masque given by the four inns of Court on the second of February, 1633-4, intitled *The Triumph of Peace*, and intended, as he himself informs us, "to manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne's new learning, and to confute his *Histriomastix* against interludes."

A very particular account of this Masque is found in his *Memorials;* but that which Dr. Burney has lately given in his very curious and elegant *History of Music*, from a manuscript in the possession of Dr. Moreton, of the British Museum, contains some minute particulars not noticed in the former printed account, and among others an eulogy on our poet's band of musicians.

"For the Musicke," says Whitelock, "which was particularly committed to my charge, I gave to Mr. Ives, and to Mr. Lawes, 100*l.* a piece for their rewards: for the four French gentlemen, the queen's servants, I thought a handsome and liberall gratifying of them would be made known to the queen, their mistriss, and well taken by her. I therefore invited them one morning to a collation att St. Dunstan's taverne, in the great room, the Oracle of Apollo, where each of them had his plate lay'd by him, covered, and the napkin by it, and when they opened their plates, they found in each of them forty pieces of gould, of their master's coyne, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with this surprisall.

"The rest of the musitians had rewards answerable to their parts and qualities; and the whole charge of the musicke came to about one thousand pounds. The clothes of the horsemen, reckoned one with another at 100*l.* a suit, att the least, amounted to 10,000*l.*—The charges of all the rest of the masque, which were borne by the societies, were accounted to be above twenty thousand pounds.

"I was so conversant with the musitians, and so willing to gain their favour, especially at this time, that I composed an aire myselfe, with the assistance of Mr. Ives, and called it *Whitelock's Coranto;* which being cried up, was first played publiquely by the Blackefryars Musicke, *who were then esteemed the best of common musitians in London.* Whenever I came to that house (as I did sometimes in those dayes, though not often), to see a play, the musitians would presently play *Whitelock's Coranto:* and it was so often called for, that they would have it played twice or thrice in an afternoone. The queen hearing it, would not be persuaded that it was made by an Englishman, bicause she said it was fuller of life and spirit than the English aires used to be; butt she honoured the *Coranto* and the maker of it with her majestyes royall commendation. It grew to that request, that all the common musitians in this towne, and all over the kingdome, gott the composition of itt, and played it publiquely in all places for above thirtie years after."

The stage, in Shakspeare's time, seems to have been separated from the pit only by pales. Soon after the Restoration, the band, I imagine, took the station which they have kept ever since, in an orchestra placed between the stage and the pit.

The person who spoke the prologue, who entered immediately after the third sounding, usually wore a long black velvet cloak, which, I suppose, was considered as best suited to a

supplicatory address. Of this custom, whatever may have been its origin, some traces remained till very lately; a black coat having been, if I mistake not, within these few years, the constant stage-habiliment of our modern prologue-speakers. The complete dress of the ancient-prologue speaker, is still retained in the play exhibited in *Hamlet*, before the king and court of Denmark.

An epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage to a play in Shakspeare's time, for many of his dramas had none; at least they have not been preserved. In *All's well that ends well*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *As you like it*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Tempest*, the epilogue is spoken by one of the persons of the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker; a circumstance that I have not observed in the epilogues of any other author of that age. The epilogue was not always spoken by one of the performers in the piece; for that subjoined to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* appears to have been delivered by a dancer

The performers of male characters frequently wore periwigs, which in the age of Shakspeare were not in common use. It appears from a passage in Puttanham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, that vizards were on some occasions used by the actors of those days; and it may be inferred from a scene in one of our author's comedies, that they were sometimes worn in his time, by those who performed female characters. But this, I imagine, was very rare. Some of the female part of the audience likewise appeared in masks

Both the prompter, or book-holder, as he was sometimes called, and the property-man, appear to have been regular appendages of our ancient theatres.

The stage-dresses, it is reasonable to suppose, were much more costly in some playhouses than others. Yet the wardrobe of even the king's servants at *The Globe* and *Blackfriars* was, we find, but scantily furnished; and our author's dramas derived very little aid from the splendour of exhibition.

It is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented solely by boys or young men. Nashe, in a pamphlet published in 1592, speaking in defence of the English stage, *boasts* that the players of his time were "not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdie comedians, that have whores and common curtizans to play women s parts." What Nashe considered as a high eulogy on his country, Prynne has made one of his principal charges against the English stage; having employed several pages in his bulky volume, and quoted many hundred authorities, to prove that "those playes wherein any men act women's parts in woman's apparell must deeds be sinful, yea abominable unto christians." The grand basis of his argument is a text in scripture; *Deuteronomy*, xxii. 5.; "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment:" a precept, which Sir Richard Baker has justly remarked, is no part of the moral law, and ought not to be understood literally. "Where," says Sir Richard, "finds he this precept? Even in the same place where he finds also that we must not weare cloaths of linsey-woolsey; and seeing we lawfully now weare cloathes of linsey-woolsey, why may it not be as lawful for men to put on women's garments?"

It may perhaps be supposed, that Prynne, having thus vehemently inveighed against men's representing female characters on the stage, would not have been averse to the introduction of women in the scene; but sinful as this zealot thought it in *men* to assume the garments of the other sex, he considered it as not less abominable in *women* to tread the stage in their own proper dress: for he informs us, "that some Frenchwomen, or *monsters* rather, in Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars," which he represents as "an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than *whorish* attempt."

Soon after the period he speaks of, a regular French theatre was established in London, where without doubt women acted. They had long before appeared on the Italian as well as the French stage. When Coryate was at Venice [July, 1608], he tells us, he was at one of their playhouses, and saw a comedy acted. "The house (he adds) is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England; neither can their actors compare with us for apparell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been some times used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor.

he practice of men's performing the parts omen in the scene is of the highest antiquity. the Grecian stage no woman certainly ever d. From Plutarch's Life of Phocian, we n, that in his time (about three hundred eighteen years before the Christian era) performance of a tragedy at Athens was rrupted for some time by one of the actors, was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come he stage, because he had not a suitable mask press, and a train of attendants richly ha- d; and Demosthenes, in one of his orations, tions Theodorus and Aristodemus as hav- often represented the Antigone of Sophocles. s fact is also ascertained by an anecdote served by Aulus Gellius. A very celebrated r, whose name was Polus, was appointed erform the part of Electra in Sophocles's ; who in the progress of the drama appears h an urn in her hands, containing, as she poses, the ashes of Orestes. The actor ing some time before been deprived by death beloved son, to indulge his grief, as it uld seem, procured the urn which contained ashes of his child, to be brought from his b; which affected him so much, that when ppeared with it on the scene, he embraced with unfeigned sorrow, and burst into s.

hat on the Roman stage also female parts represented by men in tragedy, is ascer- ed by one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, in h he speaks of Antipho, who performed the ef Andromache; and by a passage in Ho- , who informs us, that Jusius Phocæus being erform the part of Ilione, the wife of Polym- or, in a tragedy written either by Accius or avius, and being in the course of the play awakened out of sleep by the cries of the e of Polydorus, got so drunk, that he fell a real and profound sleep, from which no e could rouse him.

lorace indeed mentions a female performer, d Arbuscula; but as we find from his own urity that men personated women on the man stage, she probably was only an *embolia-* who performed in the interludes and dances hibited between the acts and at the end of the . Servius calls her *mima*, but that may n nothing more than one who acted in the ce, or danced in the pantomime dances; this seems the more probable from the man- in which she is mentioned by Cicero, from m we learn that the part of Andromache performed by a male actor on that very day when Arbuscula exhibited with the highest applause.

The same practice prevailed in the time of the emperors; for in the list of parts which Nero, with a preposterous ambition, acted in the public theatre, we find that of Canace, who was represented in labour on the stage.

In the interludes exhibited between the acts undoubtedly women appeared. The elder Pliny informs us, that a female named Lucceia acted in these interludes for an hundred years; and Galeria Copiola for above ninety years; having been first introduced on the scene in the fourteenth year of her age, in the year of Rome 672, when Caius Marius the younger, and Cneius Carbo were consuls, and having performed in the 104th year of her age, six years before the death of Augustus, in the consulate of C. Poppæus and Quintus Sulpicius, A. U. C. 762.

Eunuchs also sometimes represented women on the Roman stage, as they do at this day in Italy; for we find that Sporus, who made so conspicuous a figure in the time of Nero, being appointed in the year 70 [A. U. C. 823], to personate a nymph, who, in an interlude exhibited before Vitellius, was to be carried off by a ravisher, rather than endure the indignity of wearing a female dress on the stage, put himself to death; a singular end for one, who about ten years before had been publicly espoused to Nero, in the hymeneal veil, and had been carried through one of the streets of Rome by the side of that monster, in the imperial robes of the empresses, ornamented with a profusion of jewels.

Thus ancient was the usage, which, though not adopted in the neighbouring countries of France and Italy, prevailed in England from the infancy of the stage. The prejudice against women appearing on the scene continued so strong, that till near the time of the Restoration, boys constantly performed female characters: and, strange as it may now appear, the old practice was not deserted without many apologies for the *indecorum* of the novel usage. In 1656, or 1660, in imitation of the foreign theatres, women were first introduced on the scene. In 1656, indeed, Mrs. Coleman, represented *Ianthe* in the First Part of D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*; but the little she had to say was spoken in recitative. The first woman that appeared in any regular drama on a public stage performed the part of Desdemona; but who the lady was I am unable to ascertain. The play of *Othello* is enumerated by Downes as one of the stock-plays

of the king's company on their opening their theatre in Drury-Lane in April, 1663; and it appears from a paper found with Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, and indorsed by him, that it was one of the stock-plays of the same company from the time they began to play without a patent at the Red Bull in St. John-Street. Mrs. Hughs performed the part of Desdemona in 1663, when the company removed to Drury-Lane, and obtained the title of the king's servants; but whether she performed with them while they played at the Red Bull, or in Vere-Street, near Clare-Market, has not been ascertained. Perhaps Mrs. Saunderson made her first essay there, though she afterwards was enlisted in D'Avenant's company. The received tradition is, that she was the first English actress. The verses which were spoken by way of introducing a female to the audience, were written by Thomas Jordan, and being only found in a very scarce miscellany,* I shall here transcribe them:

"*A Prologue, to introduce the first Woman that came to act on the Stage, in the Tragedy called* The Moor of Venice.

"I come, unknown to any of the rest,
To tell you news; I saw the lady drest:
The woman plays to-day; mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat:
A woman to my knowledge; yet I can't,
If I should die, make affidavit on't.
Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
You will be censuring: do it fairly though.
'Tis *possible* a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;
Play on the stage,—where all eyes are upon her:—
Shall we count that a crime, France counts an honour?
In other kingdoms husbands safely trust 'em;
The difference lies only in the custom.
And let it be our custom, I advise;
I'm sure this custom's better than th' excise,
And may procure *us* custom: hearts of flint
Will melt in passion, when a woman's in't.

"But, gentlemen, you that as judges sit
In the star-chamber of the house, the pit,
Have modest thoughts of her; pray, do not run
To give her visits when the play is done,
With '*damn me, your most humble servant, lady;*'
She knows these things as well as you, it may be:
Not a bit there, dear gallants, she doth know
Her own deserts—and your temptations too.—
But to the point:—In this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the stage.
Our women are defective, and so six'd,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd:
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*, enter *Giant*.—
We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
Lescivious, scurrilous, impious, or obscene;
And when we've put all things in this fair way,
Barebones himself may come to see a play."

* "A Royal Harbour of Loyal Poesie," by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed, as Mr. Malone believes, in 1662. Jordan was an actor as well as a poet.

The Epilogue, which consists of but lines, is in the same strain of apology:

"And how do you like her? Come, what is't yo
She's the same thing in public as in private;
As far from being what you call a whore;
As Desdemona, injur'd by the Moor:
Then he that censures her in such a case,
Hath a soul blacker than Othello's face.
But, ladies, what think *you*? for if you tax
Her freedom with dishonour to your sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall be
No other play but her own tragedy.
She will submit to none but your commands,
And take commission only from your hands."

From a paper in Sir Henry Herbert's writing, I find that *Othello* was perfor the Red Bull company (afterwards his m servants), at their new theatre in Vere- near Clare-Market, on Saturday, Decem 1660, for the first time that winter. day, therefore, it is probable an actre appeared on the English stage. This was opened on Thursday, November 8 the play of *King Henry the Fourth*. Jordan's prologues and epilogues appear been written for that company.

It is certain, however, that for som after the Restoration men also acted parts; and Mr. Kynaston, even after wom assumed their proper rank on the stag not only endured, but admired; if we m lieve a contemporary writer, who assu "that being then very young, he made plete stage-beauty, performing his parts (particularly *Arthiope* and *Aglaura*), th since been disputable among the ju whether any woman that succeeded him, the audience so sensibly as he."

In D'Avenant's company, the first that appeared was probably Mrs. Saun who performed *Ianthe* in *The Siege of* on the opening of his new theatre in Li Inn Fields, in April, 1662. It does not from Downes's account, that while D'Av company performed at the Cockpit in Lane during the years 1659, 1660, and they had any female performer among th that *Othello* was acted by them at that

In the infancy of the English stage customary in every piece to introduce a "by his mimic gestures to breed in t capable mirth and laughter." The pri of the Clown were very extensive; for, b the acts, and sometimes between the scen claimed a right to enter on the stage, excite merriment by any species of buff that struck him. Like the Harlequin Italian comedy, his wit was often exten

times entered into a contest of
ncasm with some of the audience.
threw his thoughts into hobbling
, which he made shorter or longer
onvenient; but, however irregular
ght be, or whatever the length of
always took care to tag them with
responding sound; like Dryden's

f his notion as they fell,
rhym'd and rattled, all was well."

tilson and Richard Tarleton, both
ts to Queen Elizabeth, were the
performers of that time in this
the drama, and are highly praised
nator of Stowe's Annals, for "their
ntiful, pleasant, and *extemporal*
om, whose comic powers were so
ccording to Sir Richard Baker,
l the spectators before he had
l," is thus described in a very rare
"The next, by his sute of russet,
ap, his taber, his standing on the
tricks, I knew to be either the
nblance of Tarleton, who living,
st conceits was of all men liked,
or mirth left not his like." In
lished a book entitled his *Jeasts*,
ne specimens are given of the
which our ancestors thought so
he was performing some part
n Bishops-gate-Street, where the
ers oftentimes played," while he
down to aske his father's bless-
r in the galliery threw an apple at
it him on the cheek. He im-
t up the apple, and advancing to
addressed them in these lines: —

s fellow, with his face of mapple,
pin hath throwne me an apple;
pple he hath cast a crab,
honest woman God hath sent him a drab."

," says the relater, "laughed
he fellow had a quean to his wife."
these stories, which I shall give
s own words, establishes what I
mentioned, that it was customary
n to talk to the audience or the
hom.
all at Bishops-gate, was a play of
[the performance which preceded
] wherein the judge was to take a
ire; and because *he* was absent that
the blow, Tarleton himselfe ever
please, tooke upon him to play the
same judge, besides his own part of the clowne; and Knel, then playing Henry the Fifth, hit Tarleton a sound box indeed, which made the people laugh the more, because it was he: but anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and asks the actors, *What news*? O, saith one, had'st thou been here, thou shouldest have seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare. What, man, said Tarlton, strike a judge! It is true, i'faith, said the other. No other like, said Tarlton, and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinks the blowe remains still on my cheeke, that it burnes againe. The people laught at this mightily, and to this day I have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell, for he had many of these. But I would see *our clownes in these days* do the like. No, I warrant ye; and yet they thinke well of themselves too."

The last words show that this practice was not discontinued in the time of Shakspeare, and we here see that he had abundant reason for his precept in *Hamlet:* "Let those that play your *clowns, speak no more than is set down for them;* for there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; *though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered.*"

This practice was undoubtedly coeval with the English stage; for we are told that sir Thomas More, while he lived as a page with Archbishop Moreton (about the year 1490), as the Christmas plays were going on in the palace, would sometimes suddenly step upon the stage, "without studying for the matter," and exhibit a part of his own, which gave the audience much more entertainment than the whole performance besides.

But the peculiar province of the Clown was to entertain the audience after the play was finished, at which time *themes* were sometimes given to him by some of the spectators, to descant upon; but more commonly the audience were entertained by a *jig*. A jig was a ludicrous metrical composition, often in rhyme, which was sung by the Clown, who likewise, I believe, occasionally danced, and was always accompanied by a tabor and pipe. In these jigs more persons than one were sometimes introduced. The original of the entertainment which this buffoon afforded our ancestors between the acts and after the play, may be traced to the satirical interludes of Greece, and the Atellans and

Mimes of the Roman stage. The *Exodiarii* and *Emboliariæ* of the Mimes are undoubtedly the remote progenitors of the Vice and Clown of our ancient dramas.

No writer that I have met with intimates that in the time of Shakspeare it was customary to exhibit more than a single dramatic piece on one day. Had any shorter pieces of the same kind with our modern farces (beside the *jigs* already mentioned) been presented after the principal performance, some of them probably would have been printed; but there are none of them extant of an earlier date than the time of the Restoration. The practice, therefore, of exhibiting two dramas successively in the same afternoon, we may be assured, was not established before that period. But though our ancient audiences were not gratified by the representation of more than one drama in the same day, the entertainment in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth was diversified, and the populace diverted, by vaulting, tumbling, slight of hand, and morrice-dancing; and in the time of Shakspeare, by the extemporaneous buffoonery of the Clown, whenever he chose to solicit the attention of the audience: by singing and dancing between the acts, and either a song or the metrical jig already described at the end of the piece: a mixture not more heterogeneous than that with which we are now daily presented, a tragedy and a farce. In the dances, I believe, not only men, but boys in women's dresses, were introduced: a practice which prevailed on the Grecian stage, and in France till late in the last century.

The amusements of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading, or playing at cards, others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale, or smoking tobacco; with these and nuts and apples they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. In 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, women smoked tobacco in the playhouses as well as men.

It was a common practice to carry table-books to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented; and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of one or two of Shakspeare's dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down by the ear or in shorthand during the exhibition.

At the end of the piece, the actors, in noble men's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the public theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivant rex et regina*, to the modern play-bills.

Plays in the time of our author began at one o'clock in the afternoon; and the exhibition was sometimes finished in two hours. Even in 1661 they commenced at three o'clock. About thirty years afterwards (in 1696) theatrical entertainments began an hour later.

We have seen that in the infancy of our stage Mysteries were usually acted in churches; and the practice of exhibiting religious dramas in buildings appropriated to the service of religion on the Lord's day certainly continued after the Reformation.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. The license granted by that queen to James Burbage in 1574, which has been already printed in a former page, shows that they were then represented on that day *out of the hours of prayer*.

We are told indeed by John Field, in his *Declaration of God's Judgment at Paris Garden*, that in the year 1580 "the magistrates of the city of London obtained from Queen Elizabeth, that all heathenish playes and enterlude should be banished upon Sabbath dayes." The prohibition, however, probably lasted but a short time; for her majesty, when she visited Oxford in 1592, did not scruple to be present at a theatrical exhibition on Sunday night, the 24th of September in that year. During the reign of James the First, though dramatic entertainments were performed at court on Sundays, I believe, no plays were *publicly* represented on that day; and by the statute 3 Car. I. c. 1 their exhibition on the Sabbath day was absolutely prohibited: yet, notwithstanding the act of parliament, both plays and masques were performed at court on Sundays, during the first sixteen years of the reign of that king, and certainly in private houses, if not on the public stage.

It has been a question, whether it was formerly a common practice to ride on horses back to the playhouse: a circumstance that would scarcely deserve consideration, if it were not in some sort connected with our author's history, a plausible story having been built on

this foundation, relative to his first introduction to the stage.

The modes of conveyance to the theatre, anciently, as at present, seem to have been various; some going in coaches, others on horseback, and many by water. To *the Globe* playhouse the company probably were conveyed by water: to that in *Blackfriars*, the gentry went either in coaches, or on horseback; and the common people on foot.

Plays in the time of King James the First (and probably afterwards) appear to have been performed every day at each theatre during the winter season, except in the time of Lent, when they were not permitted on the sermon days, as they were called, that is, on Wednesday and Friday; nor on the other days of the week, except by special license; which however was obtained by a fee paid to the Master of the Revels. In the summer season the stage exhibitions were continued, but during the long vacation they were less frequently repeated. However, it appears from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, that the king's company usually brought out two or three new plays at the Globe every summer.

Though, from the want of newspapers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated in former times as at present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit, which, however, did not contain a list of the characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented.

The long and whimsical titles which are prefixed to the quarto copies of our author's plays, were undoubtedly either written by booksellers, or transcribed from the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about some vociferous Autolycus, who perhaps was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed absurd to suppose, that the modest Shakspeare, who has more than once apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant* performances.

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the third day of the exhibition of their piece commenced. Mr. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that dramatic poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. I have found no authority which proves this to have been the case in the time of Shakspeare; but at the beginning of the present [last] century it appears to have been customary in Lent for the *players* of the theatre in Drury-Lane to divide the profits of the first representation of a new play among them.

From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the poet had his benefit on the second day. As it was a general practice, in the time of Shakspeare, to sell the copy of the play to the theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems to have been the usual mode during the great part of the last [seventeenth] century, was an established custom in the year 1612; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poet's *third day*.

The unfortunate Otway had no more than one benefit on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted. Southerne was the first dramatic writer who obtained the emoluments arising from two representations; and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the benefit of a third was granted; but this appears to have been a particular favour to that gentleman; for for several years afterwards dramatic poets had only the benefit of the third and sixth performance.

The profit of three representations did not become the established right of authors till after the year 1720.

To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating, practice of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre on the poet's nights.

When an author sold his piece to the sharers or proprietors of a theatre, it could not be performed by any other company, and remained for several years unpublished; but, when that was not the case, he printed it for sale, to which many seem to have been induced from an apprehension that an imperfect copy might be

issued from the press without their consent. The customary price of the copy of a play, in the time of Shakspeare, appears to have been twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence. The play when printed was sold for sixpence; and the usual present from a patron, in return for a dedication, was forty shillings.

On the first day of exhibiting a new play, the prices of admission appear to have been raised, sometimes to double, sometimes to treble, prices; and this seems to have been occasionally practised on the benefit nights of authors, and on the representation of expensive plays, to the year 1726.

Dramatic poets in ancient times, as at present, were admitted gratis into the theatre.

It appears from Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book that the king's company between the years 1622 and 1641 produced either at Blackfriars or the Globe at least four new plays every year. Every play, before it was represented on the stage, was licensed by the Master of the Revels, for which he received in the time of Queen Elizabeth but a noble, though at a subsequent period the stated fee on this occasion rose to two pounds.

Neither Queen Elizabeth nor King James the First, nor Charles the First, I believe, ever went to the public theatre; but they frequently ordered plays to be performed at court, which were represented in the royal theatre called the Cockpit, in Whitehall; and the actors of the king's company were sometimes commanded to attend his majesty in his summer's progress, to perform before him in the country. Queen Henrietta Maria, however, went sometimes to the public theatre at Blackfriars. I find from the Council-books, that in the time of Elizabeth ten pounds was the payment for a play performed before her; that is, twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence, as the regular and stated fee; and three pounds six shillings and eight-pence, by way of bounty or reward. The same sum, as I learn from the manuscript-notes of Lord Stanhope, Treasurer of the Chamber to king James the First, continued to be paid during his reign: and this was the stated payment during the reign of his successor also. Plays at court were usually performed at night, by which means they did not interfere with the regular exhibition at the public theatres, which was early in the afternoon; and thus the royal bounty was for so much a clear profit to the company: but when a play was commanded to be performed at any of the royal palaces in the neighbourhood of London, by which the actors were prevented from deriving any profit from a public exhibition on the same day, the fee, as appears from a manuscript in the Lord Chamberlain's office, was in the year 1630, and probably in Shakspeare's time also, twenty pounds; and this circumstance I formerly stated, as strongly indicating that the sum last mentioned was a very considerable produce on any one representation at the Blackfriars or Globe playhouse. The office-book which I have so often quoted, has fully confirmed my conjecture.

The custom of passing a final censure on plays at their first exhibition is as ancient as the time of our author; for no less than three plays of his rival, Ben Jonson, appear to have been deservedly damned;* and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, and *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, written by him and Beaumont, underwent the same fate.

It is not easy to ascertain what were the emoluments of a successful actor in the time of Shakspeare. They had not then annual benefits, as at present. The clear emoluments of the theatre, after deducting the nightly expenses for lights, men occasionally hired for the evening, etc. which in Shakspeare's house was but forty-five shillings, were divided into shares, of which part belonged to the proprietors, who were called housekeepers, and the remainder was divided among the actors according to their rank and merit. I suspect that the whole clear receipt was divided into forty shares, of which perhaps the housekeepers or proprietors had fifteen, the actors twenty-two, and three were devoted to the purchase of new plays, dresses, etc. From Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, it should seem that one of the performers had seven shares and a half; but of what integral sum is not mentioned. The person alluded to (if any person was alluded to, which is not certain) must, I think, have been a proprietor, as well as a principal actor. Our poet in his *Hamlet* speaks of a *whole share*, as no contemptible emolument; and from the same play we learn that some of the performers had only half a share. Others probably had still less.

It appears from a deed executed by Thomas Killigrew and others, that in the year 1660 the whole profit arising from acting plays masques, &c. at the King's theatre, was divided into *twelve shares and three quarters*, or

* This offensive term appears to have been as old at least as Sir W. D'Avenant's time. C.

Killigrew, the manager, had two three quarters; and if we may trust ment in another very curious paper rwever, was probably exaggerated) produced, at the lowest calculation, . *per ann. net;* and the total clear equently were about 3187*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* hares were then distributed among tors of the theatre, who at that time ctors, the performers, and the dra- s, who were retained in the service re, and received a part of the annual a compensation for the pieces which iced.

er delivered by Sir Henry Herbert arendon and the Lord Chamberlain, 162, he states the emolument which nas Killigrew then derived (from ares and three quarters) at 19*l.* 6*s.* eek; according to which statement in the king's company produced but ed and ten pounds ten shillings a Sir William D'Avenant's company, ime their new theatre was opened l-Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields 162), the total receipt (after de- nightly charges of "men hirelings customary expenses") was divided shares, of which it was agreed by viously entered into, that ten should D'Avenant: viz. two "towards the , buildings, scaffolding, and making for scenes; one for a provision of perties, and scenes, for a supplement theatre; and seven to maintain all that are to perform or represent arts, in tragedies, comedies, &c. sideration of erecting and establish- ors to be a company, and his pains es for that purpose for many years." five shares were divided in various among the rest of the troop.

pers above referred to it is stated by Herbert, that D'Avenant "drew ten shares two hundred pounds a d if that statement was correct, each s playhouse then produced annually l pounds, supposing the acting season n lasted for thirty weeks.

ere the emoluments of the theatre he Restoration; which I have stated authentic documents, because they us in our conjectures concerning derived from stage-exhibitions at a te and darker period.

From the prices of admission into our ancient theatres in the time of Shakspeare, which have been already noticed, I formerly conjectured that about twenty pounds was a considerable receipt at the Blackfriars and Globe theatre, on any one day; and my conjecture is now confirmed by indisputable evidence. In Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book I find the following curious notices on this subject, under the year 1628:—

"The kinges company with a generall consent and alacritye have given mee the benefitt of two dayes in the yeare, the one in summer, thother in winter, to bee taken out of the second daye of a revived playe, att my owne choyse. The housekeepers have likewyse given their shares, their dayly charge only deducted, which comes to some 2l. 5s. this 25 May, 1628.

"The benefitt of the first day, being a very unseasonable one in respect of the weather, comes but unto 4l. 15s. 0d."

This agreement subsisted for five years and a half, during which time Sir Henry Herbert had ten benefits, the most profitable of which produced seventeen pounds, and ten shillings, *net*, on the 22d of Nov. 1628, when Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* was performed at Blackfriars; and the least emolument which he received was on the representation of a play which is not named, at the Globe, in the summer of the year 1632, which produced only the sum of one pound and five shillings, after deducting from the total receipt in each instance the nightly charge above mentioned. It also appears that his clear profit at an average on each of his nights, was 8l. 19s. 4d. and the total nightly receipt was at an average—11l. 4s. 4d.

On the 30th of October, 1633, the managers of the king's company agreed to pay him the fixed sum of ten pounds every Christmas, and the same sum at Midsummer, in lieu of his two benefits, which sums they regularly paid him from that time till the breaking out of the civil wars.

From the receipts on these benefits I am led to believe that the prices were lower at the Globe theatre, and that therefore, though it was much larger than the winter theatre at Blackfriars, it did not produce a greater sum of money on any representation. If we suppose twenty pounds, clear of the nightly charges already mentioned, to have been a very considerable receipt at either of these houses, and that this sum was in our poet's time divided

into forty shares, of which fifteen were appropriated to the housekeepers or proprietors, three to the purchase of copies of new plays, stage-habits, etc. and twenty-two to the actors, then the performer, who had two shares on the representation of each play, received, when the theatre was thus successful, twenty shillings. But supposing the *average* nightly receipt (after deducting the nightly expenses) to be about nine pounds, which we have seen to be the case, then his nightly dividend would be but nine shillings, and his weekly profit, if they played five times a week, two pounds five shillings. The acting season, I believe, at that time lasted forty weeks. In each of the companies then subsisting there were about twenty persons, six of whom probably were principal, and the others subordinate; so that we may suppose *two shares* to have been the reward of a principal actor; six of the second class perhaps enjoyed a whole share each; and each of the remaining eight half a share. On all these *data*, I think it may be safely concluded, that the performers of the first class did not derive from their profession more than ninety pounds a year at the utmost. Shakspeare, Heminge, Condell, Burbadge, Lowin, and Taylor had without doubt other shares as proprietors or leaseholders; but what the different proportions were which each of them possessed in that right, it is now impossible to ascertain. According to the supposition already stated, that fifteen shares out of forty were appropriated to the proprietors, then was there on this account a sum of six hundred and seventy-five pounds annually to be divided among them. Our poet, as author, actor, and proprietor, probably received from the theatre about two hundred pounds a year. Having after a very long search lately discovered the will of Mr. Heminge, I hoped to have derived from it some information on this subject; but I was disappointed. He indeed more than once mentions his several parts or *shares held by lease in the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses*, but uses no expression by which the value of each of those shares can be ascertained His books of account, which he appears to have regularly kept, and which, he says, will show that his shares yielded him "*a good yearly profit*," will probably, if they shall ever be found, throw much light on our early stage history.

Thus scanty and meagre were the apparatus and accommodations of our ancient theatres, on which those dramas were first exhibited, that have since engaged the attention of so many learned men, and delighted so many thousand spectators. Yet even then, we are told by a writer of that age,* "dramatic poesy was so lively expressed and represented on the public stages and theatres of this city, as Rome in the *auge* of her pomp and glory never saw it better performed; in respect of the action and art, not of the cost and sumptuousness."

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The history of the stage as far as it relates to Shakspeare, naturally divides itself into three periods: the period which preceded his appearance as an actor or dramatic writer; that during which he flourished; and the time which has elapsed since his death. Having now gone through the two former of these periods, I shall take a transient view of the stage from the death of our great poet to the year 1741, still with a view to Shakspeare, and his works.

Soon after his death, four of the principal companies then subsisting made a union, and were afterwards called *The United Companies;* but I know not precisely in what this union consisted. I suspect it arose from a penury of actors, and that the managers contracted to permit the performers in each house occasionally to assist their brethren in the other theatres in the representation of plays.

After the death of Shakspeare, the plays of Fletcher appear for several years to have been more admired, or at least to have been more frequently acted, than those of our poet. During the latter part of the reign of James the First, Fletcher's pieces had the advantage of novelty to recommend them. I believe, between the time of Beaumont's death in 1615 and his own in 1625, this poet produced at least twenty-five plays. Sir Aston Cokain has informed us, in his poems, that of the thirty-five pieces improperly ascribed to Beaumont and Fletcher in the folio edition of 1647, much the greater part were written after Beaumont's death; and his account is partly confirmed by Sir Henry Herbert's Manuscript, from which it appears that Fletcher produced eleven new plays in the last four years of his life. If we were possessed of the Register kept by Sir George Buck we should there, I make no doubt, find near twenty dramas written by the same author in the interval between 1615 and 1622.

* Sir George Buck. This writer, as I have already observed, wrote an express treatise concerning the English stage, which was never printed, and, I fear, is now irrecoverably lost.

Christopher Beeston, Sir W. D'Ave-
appointed by the Lord Chamberlain,
7, 1639), "Governor of the King
en's company acting at the Cockpit in
ane, during the lease which Mrs. Eli-
eeston, *alias* Hutcheson, hath or doth
he said house:" and I suppose he ap-
her son, Mr. William Beeston, his
for from Sir Henry Herbert's office-
appears for a short time to have had
agement of that theatre.

e latter end of the year 1659, some
before the Restoration of K. Charles
theatres, which had been suppressed
he usurpation, began to revive, and
plays were performed at the Red Bull
ohn's-Street, in that and the following
fore the return of the king. In June,
hree companies seem to have been
; that already mentioned, one under
illiam Beeston in Salisbury-Court, and
he Cockpit in Drury-Lane, under Mr.
, who had been wardrobe-keeper at the
in Blackfriars before the breaking out
Civil Wars. Sir Henry Herbert, who
ained his office of Master of the Revels,
ured to obtain from these companies
e emoluments which he had formerly
from the exhibition of plays; but after
truggle, and after having brought several
at law against Sir William D'Avenant,
etterton, Mr. Mohun, and others, he
liged to relinquish his claims, and his

observable, that biographical writers often give the world long dissertations concerning facts and dates, when the fact contested might at once be ascertained by visiting a neighbouring parish church: and this has been particularly the case of Mr. Betterton. He was the son of Matthew Betterton (under-cook to King Charles the First) and was baptized, as I learn from the register of St. Margaret's parish, August 11, 1635. He could not have appeared on the stage in 1656, as has been asserted, no theatre being then allowed. His first appearance was at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, in Mr. Rhodes's company, who played there by a license in the year 1659, when Betterton was twenty-four years of age. He married Mrs. Mary Saunderson, an actress, who had been bred by Sir William D'Avenant, some time in the year 1663, as appears by the *Dramatis Personæ* of *The Slighted Maid*, printed in that year. From a paper now before me, which Sir Henry Herbert has entitled a *Breviat* of matters to be proved on the trial of an action brought by him against Mr. Betterton in 1662, I find that he continued to act at the Cockpit till November, 1660, when he and several other performers entered into articles with Sir William D'Avenant; in consequence of which they began in that month to play at the theatre in Salisbury Court, from whence after some time, I believe, they returned to the Cockpit, and afterwards removed to a new theatre in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn

without being licensed by him, and obtained a verdict against them. Encouraged by his success in that suit, soon after D'Avenant's company opened their new theatre in Portugal Row, he brought a similar action (May 6, 1662) against Mr. Betterton, of which I know not the event. In the declaration now before me, it is stated that D'Avenant's company, between the 15th of November, 1660, and the 6th of May, 1662, produced ten new plays, and 100 revived plays; but the latter number being the usual style of declarations at law, may have been inserted without a strict regard to the fact.

Sir Henry Herbert likewise brought two actions on the same ground against Sir William D'Avenant, in one of which he failed, and in the other was successful. To put an end to the contest, Sir William in June, 1662, besought the king to interfere.

The actors who had performed at the Red Bull, acted under the direction of Mr. Killigrew during the years 1660, 1661, 1662, and part of the year 1663, in Gibbon's tennis-court in Vere-Street, near Clare-market; during which time a new theatre was built for them in Drury Lane, to which they removed in April, 1663. In the list of their stock-plays, there are but three of Shakspeare.

Downes the prompter has given a list of what he calls the principal old stock-plays acted by the king's servants (which title the performers under Mr. Killigrew acquired), between the time of the Restoration and the junction of the two companies in 1682; from which it appears that the only plays of Shakspeare performed by them in that period, were *King Henry IV.* P. I. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Othello*, and *Julius Cæsar*. Mr. Hart represented Othello, Brutus, and Hotspur; Major Mohun, Iago and Cassius; and Mr. Cartwright, Falstaff. Such was the lamentable taste of those times, that the plays of Fletcher, Jonson, and Shirley were much oftener exhibited than those of our author.

Sir William D'Avenant's Company, after having played for some time at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, and in Salisbury Court, removed in March or April, 1662, to a new theatre in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Betterton, his principal actor, we are told by Downes, was admired in the part of Pericles, which he frequently performed before the opening of the new theatre; and while this company continued to act in Portugal Row, they represented the following plays of Shakspeare, and it should seem those only: *Macbeth* and *Tempest*, altered by D'Avenant; *King* I *Hamlet*, *King Henry the Eighth*, *Romeo Juliet*, and *Twelfth-night*. In *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark was represented by Betterton; the Ghost, by Mr. Richards; P tio, by Mr. Harris: the Queen, by Mrs. venport; and Ophelia, by Mrs. Saunde In *Romeo and Juliet*, Romeo was represe by Mr. Harris; Mercutio, by Mr. Bette and Juliet by Mrs. Saunderson. Mr. Bett in *Twelfth Night* performed Sir Toby B and in *Henry the Eighth*, the King. He without doubt also the performer of King I Mrs. Saunderson represented Catherine in *Henry the Eighth*, and it may be presu Cordelia and Miranda. She also perfor Lady Macbeth, and Mr. Betterton, Mache

The theatre which had been erected Portugal Row, being found too small, William D'Avenant laid the foundation new playhouse in Dorset Garden, near D Stairs, which, however, he did not live to completed; for he died in May, 1668, a was not opened till 1671.

On the 9th of November, 1671, D'A nant's company removed to their new theat Dorset Gardens, which was opened not one of Shakspeare's plays, but with Dryd comedy called *Sir Martin Marall*.

Between the years 1671 and 1682, w the King's and the Duke of York's serv united (about which time Charles Hart, principal support of the former company di *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, were the only plays of our au that were exhibited at the theatre in Do Gardens; and the three latter were not rep sented in their original state, but as altered D'Avenant and Shadwell. Between 16 and 1695, when Mr. Congreve, Mr. Better Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, obtain license to open a new theatre in Lincoln's Fields, *Othello*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dre* and *The Taming of the Shrew* are the o plays of Shakspeare which Downes the pro ter mentions, as having been performed by united companies: *A Midsummer-Night's Dre* was transformed into an opera, and *The Ta ing of the Shrew* was exhibited as altered Lacy. Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida*, ho ever, the two parts of *King IV.*, *Twelfth Ni Macbeth*, *King Henry VIII.*, *Julius Cæ* and *Hamlet*, were without doubt somethi represented in the same period: and Tate a

Durfey furnished the scene with miserable alterations of *Coriolanus*, *King Richard II.*, *King Lear*, and *Cymbeline*.* Otway's *Caius Marius*, which was produced in 1680, usurped the place of our poet's *Romeo and Juliet* for near seventy years, and Lord Lansdown's *Jew of Venice* kept possession of the stage from the time of its first exhibition in 1701, to the year 1741. Dryden's *All for Love*, from 1678 to 1759, was performed instead of our author's Antony and Cleopatra; and D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth* in like manner was preferred to our author's tragedy, from its first exhibition in 1663, for near eighty years.

In the year 1700 Cibber produced his alteration of *King Richard III.* I do not find that this play, which was so popular in Shakspeare's time, was performed from the time of the Restoration to the end of the seventeenth century. The play with Cibber's alterations was once performed at Drury Lane in 1703, and lay dormant from that time to the 28th of Jan. 1710, when it was revived at the Opera House in the Haymarket; since which time it has been represented, I believe, more frequently than any of our author's dramas, except *Hamlet*.

On April 23, 1704, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by command of the Queen, was performed at St. James's, by the actors of both houses, and afterwards publicly represented at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, May 18, in the same year, by Mr. Betterton's company; but although the whole force of his company was exerted in the representation, the piece had so little success that it was not repeated till Nov. 3, 1720, when it was again revived at the same theatre, and afterwards frequently performed.

From 1709, when Mr. Rowe published his edition of Shakspeare, the exhibition of his plays became much more frequent than before. Between that time and 1740, our poet's *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *King Henry VIII.*, *Othello*, *King Richard III.*, *Lear*, and the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, were very frequently exhibited. Still, however, such was the wretched taste of the audiences of those days, that in many instances the contemptible alterations of his pieces were preferred to the originals. Durfey's *Injured Princess*, which had not been acted from 1697, was again revived at Drury Lane, October 5, 1717, and afterwards often represented. Even Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus*, in which all the faults of the original are greatly aggravated, took its turn on the scene, and after an intermission of fifteen years was revived at Drury Lane in August, 1717, and afterwards frequently performed both at that theatre and the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it was exhibited for the first time, Dec. 21, 1720. *Coriolanus*, which had not been acted for twenty years, was revived at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Dec. 13, 1718; and in Dec. 1719, *King Richard II.* was revived at the same theatre; but probably neither of these plays was then represented as originally written by Shakspeare.* *Measure for Measure*, which had not been acted, I imagine, from the time of the suppression of the theatres in 1642, was revived at the same theatre, Dec. 8, 1720, for the purpose of producing Mr. Quin in the character of the Duke, which he frequently performed with success in that and the following years. *Much Ado about Nothing*, which had not been acted for thirty years, was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Feb. 9, 1721; but after two representations, on that and the following evening, was laid aside. In Dec. 1723, *King Henry V.* was announced for representation, "on Shakspeare's foundation," and performed at Drury Lane six times in that month; after which we hear of it no more; and on Feb. 26, 1737, *King John* was revived at Covent Garden. Neither of these plays, I believe, had been exhibited from the time of the downfall of the stage. At the same theatre our poet's second part of *King Henry IV.* which had for fifty years been driven from the scene by the play which Mr. Betterton substituted in its place, resumed its station, being produced at Covent Garden, Feb. 16, 1738; and on the 23d of the same month Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* was performed there as originally written, after an interval, if the theatrical advertisement be correct, of forty years. In the following March the same company once exhibited *The First Part of King Henry VI.* for the first time, as they asserted, for fifty

* *King Richard II.* and *King Lear* were produced by Tate in 1681, before the union of the two companies; and *Coriolanus*, under the title of *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*, in 1682. In the same year appeared Durfey's alteration of *Cymbeline*, under the title of *The Injured Princess*.

* In the theatrical advertisement, Feb. 6, 1738, *King Richard II.* (which was then produced at Covent Garden), was said not to have been acted for *forty* years.

years.* *As you like it* was announced for representation at Drury Lane, December 20, 1740, as not having been acted for forty years, and represented twenty-six times in that season. At Goodman's Fields, Jan. 15, 1741, *The Winter's Tale* was announced, as not having been acted for one hundred years; but was not equally successful, being only performed nine times. At Drury Lane, Feb. 14, 1741, *The Merchant of Venice*, which, I believe, had not been acted for one hundred years, was once more restored to the scene by Mr. Macklin, who on that night first represented Shylock, a part which for near fifty years he performed with unrivalled success. In the following month the company at Goodman's fields endeavoured to make a stand against him by producing *All's well that ends well*, which, they asserted, "had not been acted since Shakspeare's time." But the great theatrical event of this year was the appearance of Mr. Garrick at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, Oct. 9, 1741; whose good taste led him to study the plays of Shakspeare with more assiduity than any of his predecessors. Since that time, in consequence of Mr. Garrick's admirable performance of many of his principal characters, the frequent representation of his plays in nearly their original state, and above all, the various researches which have been made for the purpose of explaining and illustrating his works, our Poet's reputation has been yearly increasing, and is now fixed upon a basis, which neither the lapse of time nor the fluctuation of opinion will ever be able to shake. Here therefore I conclude this imperfect account of the origin and progress of the English Stage.

* *King Henry VI.* altered from Shakspeare by Theophilus Cibber, was performed by a summer company at Drury Lane, July 5, 1723; but it met with no success being represented only once

## Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Dramas,

ON THE AUTHORITY OF MALONE, CHALMERS AND DRAKE.

The ensuing enumeration of Shakspeare's dramas, with the dates assigned by the most generally received authorities, is given merely as a matter of curiosity; for the learned commentators are so much at variance in their chronology, that it deserves little or no attention. Indeed, when we reflect that the first edition of our author did not appear till several years after his death, and was then published by the players, who, it can scarcely be supposed, would pay any regard to the order of time in their arrangement of the dramas, it must be obvious, that with a very few exceptions, the dates given to those compositions are purely conjectural. A cloud rests over Shakspeare's career as an author, which is not now likely to be dispersed; those who were most familiar with the operations of his extraordinary genius, seem to have been hardly aware "that he was not for a day, but for all time;" they paid their shillings and applauded his productions on the stage, perhaps, but they had little taste or inclination to do them justice in the closet. Shakspeare himself appears to have been remarkably careless of his own fame: he produced his great works without effort, and bequeathed them to his country, unconscious of their merit, and reckless of their fate

| | Malone. | Chalmers. | Drake. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pericles | *not acknowledged* | | 1590 |
| First Part of King Henry VI. | 1589 | 1589 | 1592 |
| Second . . ditto | 1590 | 1590 | 1592 |
| Third . . ditto | 1591 | 1595 | 1592 |
| A Midsummer Night's Dream. | 1592 | 1598 | 1593 |
| Comedy of Errors | 1593 | 1591 | 1591 |
| Taming of the Shrew | 1594 | 1598 | 1594 |
| Love's Labour's Lost | 1594 | 1592 | 1591 |
| Two Gentlemen of Verona | 1595 | 1595 | 1595 |
| Romeo and Juliet | 1595 | 1592 | [illegible] |
| Hamlet | 1596 | 1597 | [illegible] |
| King John | 1596 | 1598 | [illegible] |
| King Richard II. | 1597 | 1595 | [illegible] |
| King Richard III. | 1597 | 1595 | [illegible] |
| First Part of King Henry IV. | 1597 | 1596 | [illegible] |
| Second . . ditto | 1598 | 1597 | [illegible] |
| Merchant of Venice | 1598 | 1597 | [illegible] |
| All's well that Ends well | 1598 | 1599 | [illegible] |
| King Henry V. | 1599 | 1597 | [illegible] |
| Much Ado about Nothing | 1600 | 1599 | [illegible] |
| As You Like It | 1600 | 1599 | [illegible] |
| Merry Wives of Windsor | 1601 | 1596 | [illegible] |
| King Henry VIII. | 1601 | 1613 | [illegible] |
| Troilus and Cressida | 1602 | 1600 | [illegible] |
| Measure for Measure | 1603 | 1604 | [illegible] |
| The Winter's Tale | 1604 | 1601 | [illegible] |
| King Lear | 1605 | 1605 | [illegible] |
| Cymbeline | 1605 | 1606 | [illegible] |
| Macbeth | 1606 | 1606 | [illegible] |
| Julius Cæsar | 1607 | 1607 | [illegible] |
| Antony and Cleopatra | 1608 | 1608 | [illegible] |
| Timon of Athens | 1609 | 1601 | [illegible] |
| Coriolanus | 1610 | 1609 | [illegible] |
| Othello | 1611 | 1614 | [illegible] |
| The Tempest | 1612 | 1613 | [illegible] |
| Twelfth Night | 1614 | 1608 | [illegible] |

Titus Andronicus, not acknowledged by these critics, nor indeed by any author of credit, but originally published about 1589.

# Shakspeare's Clowns & Fools.

It is quite obvious, that the terms *clown* and *fool* were used, though improperly perhaps, as synonymous by our old dramatists. Their confused introduction might render this doubtful to one who had not well considered the matter. The *fool* of our early plays denoted a mere idiot or natural, or else a witty hireling retained to make sport for his masters. The *clown* was a character of more variety; sometimes he was a mere rustic, and, often, no more than a shrewd domestic. There are instances in which any low character in a play served to amuse with his coarse sallies, and thus became the clown of the piece. In fact, the fool of the drama was a kind of heterogeneous being, copied in part from real life, but highly coloured in order to produce effect. This opinion derives force from what is put into the mouth of Hamlet, when he admonishes those who perform the clowns, to speak no more than is set down for them. Indeed, Shakspeare himself cannot be absolved from the imputation of making mere caricatures of his merry Andrews, unless we suppose, what is very probable, that his compositions have been much interpolated with the extemporaneous jokes of the players. To this folly, allusions are made in a clever satire entitled Pasquil's Mad-cappe, throwne at the Corruptions of these Times, 1626, quarto.

"Tell country players, that old paltry jests
Pronounced in a painted motley coate,
Fillies all the world so full of cuckoes nests,
That nightingales can scarcely sing a note.
Oh! bid them turn their minds to better meanings;
Fields are ill sowne that give no better gleanings."

Sir Philip Sidney reprobates the custom of introducing fools on the stage; and declares that the plays of his time were neither right tragedies nor right comedies, for the authors mingled kings and clowns, "not," says he, "because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the *clowne* by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decencie nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulnesse, is by their mongrell tragedie-comedie obtained." Rankin, a puritan, contemporary with Shakspeare, wrote a most bitter attack on plays and players, whom he calls monsters; "and whie monsters?" say he: "because under colour of humanitie they present nothing but prodigious vanitie: these are weis without water, dead branches fit for fuell, cockle amongst corne, unwholesome weedes amongst sweete herbes, and, finallie, feends that are crept into the wordle by stealth, and hold possession by subtill invasion." In another place, he says, "some transformed themselves to rogues, other to ruffians, some other to *clownes*, a fourth to *fooles*; the rogues were ready, the ruffians were rude, *their clownes cladde* as well with country condition, as in ruffe russet; *theyr fooles as fond as might be.*"

To give a clear view of our subject, something of the different sorts of fools may be thus classed:

I. *The general domestic fool, termed often*, but *improperly*, a *clown;* described by Puttenham as "a buffoune, or counterfet foole."

II. *The clown*, who was a mere country booby, or a witty rustic.

III. *The female fool*, who was generally an idiot.

IV. *The city or corporation fool*, an assistant in public entertainments.

V. *The tavern fool*, retained to amuse the customers.

VI. *The fool of the ancient mysteries and moralities*, otherwise the *vice*.

VII. *The fool in the old dumb shews*, often alluded to by Shakspeare.

VIII. *The fool in the Whitsun ales and morris dance.*

IX. *The mountebank's fool, or merry Andrew.* There may be others in our ancient dramas, of an irregular kind, not reducible to any of these classes; but to exemplify them is not within the scope of this essay: what has been stated may assist the readers of old plays to judge for themselves when they meet with such characters.

The practice of retaining fools can be distinctly traced from the remotest times. They were to be found alike in the palace and the

brothel; the pope had his fool, and the bawd ner's; they excited the mirth of kings and beggars; the hovel of the villain and the castle of the baron were alike exhilarated by their jokes. With respect to the antiquity of this custom in England, it appears to have existed even during the period of our Saxon history, but we are certain of the fact in the reign of William the Conqueror. Maitre Wace, an historian of that time, has an account of the preservation of William's life, when duke of Normandy, by his fool, *Goles;* and, in Domesday-book, mention is made of *Berdia joculator regis;* and though this term sometimes denoted a minstrel, evidence might be adduced to prove, that in this instance it signified a buffoon.

The accounts of the household expenses of our kings contain many payments and rewards to fools, both foreign and domestic. Dr. Fuller, speaking of the court jester, remarks, in his usual quaint way, that it is an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants it will perform. The names of many of these buffoons are preserved; they continued an appurtenance to the English court to a late period. Muckle John, the fool of Charles I., the successor of Archee Armstrong, was, perhaps, the last regular personage of that kind. The downfall of royalty, and the puritanical manners that came into vogue, banished this privileged satirist; and, at the Restoration, it was deemed of no moment to restore the office, for the stories told of Killigrew, as jester to Charles II., are without authority. The discontinuance of the court fool influenced the manners of private life, and from one of Shadwell's plays we find, that it was then unfashionable for the great to retain domestic fools. Yet the practice was not abolished; it kept its ground so late as the comencement of the last century. Dean Swift wrote an epitaph on Dicky Pearce, the earl of Suffolk's fool buried in Berkeley churchyard, June 18, 1728. Lord Chancellor Talbot kept a Welsh jester, named Rees Pengelding; he was a shrewd fellow, and rented a farm of his master. The steward, who had been a tailor, and bore him a grudge, put in execution for his rent, saying surlily, "I'll fit you, sirrah." "Then," replied Rees, "it will be the first time in your life that you ever fitted any one."

The entertainment fools were expected to afford, may be collected in great variety from our old plays, especially from those of Shakspeare; but, perhaps, a good idea may be formed of their general conduct from a passage in a curious tract by Lodge, entitled, Wits Miserie, 1599, quarto: "Imoderate and disordinate joy became incorporate in the bodi of a jeaster; this fellow in person is comely in apparell courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his studie is to coin bitte jeasts, or to shew antique motions, or to sing baudie sonnets and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually flearing and making of mouthes: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-skips men's heads, trips up his companions' heeles, burns each with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie: feed him in his humour, you shall have his heart; in more kindness he will hug you in his armes, kisse you on the cheeke, and rapping out an horrible oath, crie 'God's soule, Tum, I love you, you knowe my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tobacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honour.' In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a speciall mark of him at table, he sits and makes faces: keep not this fellow company, for in *jingling* with him, your wardrobes shall be wasted, your credits crackt, your crownes consumed, and time (the most precious riches of the world), utterly lost."

As these hirelings required considerable skill and dexterity to please their employers, they sometimes failed of success, and their paucity of talents excited disgust. Cardinal Perron, being in company with the duke of Mantua, the latter observed of his fool that he was "a meagre, poor spirited buffoon." The cardinal replied that nevertheless he had wit. "Why so?" demanded the duke: "Because," replied Perron, "he lives by a trade which he does not understand." The license allowed them was very great, but did not always afford them protection. Archbishop Laud's disgraceful severity to poor Archee is well known. The duke d'Epernon, though a high-spirited man, conducted himself with much more discretion. Maret, the fool of Louis XIII., whose chief talent was mimicry, frequently mocked the duke's Gascon accent; and Richelieu, who was fond of admonishing him, desired him, among other things, to get rid of his provincial tones, at the same time counterfeiting his speech, and sarcastically begging he would not take the advice in ill part. "Why should I?" replied

the duke; "when I bear as much from the king's fool, who mocks me in your presence." Fools, however, did not always escape with impunity. Whipping was the punishment commonly inflicted. Hence, in Twelfth Night, Olivia, addressing her jester, says, "Sirrah, you shall be whipped." However, they were often treated with great tenderness, as is feelingly exemplified in the conduct of Lear.

With regard to the fool's business on the stage, it was nearly the same as in reality, with this difference, that the wit was more highly seasoned. In Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough, a company of actors, with a clown, make their appearance, and the following dialogue ensues:

> *1st Chester*..This is our clown, sir.
> *Simon*.....Fye, fye, your company [i'faith,
> Must fall upon him and beat him; he's too fair,
> To make the people laugh.
> *1st Chester*..Not as he may be dress'd, sir.
> *Simon*.....Faith, dress him how you will. I'll give him
> That gift, he will never look half scurvily enough.
> Oh! the clowns that I have seen in my time,
> The very peeping out of one of them would have
> Made a young heir laugh though his father lay a-dying;
> A man undone in law the day before,
> (The saddest case that can be) might for his second
> Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
> His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters!
> Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff;
> There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
> If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed.
> *Simon*.....Away then, shift; clown, to thy motley crupper.

Those who desire accurate information concerning the dresses that belonged to the characters in question at various periods, should consult ancient prints and paintings, particularly the miniatures that embellish manuscripts. But the difficulty of learning how the *theatrical fools and clowns* of Shakspeare's age were *always* habited, is insuperable. In some cases the dramas themselves assist, by references which leave little doubt; but this is not common. Artists formerly did not devote much of their time to theatrical subjects; the discovery of a single painting of this kind would be more valuable than a folio of conjectural dissertation. As, however, the costume of the time would in some degree be preserved on the stage, the materials which remain to illustrate the dress of the real fools may supply the defect.

The garb of domestic fools in Shakspeare's day, was of two sorts. In the first, the coat was motley or party-coloured, and attached to the body by a girdle, with bells at the skirts and elbows, though not invariably. The hose and breeches close, and frequently each leg of a different colour. A hood, like a monk's cowl, covered the head entirely, falling down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes adorned with asses's ears, or terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term *cockscomb* was afterwards applied to any silly upstart. This fool carried in his hand a sceptre or bauble, ornamented with a fool's head, a doll, or a puppet. The bauble originally used in King Lear, was extant so late as Garrick's time, and the figure of it would have been worth preserving. To this instrument was annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was disposed to make sport. The form of it varied, and was often obscene in the highest degree. In some old prints, the fool appears, with a sort of flapper or rattle, surrounded with bells. This implement was used for the same purpose as the bladder. The fool's dagger, occasionally mentioned, was probably the wooden sword of the Vice in the Moralities, a thin piece of lath, with which he used to belabour the devil.

In Elizabeth's time, the archbishop of Canterbury's fool wore a coxcomb and a wooden dagger. In Chapman's Widow's Tears, an upstart governor is called "a wooden dagger gilded o'er; and in the Noble Gentleman, a person likened to a fool is desired to wear a great wooden dagger.

The other dress, which seems to have been most worn in Shakspeare's time, was the long petticoat, which originally belonged to the idiot or natural fool, and was adopted for the purpose of cleanliness. How it came into use for the allowed fool, is not so obvious. It was, like the former, of various colours, the materials often rich, as of velvet, and guarded or fringed with yellow. In one instance we have a *yellow leather* doublet. In Bancroft's Epigrams, 1639, quarto, there is one addressed "to a giglot with her greene sicknesse," in which are these lines:

> "Thy sicknesse mocks thy pride, that's seldom seene
> But in foole's yellow, and the lover's greene."

And from a manuscript note we learn, that *yellow* was the *foole's colour* in the time of the Commonwealth.

Yet the foregoing were not the only modes in which domestic fools were habited. The hood was occasionally without a coxcomb, in-

stead of which a bell or bells appeared. A feather was frequently added to the comb; and in an old Morality, the fool says,

> "By my trouth the thing that I desire most
> Is in my cappe to have a goodly feather."

In mimicry of a monk's crown, the head was sometimes shaved, and in one instance the hair is made to represent a triple or papal tiara. The garment was often decorated with fox or squirrel tails. In The Pope's Funeral, 1605, quarto, we find this passage:—"I shall prove him such a noddy before I leave him, that all the world will deeme him worthy to wear in his forehead a coxcombe for his foolishness, and on his back a fox tayle for his badge." This custom was perhaps designed to ridicule a fashion common among the ladies in the reign of Edward III. which is thus alluded to in the old Chronicle of England:—"And the women more nysely yet passed the men in aray and coriouslaker, for they were so streyt clothed that they let hange *fox tailles* sowed bineth within hir clothes for to hale and hide their a—; the which disguysinges and pride, paradventure, afterward brouzt forth and encaused many myshappes and meschief in the reame of Englond."

Idiots or naturals wore calf or sheep's skin; for in the Gesta Grayorum, 1660, quarto, we read, "The scribe claims the manor of Noverinte, by providing *sheep skins and calve skins to wrappe his highness wards and idiotts in.*" A purse or wallet at the waist, was part of the fool's dress. Tarlton, who personated the clowns in Shakspeare's day, appears to have worn it; Triboulet, in Rabelais, is described as having a budget of tortoise-shell.

The fools, however, did not invariably wear a distinguishing habit; this appears from some of their portraits still remaining. A painting at Kensington-palace, by Holbein, represents Will Somers, the fool of Henry VII., in a common dress. In an account of that sovereign's wardrobe, are these particulars;—"For making a doubblette lyned with canvas and cotton for William Som'ar, oure foole. Item, for making of a coote and a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with red crule, and a lyned with fryse, for oure said foole." But the account goes on thus:—"Item, for making of a coote of greene clothe, with a *hoode* to the same, fringed with white crule lyned with fryse and bokerham, for our foole aforesaid." From these, we infer that he also wore the distinctive habit of the fool. In families where the fool acted as a menial servant, he might have kept his official garb for occasions of ceremony. Want of materials to illustrate our subject, renders this part of it very imperfect; but the plays of Shakspeare furnish more information than those of any other writer. It is strange that the domestic fool should so seldom appear in the old dramas, because it not merely excited mirth among a rude audience, but gave the author an opportunity of shewing his ingenuity in extemporary wit. It is undeniable, that Shakspeare's fools were pre-eminent above all others. Shadwell declares they had more humour than any of the wits and critics of his age. Beaumont and Fletcher seldom introduce them; Ben Jonson and Massinger never.

The practice of putting the fools and clowns in requisition between the acts and scenes, and after the play was finished, to amuse the spectators with their tricks, may be traced to the Greek and Roman theatres; and their usages being preserved in the middle ages, wherever the Roman influence had spread, it would not, of course, be peculiar to England. The records of the French theatre demonstrate this fact; in the Mystery of Saint Barbara, we find this stage direction:—"*Pausa. Vadunt, et stultus loquitur;*" (A pause. They quit the stage, and the fool speaks.) and in this way he is frequently brought on between the scenes.

The decline of domestic fools, and its causes, have been already touched on; the same reason may, in part, be assigned for their dramatic exile. In the præludium to Goffe's Careless Shepherdess, 1656, quarto, there is a panegyric on them, and some concern is shewn for the fool's absence in the play itself, while it is stated that "the motley coat was banished with trunk-hose." Yet in Charles II.'s reign, some efforts were made to restore the character. In the tragedy of Thorney Abbey, or the London Maid, 1662, 12mo, the prologue is delivered by a fool, who uses these words:—"The poet's a fool who made the tragedy, to tell a story of a king and a court, and leave a fool out on't, when in Pacey's, and Sommer's, and Patch's and Archer's times, my venerable predecessors, a fool was alwaies the principal verb." Shadwell's play of The Woman Captain, 1680, is perhaps the last in which a regular fool is introduced; and even there, his master is made to say that the character was exploded on the stage. In real life, as was formerly stated, the professed fool was to be met with at a much later period, but the custom has long been obsolete.

# Shakspeare's Dramatic Contemporaries.

Perhaps there is no period in the literary history of mankind distinguished by so many rare examples of real genius, as that which elapsed from the accession of Elizabeth to the commencement of that stormy era which ended in the destruction of royalty. The mind of man, which had for ages lain dormant in the sloth of ignorance and superstition, was, at length, by a variety of concurring causes, but more especially by the Reformation, roused to shake off her trammels, and exert her native energies with irresistible force. Beings, that for many centuries had scarcely deserved the denomination of rational, determining once more to choose their own principles of action, like awakening giants, emerged from their intellectual prison-house, to expatiate at full freedom over the universe of nature, and the boundless worlds of imagination. Literature, so long confined to the cell and the cloister, extended its empire, and found willing and enthusiastic worshippers, where, heretofore, the privilege of mental liberty had been unappreciated and unknown. A string of saintly legends, remarkable only for their folly and extravagance, and composed in barbarous Latin, or volumes of idle sonnets, crammed with pitiful conceits, uncouthly expressed, had been all the aliment supplied to the paralysed intellect; but now, a daring, unfettered originality, rife with intense feeling, and commanding a wild profusion of ideas newly dug from the yet unbroached mines of passion and genius, tore away the veil from the human heart, and published all its wonderful secrets, with a fidelity and power which instantly insured universal attention. No department of literature received so much advantage by the change as the drama. Prior to the time of the first Heywood, we find nothing but the Mysteries, compositions always puerile and insipid, and sometimes blasphemous; but the light of passion and imagination which broke with him, broadened and brightened into the full glory of perfect day, in Shakspeare, and the brilliant host of exalted spirits, that flamed and corruscated round his orbit, like the planetary worlds that revolve and shine round their great source and centre, the sun. Volumes would be required to do justice to the splendid names alluded to; and, at present, we intend little more than briefly to enumerate some of those mighty magicians of the heart, whose touch opened all the flood-gates of feeling, and lit up the face with smiles, or channelled it with tears at pleasure. To the disgrace of our country, some of these intellectual benefactors of their species are suffered to sleep in the dust of oblivion, but this cannot be for ever; they must yet arise in glory and strength; for while we acknowledge the transcendent genius of Shakspeare we should not forget his contemporaries.

## SPENSER.

This illustrious poet is, from a variety of causes, but little read, and less understood, at the present day. The allegorical character of his great work, The Fairy Queen, is in itself a very unfavourable circumstance for his fame; since few readers have patience to go through a long poem, which has little or no tangible interest, however beautiful and original the imagery with which it abounds. The critic will not hesitate to acknowledge its superlative merit, whether considered as a work of art or a triumph of imagination; but the general reader, while he frequently pauses to admire the inimitable grace and delicacy of particular passages, will, probably, lay down the work with a feeling of weariness. Yet when we consider the rude state in which Spenser found the language, and the difficulties he must have encountered in adapting it to the elaborate species of metre he has employed, we shall surely feel that it is impossible to praise his productions too highly.

## BEN JONSON.

This erudite and excellent dramatist, who was born at Westminster, 1574, had the sin-

guiar happiness of receiving his education under the illustrious Camden. His family was reputable, but his mother marrying a second time, his step-father, a bricklayer, taught him his own trade; and we are informed, on tolerably good authority, that a portion of Ben's brick and mortar still exists in Chancery-lane. Disgusted with this servile employment, he entered the army, and served in the low countries with great credit; he soon, however, returned to England, and completed his studies at Cambridge. A mere accident seems to have given a direction to his talents; to procure bread, he joined a miserable company of players at the Curtain, in Shoreditch; but his excellence was not to be developed here, he remained poor and unnoticed. In a tavern brawl he had the misfortune to kill his opponent, and being thrown into prison, languished there a considerable time. It does not appear how he obtained his liberty; but he now became the intimate of Shakspeare, whose kindliness of disposition ever prompted him to assist the aspirations of real talent; and under his auspices, he commenced a dramatic writer. His success was complete; his annual play was looked for anxiously, and hailed affectionately; he became one of the chief ornaments of a stage, ennobled with many kindred spirits; and however it may be the fashion to disregard his writings at present, they certainly abound with excellencies of the highest description. In 1619, he succeeded Daniel as laureat: the salary was only one hundred marks per annum; but on Jonson's application in 1630, it was increased to 100*l.* and a tierce of Spanish wine, annually. Poor Ben, however, often suffered all the pangs incident to want; and once, when on a sick bed, in extreme wretchedness, he petitioned Charles I. for pecuniary aid. The monarch sent him *ten guineas*, on which Jonson said, "His majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor and live in an alley; go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley." Yet, in justice we are bound to state, that Charles once gave him 100*l.*, then a large sum, and the above bitter remark might have been breathed in the irritation of a wounded spirit. Jonson died in 1637, aged sixty-three years. His moral character has been questioned; in particular, he is accused of ingratitude to Shakspeare; and, indeed, a passage in his Bartholomew Fair might countenance the charge, did we not possess a noble poem dedicated by Ben to his benefactor's memory.

Jonson's dramas are extremely numerous; they are much more correct and classical than Shakspeare's, but they are not so constantly irradiated by the beams of genius. Every Man in His Humour is the only one of his plays that retains a place on the stage. Yet Volpone has never been equalled in its way, and Sejanus breathes of the venerable spirit of antiquity, and conjures up before us all the grandeur and glory of old Rome. And why are such dramas as these consigned to oblivion? Dryden's character of Ben is magnificent; the following passage is admirable and extremely just: "If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare."

## MASSINGER.

This dramatist, second to none but him who never had an equal, Shakspeare, was born 1584, and received his education at Oxford. He was singularly modest and unassuming, claiming no precedence of his associates on account of his lofty endowments, and accepting their praise more as a favour than a right. He lived long and happily; his years glided away in peace, for they were solaced by the applauses of the virtuous, and the testimony of his own conscience. In his old age he reposed in the shade of his laurels, and delighted to direct the energies of those young and ardent spirits who were about to run the race which he had concluded with honour. He lies buried in the same grave with his friend Fletcher, in the church-yard of St. Saviour, Southwark. The following epitaph is from the poems of Sir Aston Cokain, 1659:

> "In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here
> Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger.
> Plays they did write together, were great friends,
> And now one grave includes them in their ends.
> So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
> Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death."

It is quite unaccountable how this author's works should have fallen into neglect, since a profound knowledge of human nature is evident in every page; and his poetry is rich in that manly sententious eloquence which is so peculiarly effective on the stage. Till very lately, A New way to Pay Old Debts was the only play of his generally known. Rowe, indeed, had pilfered largely from his Fatal Dowry, and foisted this stolen property on the public under

e title of The Fair Penitent; but the trick as unsuspected, for who would take the trouble read Massinger? A better taste seems now ining ground. The Duke of Milan has been ccessfully revived; The Fatal Dowry has apeared in a form more equitable to its author; d for the credit of the age, we trust the trash the modern stage will soon give place to the erling productions of the old English drama.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

These authors, the Pylades and Orestes of terature, are remarkable on several accounts. heir friendship presents the singular and pleasg spectacle of two great geniuses so closely nited in their feelings and pursuits, that in pwards of fifty dramas which they wrote conactively, it is utterly impossible to distinguish which of them we are indebted for any partiular scene or character. Their compositions re so homogeneous, that were we not assured the contrary, we should ascribe them, without sitation, to the efforts of a single mind. Here e may observe, that nothing in Shakspeare's ge is more worthy of commemoration, than the ood understanding which subsisted among the alaxy of master-spirits that adorned those times. They lived together like a family of brothers, n petty jealousies disturbed their community; re continually find them advancing, without stentation, each other's labours, and engaged n a friendly competition of good offices. Hence re observe many plays written by three or four ifferent hands; and this practice, so opposite o the grovelling selfishness of modern writers, eems to have excited no surprise. The solitary nti-social pride of intellectual superiority was acrificed on the altar of friendship. The poetry f Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas is often exceedingly fine; they are frequently prosaic, and ven common-place, but these feelings are redeemed by bursts of passion and eloquence truly overpowering. In nice discrimination of character too, they are by no means deficient, and nothing can excuse the depravity of taste which has consigned their works to dust and silence. They are said to have ridiculed Shakspeare in some of their plays, particularly in The Knight of the Burning Pestle. If such liberties were taken, they gave no offence, for that wonderful man often assisted them in their compositions. The following song is from The Nice Valour, or The Passionate Madman, to which Milton must have been indebted when he wrote his Il Penseroso:

"Hence all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If we were wise to see't
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy;
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

"Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

## MARLOWE.

This great tragic poet was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. 1583, and of M. A. 1587; his passions appear to have been very violent, and his whole life was stormy and unsettled. His mind was of the highest order; but, imagining for himself a universe of perfect beauty and felicity, he was filled with disgust at the sorrows and disappointments of the real world around him. The manner of his death was extremely tragical: he was passionately fond of a beautiful girl, whose circumstances were but humble: visiting her one evening, he found a low fellow in her company of whom he was jealous; in the frenzy of the moment he drew his poniard (a weapon then commonly worn), intending to stab the unwelcome intruder, but his antagonist wrenched the dagger from his grasp, and Marlowe falling forwards, received it in his heart. The wits of his age seem to have had a very high opinion of Marlowe's talents. Heywood, no incompetent judge, styles *him the best of poets;* and Drayton writes of him thus:

"Next, Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things,
That your first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

The phrase, *fine madness*, very aptly expresses the character of his genius. In The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, the reader is continually startled by the wildness and incoherence of the poet's conceptions; he transports us into a world of shadows, and surrounds us with the terrible creations of an over-excited fancy; yet so distinctly and vividly are these

strange imaginations pourtrayed, that we tremble and weep while they pass in review before us. Notwithstanding all his powerful claims to our admiration, Marlowe is scarcely known at present but as the author of a little poem, beginning "Come live with me, and be my love." Kean brought out his Jew of Malta (perhaps, the worst of his plays), at Drury-lane Theatre; it attracted for a few nights, but four-legged performers were just then coming into fashion, and the affair was hopeless.

## CHAPMAN.

This writer, whose lofty endowments have seldom been duly appreciated, was born 1557, and in his early years owed much to the patronage of sir Thomas Walsingham. Prince Henry, that amiable scion of royalty, and the far-famed earl of Somerset, were also his friends; but his comedy of Eastward Hoe, in which he bitterly reflects on the Scotch, so offended king James that he was obliged to leave the court, and relinquish his prospects of preferment. However, he was one of heaven's nobility, and the frowns of the great could not diminish his self-esteem. He lived respected and died lamented by the best and greatest men of his age. His Translation of Homer surpasses in genius any that has yet appeared. Pope's is more elegant, no doubt; but in all the essentials of true poetry old Chapman has much the advantage. His dramatic performances savour considerably of antiquity, but in reading them we find frequent occasion to commend and admire. Ben Jonson, we are told, was jealous of his great abilities; Shakspeare honoured and fostered them. There is an anonymous poem in praise of this last author which has been attributed to Chapman, and it is calculated to heighten our estimation even of *his* powers.

## WEBSTER.

This poet, whose situation in life was very humble, his highest worldly distinction having been that of parish clerk at St. Andrew's, Holborn, was certainly endowed with talents of no common order; and although, from the want of the discipline which education affords, his genius frequently run riot, and developed itself in the most eccentric manner, there can be little doubt that the representation of his plays was attended by delighted and applauding audiences. The public of his day were content with the great elements of all true poetry, passion and imagination; and if an author could supply these, his productions were not rejected for any deficiencies of elegance and refinement. In his White Devil, and the Duchess of Malfey, his capital works, Webster continually sins against the arbitrary enactments of criticism, and not seldom against the more equitable laws of taste; but he atones for these faults by displaying a strength of passion, and a boldness of imagination, which have hardly ever been surpassed.

## MARSTON.

This poet, like many of his gifted contemporaries, has left no record behind him but his works. He appears, however, to have studied at Oxford; and judging from the chastity and purity of his language, we may suppose, that he formed his style on classic models. His plays are eight in number, but the most remarkable are Antonio and Melida, 1602; The Malcontent, 1604; and The Wonder of Women, or Sophonisba, 1606; which last is dedicated in warm terms to Ben Jonson, though he afterwards had some disagreement with that poet.

## MIDDLETON.

The companion of Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, and Rowley, with all of whom he occasionally wrote in concert, though his fame may safely rest on compositions which are entirely his own. Some of his dramas bear date so recently as the reign of Charles I., but his best plays were published much earlier. A Mad World, my Masters, acted by the Children of Paul's, 1608, is an excellent play; and many modern writers, thinking themselves safe in its obscurity, have pillaged from it very freely. Mrs. Behn, in her City Heiress, and Johnson, in his Country Lasses, have taken the most liberties.

## ROWLEY.

This dramatist, though inferior to some of his illustrious companions, will deservedly rank high as one of the benefactors of the English stage. He flourished in the reign of James I. and was attached to a company of players belonging to the prince of Wales. He was rather eminent as a comedian; little is known of him more than his close connexion with all the great-

test wits and poets of his age, by whom he was much beloved. He assisted Middleton, Day, Heywood, and Webster, in their writings, and has left us five plays of his own, besides one which he wrote in conjunction with Shakspeare. One of his comedies, A New Wonder, a Woman never Vext, has been revived at Covent Garden Theatre, with considerable success.

## JOHN HEYWOOD.

One of the first of our dramatic writers, both in point of time and genius. Sir Thomas Moore was particularly fond of him; he was a frequent companion of the princess Mary, and his musical skill made him a great favourite with Henry VIII. During the short reign of Edward VI. he still continued at court, admired and beloved; and on Mary's accession to the throne, he was admitted to the closest intimacy that subject could enjoy. The insinuating mildness of his temper, though in absolute contrast to the harshness and irritability of her disposition, frequently softened its asperities; and we are even told that the playful humour of his conversation, occasionally beguiled even the agony of her death-bed. He was of course a zealous catholic; and on the accession of Elizabeth, he went into voluntary exile, and died at Mechlin, in Brabant, 1565. His longest work is entitled A parable of the Spider and the Flie, of which Holinshed says, "One also has made a booke of the Spider and the Flie, wherein he dealeth so profoundlie, and beyond all measure of skill, that neither he himselfe that made it, neither anie one that readeth it, can reach into the meaning there-of." His great merit is that he contributed much to bring the Mysteries into disrepute, and to create a taste for more rational stage representations. None of his dramas extend beyond the limits of an interlude; among them we find A Play of Love, 1533, and A Play of Gentleness and Nobilitie, 1535. Heywood can scarcely be called a contemporary of Shakspeare; but he is mentioned here as the first regular dramatist our stage has produced.

## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The most voluminous of all play-wrights, with the exception of Lope de Vega; for, in a preface to one of his dramas, he informs us, that it was the last of two hundred and twenty in which he "had either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Such crude and hasty productions were not written for posterity; of most of them we are ignorant, even of the names. Among those preserved are the following: Edward IV. two parts, 1599; Four Prentices of London, 1615; and Maidenhead well Lost, 1634. Heywood also wrote an Apology for Actors, of which fraternity he was himself a member. He was undoubtedly a man of talent: his comic scenes were full of humour, and his tragic ones abound with situations deeply pathetic; but he always writes like an author who is composing by contract, unless his Woman killed with Kindness be an exception.

## FORDE.

This admirable dramatist was born 1586, and his great talents procured the esteem and friendship of all the excellent writers in whose age he flourished. He was most successful in delineating the gloomy scenes of life; he delighted not in the inspirations of Thalia, but mixed all the powers of his melancholy spirit with the dark and terrible visions of Melpomene. Hence one of his contemporaries pleasantly says,

> "Deep in a dump, John Forde was alone got,
> With folded arms and melancholy hat."

A fine vein of tragedy runs through all his plays; but, Tis Pity She's a Whore is undoubtedly his masterpiece, and would have done honour to Shakspeare. The character of Annabella, the heroine, is exquisitely beautiful; and though, in a moral point of view, the situations of the drama are objectionable, we cannot deny that all the legitimate purposes of tragedy, the powerful excitement of terror and pity, are fully attained.

## DECKER

This writer's reputation has probably been increased by his quarrel with Ben Jonson, in ridicule of whom he wrote a play called, The Untrussing of a humorous Poet. Yet he was the bosom friend of Webster, Forde, and Rowley, a distinction which nothing but his genius could have purchased him. Brome, too, calls him father and constantly speaks of him with the utmost reverence and affection. His Honest Whore, and Old Fortunatus, are his best works; the latter, notwithstanding the extreme absurdity of the fable on which it is founded, is illustrated with so much fine writing, that it give us the highest opinion of Decker's abilities.

## SHIRLEY.

This prolific dramatist was of a very ancient family, and was born in London, 1594. He was a pupil at Merchant Tailors' School, and afterwards studied at Oxford, where Dr. Laud conceived a warm affection for him, in regard to his great talents; yet, Shirley purposing to take orders, he would often tell him, "that he was an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him, and should never have his consent." Why, does the reader suppose? On account of some moral defect? No; but because Shirley had a large mole on his left cheek, which Laud thought a deformity. He took orders, notwithstanding, and obtained a living at St. Albans; but he shortly became a Romanist, and resigning his preferment, commenced schoolmaster; this new profession growing odious to him, he went to London and began to compose plays. In this way he gained, not merely an existence, but was much encouraged by many of the nobility; and ultimately, queen Henrietta being much pleased with his writings, attached him to her household. During the rebellion, he attended the earl of Newcastle, and was in several battles. The king's cause being ruined, he returned to London, and was supported for some time by Mr. Stanley, the author of the Lives of the Philosophers. Plays were now denounced as an abomination, and he recommenced pedagogue in the White Friars, and continued to brandish his birchen sceptre till the Restoration. The theatre was again open to him, and many of his dramas were performed with great applause. In 1666, occurred the terrible fire of London; he was burnt out of his house near Fleet-street, and removed into the parish of St. Giles's, but being overcome with horror at the frightful conflagration, he and his wife both expired within a few hours, and were buried in the same grave. Shirley succeeded best in comedy; there is a light airy playfulness in his humour which is peculiarly delightful, and must have been quite refreshing to the royalists after the sour fanaticism of the puritans. The Ball, 1639, is a favourable specimen; but all his dramas, nearly forty in number, are highly amusing. A contemporary poet has this coupled in his honour:

> "Shirley (the morning child) the Muses bred,
> And sent him born with bays upon his head."

## DRAYTON

Few writers have been more famous in their day than the author of the Poly-Olbion; a poem, which though at present scarcely eve abounds with animated description and illustration. Drayton was a favourit poet; he assisted at the coronation of J and was never in circumstances to ma praises of the million important to hi is said to have written The Merry Devil monton; but this is doubtful, and were established, it would contribute but litt fame.

## PHINEAS FLETCHER.

This poet, whose great genius is obsc the robe of allegory which it assumed, author of a singular production called th Island, in which all the various parts human body are described with wonde genuity and truth. The subject was happy one; and the poem, in spite of merit, is seldom or ever perused. also wrote Piscatory Eclogues, short pie sessing considerable excellence, and om dramatic performances which have no recommendation

## DANIEL.

This author, who was considerabl own time, both as a poet and histori born 1562. His style is remarkably and at once free from bombastical extr and meagre unmeaning simplicity. In S Colin Clout's Come Home Again, he praised, and indeed most of the write age agree in eulogizing his productio succeeded Spenser in the laureateshi Philotas, 1605, when first acted, gave as it was thought the hero was dra Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, th Essex. In this play he treads closel steps of the ancients, and has introdu ruses between the acts. In his Cleopatr he follows Plutarch's account of that re woman, and has produced a very drama. The dialogue in both instan tremely poetical.

## CHETTLE.

A dramatist of whom no record rem deed, the period to which these brief refer, abounds with instances of wr are only known to have existed by thei He wrote Hot Anger soon Cold, 159

not Gold that Glitters, 1600; Cardinal Wolsey, 1601; and various other plays, all distinguished by an originality of tone, which we should vainly look for in productions of loftier pretension.

## BROWNE

The praise which Milton has bestowed on this poet, the author of Britannia's Pastorals, entitles him to our favourable notice; and there are such unequivocal evidences of genius in his works, that we cannot sufficiently regret, that he should have been ejected from his niche in the Temple of Fame by any newer candidate for immortality.

## DAY.

A very powerful writer, bold and original in conception, but rude and uncouth in expression. His principal works are, The Bristol Tragedy, 1602; and The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, with the Merry Humour of Tom Strowd, the Norfolk Yeoman, divers times publicly acted by the Prince his Servants, 1600.

## DAVENPORT.

He is reported to have written something jointly with Shakspeare, and his intellectual character would justly have entitled him to the honour of such an associate. His comedy of A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, abounds with grotesque and humorous situations, and his King John and Matilda abundantly prove his tragic powers.

## FIELD

This poet is supposed to be the same person whose name appears with those of Burbage, Hemmings and Condell, in the prefatory sheet of the first folio edition of Shakspeare. He is also mentioned in the dramatis personæ prefixed to the Cynthia's Revels of Ben Jonson, and seems to have been a favourite actor. But Field's claim to notice rests on better grounds; for Massinger did not think himself disgraced by receiving his assistance in the composition of The Fatal Dowry, and his ability for the the task is evident from what he has done in his own dramas. His best plays are, a Woman's a Weathercock, 1612; and Amends for Ladies, 1618; both of which are highly praised by Chapman, a very competent judge.

## PEELE.

A writer of pastorals, considered very excellent in his day, but now forgotten amidst the lumber of antiquity. He was likewise a dramatist of some eminence; and for many years, as city poet, had the ordering of the pageants on Lord Mayor's Day. His life appears to have been spent in a course of folies and debaucheries of the lowest description, which is the more singular, as he was educated at Oxford, then the school of every virtue. He wrote, among other dramas, Edward the First, 1593; and The Loves of King David and Faire Bethsabe, 1599.

## QUARLES.

The celebrated author of The Emblems, and equally remarkable for his genius and misfortunes. He was educated at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by unaffected piety and unassuming talent. For a considerable time he was cupbearer to the queen of Bohemia, and chronologer to the city of London. Afterwards, he went over to Ireland, and became secretary to the truly good and amiable prelate, Usher, archbishop of Armagh; but the unsettled state of that country soon forced him to resign his post, and returning to England, he closed his earthly career 1644, aged 52. He was buried in the church of St. Vedast, Foster-lane. Quarles is best known by his Divine Emblems, a work once universally popular, but now, on account of its obsolete quaintness of style, little read, except by a particular class of religionists. He wrote The Virgin Widow, 1649, a play which has no faults and few merits. Langbaine sums up his character of Quarles in these words: "He was a poet that mixed religion and fancy together, and was very careful in all his writings not to intrench upon good manners by any scurrility in his works, or any ways offending against his duty to God, his neighbour, or himself."

## NASH.

An eccentric and unfortunate man of genius, whose vices were his worst enemies. After a restless life, passed in continual alterations from want to abundance, he died about 1601, as little lamented in dying, as respected when living. His Pierce Pennilesse is written with infinite fire and spirit, but seems to breathe the senti-

ments of a man in a paroxysm of rage against the whole world. Towards the close of his days, he seems to have repented of his excesses; for in a pamphlet called Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, he writes thus: "A hundred unfortunate farewells to fantasticall satirisme. In those vaines, heretofore I mispent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours. Nothing is there now so much in my vowes as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I have most displeased. To a little more wit have my increasing yeeres reclaimed mee than I had before; those that have been perverted by any of my workes, let them reade this, and it shall thrice more benefit them. The autumne I imitate, in shedding my leaves with the trees, and so doth the peacocke shead his taile." Nash was peculiarly successful in satire; in an old copy of verses he is thus spoken of;

"Sharply satiric was he, and that way
He went, that since his being, to this day
Few have attempted; and I surely think
Those words shall hardly be set down in ink,
Shall scorch and blast so as he could when he
Would inflict vengeance."

Nash composed three p.ays; among tnem was Dido, Queen of Carthage. Copies of this drama are uncommonly scarce. Malone gave 16*l.* 16*s.* for one at Dr. Wright's sale.

## THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

One of the most illustrious noblemen of an age when titular honours were bestowed, not merely as nominal distinctions, but as the best rewards for great and virtuous actions. He is mentioned here on account of his having been concerned in the composition of Ferrex and Porrex, the first regular tragedy ever performed on the English stage. Of this drama, surreptitiously printed under the title of Gorboduc, 1565, and with its present designation 1571, Norton wrote the first three acts, and Lord Buckhurst, then Mr. Sackville, the last two. It was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, at Whitehall, before queen Elizabeth, on the 18th of January, 1561, many years prior to the appearance of Shakspeare. Sir Philip Sidney, in his Defence of Poesie, says, 'Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civilitie, nor skilful poetrie, excepting Gorboduc, which, notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morallitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesie: yet, in truth, it is very defectious in the circumstances; which grieves me, because it might not remain an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all compositions."

## LODGE.

A Doctor of medicine in great practice towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. He acquired considerable extra-professional reputation, both as a poet and a wit. His dramatic works are, Wounds of Civil War, 1594, and A Looking Glass for London and England, 1594. Judging from these compositions, the writer seems to have been most happy in satire; there is a playful smartness about his jokes, which is highly agreeable and amusing.

## LYLY.

This author, the most popular writer of his times, was born about 1553. He studied first at Oxford, but latterly at Cambridge; being of good family, he followed the court, expecting to be appointed master of the revels, but he reaped nothing from attendance on Elizabeth but disappointment, the usual wages of courtiers. He died in the prime of life, 1597, universally regretted and respected. His dramas are nine in number: Alexander and Campaspe, 1584, and Mother Bombie, 158[illegible] are the best; but his claims on the notice of posterity are referable to the two following works, of which we shall give the titles at length, as he therein made the praiseworthy attempt to reform and purify our language from the uncouth, barbarous, and obsolete expressions in which it was then overrun:—The Anatomy of Wit, verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contayned the Delyghts that Wit followes in his Youth by the pleasantnesse of Love, and the Happiness he reapeth in Age by the Perfectnesse of Wisdome, quarto, bl. lett. 1[illegible] —Euphues and his England, containing Voyage and Adventures, mixt with sweet prettie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court, and Manners of that Isle, delightful to be read, nothing hurtfull to be regarded: wherein is small Offence by Lightnesse given to

Vise, and less Occasion of Loosenesse proffered ) the Wanton, quarto, bl. lett. 1582.

Lyly has committed many extravagancies in ese productions, and they were, no doubt, uch overrated; but the excellencies which ey unquestionably contained are now as unstly overlooked; for if, on the whole, Lyly's ttempt must be considered a failure, on such a occasion even failure was glorious, and entles him to be remembered with respect.

## GREEN.

This highly talented, but most immoral uthor, was celebrated, in his day, for a broad nd coarse, but spirited and characteristic vein f humour, which runs through all his productions. His dramas are very numerous, and many plays are ascribed to him on mere supposition; but he undoubtedly wrote The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay, 1594; The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Aragon, 1594; and The Scottishe Story of James the Fourthe, slaine at Flodden, interlaced with a pleasant Comedie presented by Oberon, King of the Fairies, 1599. Of this last play, Shakspeare seems to have made some use in his Midsummer Night's Dream.

## GASCOIGNE.

This author translated The Supposes, from Ariosto, and Jocasta, from Euripides; besides which, he wrote the Glass of Government, 1575, and, The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle, 1587. The Supposes is among the earliest regular dramas produced on our stage; and Gascoigne, both in this translation and his original compositions, has displayed very superior endowments.

## GAGER.

A profoundly learned man. His compositions are in the Latin tongue, and we should have noticed him but on account of Anth. Wood's singular panegyric of his genius: "he was an excellent poet, especially in the Latin language, and reported the best *comedian* of his time, whether it was Edward, earl of Oxford, Will. Rowley, the once ornament for wit and ingenuity, of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Richard Edwards, John Lylie, Tho. Nash, Geo. Gascoigne, Will. Shakspeare, Tho. Nash, or John Heywood." In 1608, this same Gager maintained at Oxford, a thesis, *that it was lawful for husbands to beat their wives;* so that his elaborate Latin dramas have small chance of finding favour with the *blues* of the nineteenth century.

## PRESTON.

This person wrote about 1561, A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth; contayning the Life of Cambises, King of Persia, from the beginning of his Kingdome unto his Death; his one good Deede of Execution after the many wicked Deeds and tirranous Murders committed by and through him; and last of all, his odious Death by God's Justice appointed; doon on such Order as followeth. Which Shakspeare is supposed to ridicule, when he makes Falstaff talk of speaking in king Cambyses' vein.

## WHETSTONE.

This writer is only known by his Promos and Cassandra, a play of which Shakspeare has undoubtedly availed himself in his Measure for Measure. It appears that Whetstone first tried his fortune at court, and dissipated his patrimony in vain expectation of preferment. Destitute of subsistence, he became a soldier, and served with so much credit that he was rewarded with additional pay. Honour, however, is a bad pay-master, and he was compelled to convert his sword into a ploughshare. His farming concerns proved unfortunate, and in his necessity he tried the generosity of his friends. This he found was "a broken reed, and worse than common beggary of charity from strangers. Now Craft accosted him in his sleepe, and tempted him with the proposals of several proposals of several professions; but for the knavery or slavery of them, he rejected all; his munificence constrained him to *love* money, and his magnanimity to *hate* all the ways of getting it." He now sought fortune at sea; but sir Humphrey Gilbert's fleet, in which he had embarked, was ruined by an engagement with the Spaniards. Poor Whetstone was thus reduced to write for bread. Ascham tells us, that "*wits live obscurely, men care not how, and die neglected, men mark not where.*" And where or in what manner this amiable man breathed this last, we are totally ignorant.

## WARNER.

A native of Warwickshire, much celebrated for a metrical chronicle of British history, called Albion's England, which is written throughout with great ability, and occasionally evinces a highly poetical spirit. Percy says of Warner:—"To his merit nothing can be objected, unless, perhaps, an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images." The following account of his death is extracted from the parish register of Amwell:—"1609. Master William Warner, a man of good years, and of honest reputation; by his profession, attorney at common plese; author of Albion's England; dyinge suddenly in the nyght in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday nyght, being the 9th daye of March, and was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gualter Studes." Warner also wrote Syrinx, or, a Seaven told Historie, handled with varietie of pleasant and profitable, both comicall and tragicall Argument, 1597.

## TAYLOR,

The *water poet*, he having been a sculler on the Thames. He was once mad enough to venture himself, with a companion, in a paper boat to Rochester, when they were both nearly drowned. He seems to have been very illiterate; but in spite of the most disheartening obstacles, he applied himself to composition, and his productions are far from contemptible. Taylor was a violent royalist. At the commencement of the rebellion he retired to Oxford, but that city being surrendered to the parliament, he returned to London and kept a public-house in Long Acre. At the king's death, he set up the sign of the Mourning Crown, which, giving offence, he substituted his own effigy, inscribed with this distich:

"There's many a king's head hang'd up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too. Then why not mine?"

## SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Born at Oxford, 1605, and supposed by some, though on very slight grounds, to have been a natural son of Shakspeare's. At Ben Jonson's death he was chosen laureate; and in 1643, having distinguished himself on a variety of occasions, he received the honour of knighthood from Charles I. After the judicial murder of that monarch, he retired to the Continent with queen Henrietta and the prince of Wales. Being employed in their service, he was taken prisoner, confined at Cowes castle, and his life threatened. Under these trying circumstances, Davenant's courage was singularly conspicuous; he was then writing his poem of Gondibert, and notwithstanding the almost certain prospect of immediate death, such was his fortitude and self possession, that he was able to proceed with the work. A fact like this, is more honourable to Davenant than volumes of panegyric. At the intercession of Milton he was spared, and received permission to open a theatre in Charterhouse Yard. When Charles II. ascended the throne, Sir William received a patent to act plays at the Duke's theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and here it was that he first introduced the present mode of illustrating the drama by means of appropriate scenery and decorations. Davenant died at an advanced age, admired and beloved by all parties. Dryden, and who cannot give nobler praise, estimated his talents very highly.

## SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

A hero, in whom the chivalrous virtues which we read of in romance, and which we are accustomed to treat as fabulous, were realized. His person was the perfection of the human form; he was brave to a fault; his munificence was princely; and his courteous manners won the hearts of all that approached him. In the presence of monarchs his humility was that of an equal; but when the poor and miserable surrounded him, his countenance beamed with welcome and kindliness. To all these amiable qualities, were united a depth of learning and a felicity of genius, which entitled him to rank with the best writers of his age. He was the darling of England and the admiration of Europe. He was born at Penshurst in Kent, 1554; he remained at Oxford till his 17th year, and then set out on the grand tour. At his return, in the pride of his youth and the full vigour of his intellect, queen Elizabeth appointed him her ambassador to the friendly German powers; but when the fame of his valour and genius became so general, that he was put in nomination for the kingdom of Poland, she refused to sanction his advancement lest she should lose the brightest jewel in her crown. His life was one continued course of glorious

ms, and he died the death of a hero, being i at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, while ras mounting the third horse, having pre-sly had two killed under him. He wrote dramatic piece, The Lady of the May, a ppe acted before Elizabeth, in the gardens 'amstead, in Essex; but his noblest work is Arcadia, which, with his poems, will live ong as the language in which they are ten.

## ARY HERBERT, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

he favourite sister of Sydney, to whom he cated his Arcadia. This lady was a gene-friend of learning and genius, and her own rvments were of the first order. Francis erne, in his Memoirs of King James, says ser, "She was that sister of sir Philip ney, to whom he addressed his Arcadia, and rhom he had no other advantage than what received from the partial benevolence of ature in making him a man, which yet she , in some judgments, recompense in beauty, her pen being nothing short of his, as I am ready to attest, so far as so inferior a reason may be taken, having seen incomparable letters of hers. But, lest I should seem to trespass upon truth, which few do unsuborned (as I protest I am, unless by her rhetoric), I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author (B. Jonson), doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou kill'st such another,
Fair, and good, and learn'd as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her fame, for after days
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn statue, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb."

And these were Shakspeare's contemporaries; and a few brief pages is all we afford to the fame of those, who, while living, filled the world with their genius. Melancholy reflection! —this, if anything can, must teach us the nothingness of earthly honours.

# Original Actors in Shakspeare's Dramas.

## LAURENT FLETCHER.

This personage, who appeared at the head of a King's Servants, in the royal license of 1603, has escaped the notice of the historian of ar stage; and, in truth, we know scarcely hything of him. Fletcher was, probably, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where several fa-milies of that name resided, as may be learnt from the parish register. He was placed be-fore Shakspeare and Richard Burbadge in king James's license, as much, perhaps, by accident as design. Augustine Phillips, when he made his will, in May, 1605, bequeathed to *his fellow*, Laurence Fletcher, twenty shillings. And this *fellow* of Philips and of Shakspeare was buried in St. Saviour's church, on the 12th of September, 1608. What plays of our author he performed in is uncertain, nor does it ap-pear whether he excelled in tragedy or comedy.

## EDMOND SHAKSPEARE,

The brother of the poet, was a performer at the Globe, lived in St. Saviour's, and was buried in the church of that parish. The entry in the register runs thus "1606, December 31, [was buried] *Edmond Shakspeare, a player*, in the church." Nothing more is known of him; stimulated, most probably, by his brother's suc-cess, he came to the metropolis and attached himself to the theatre; but he died young, and seems to have made little progress in his pro-fession.

## RICHARD BURBAGE,

The most celebrated tragedian of our author's time, was the son of James Burbage, who was also an actor, and, perhaps, a countryman of Shakspeare's. He lived in Holywell-street, in

the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; from which it may be supposed that he originally played at the *Curtain Theatre*, which was in that neighbourhood. It is singular that he should have resided, from the year 1600 to his death, in a place so distant from the Blackfriars playhouse, and still further from the Globe, in which theatres he acted during the whole of that time. By his wife, Winifred, he had four daughters, two of whom were baptized by the name of *Juliet*. His fondness for the name of Juliet, perhaps, arose from his having been the original *Romeo* in our author's play. Burbage died about the 13th of March, 1619, and was buried in the church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. His will is still extant in the Prerogative Office, but it contains nothing remarkable. Richard Burbage is introduced in person in an old play called The Returne from Parnassus, and instructs a Cambridge scholar how to play the part of King Richard the Third, in which character Burbage was greatly admired. That he represented this part is proved by bishop Corbet, who, in his Iter Boreale, speaking of his host at Leicester, tells us,

> When he would have said, king Richard died,
> And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cry'd."

He, probably, also enacted the characters of King John, Richard II., Henry V., Timon, Brutus, Coriolanus, Macbeth, Lear, and Othello. He was one of the principal sharers or proprietors of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres; and was of such eminence, that in a letter, preserved in the British Museum, written in the year 1613, the actors at the *Globe* are called *Burbage's Company*. Flecknoe writes thus of him in his Short Discourse of the English Stage, 1664: "He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his parts, and putting off himself with his cloaths, as he never (not so much as in the trying-house) assumed himself again, until the play was done. He had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words with speaking, and speech with action; his auditors being never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry than when he held his peace; yet, even then, he was an excellent actor still; never failing in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still to the height." The testimony of sir Richard Baker is to the same purpose; he pronounces him to have been "such an actor as no age must ever look to see the like." In Philpot's Additions to Camden's Rem find an epitaph on this tragedian more than even that on Ben Jonson, bei "*Exit Burbage.*" The following also in a manuscript in the British Museum

> "*Epitaph on Mr. Richard Burbage, the*
> "This life's a play, ocean'd out by natures ac
> Where every man hath his allotted parts.
> This man hathe now (as many more can t
> Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
> The play now ended, think his grave to be
> The detiring howse of his sad tragedie;
> Where to give his fame this, he not afraid,
> Here lies the best tragedian ever plaid."

## JOHN HEMINGES

Is said by Roberts, the player, to ha a tragedian, and, in conjunction with C to have followed the business of printi his authority is doubtful. As early as Nov 1597, he appears to have been the mas the Lord Chamberlain's Company. This for which his prudence qualified him, l probably, during forty years. There is to believe that he was originally a *Warw lad*, a shire which has produced s players and poets; the Burbages, the speares, the Greens, and the Harts. C minges' cast of characters little is l there is only a tradition that he was t representative of Falstaff. He was by king James, on his accession, as on theatrical servants; and was ranked the the royal license of 1603. He had the to be remembered in Shakspeare's will, a the first editor of Shakspeare's works died at the age of seventy-five, in the p St. Mary, Aldermanbury; and was according to the register, on the 12th of O 1630. His will, still preserved, devis siderable property, and provides vario tokens of remembrance for his relati *fellows*.

## AUGUSTINE PHILLIPS

Was placed next to Burbage in the l cense of 1603. He was an author as we actor, and left behind him some ludicrous which were entered in the Stationers' 1593, and were entitled The Jigg Slippers. He is supposed to have pe characters in low life. Whatever he have been in the theatre, he was cert respectable man in the world. He a

siderable property. He died at Mortlake, Surrey, in May, 1605, and was buried, at dying request, in the chancel of the church that parish, leaving his wife, Anne, executrix his will; with this proviso, however, that if married again, John Heminges, Richard rbage, William Sly, and Timothie Whitne, should be his executors. His widow did rry again, and John Heminges immediately ved the will, on the 16th of May, 1607, l assumed the trust which Philips had reed in him.

## WILLIAM KEMPE

Was the successor of Tarleton. "Here I t needs remember Tarleton," says Heywood is Apology for Actors, "in his time gracious the queen his soveraigne, and in the ple's general applause; to whom succeeded liam Kempe, as well in the favour of her estie, as in the opinion and good thoughts the general audience." From the 4to ions of some of our author's plays, we learn he was the original performer of Dogberry, uch Ado about Nothing, and of Peter, in eo and Juliet. From an old comedy, d The Return from Parnassus, we may ct that he was the original Justice Shallow; the contemporary writers inform us that sually acted the part of a clown, in which, Tarleton, he was celebrated for his *extemal wit*. Launcelot, in the Merchant of Ve-; Touchstone, in As You Like It; Launce, he Two Gentlemen of Verona; and the re-digger, in Hamlet, were, probably, also ormed by this comedian. He was an auas well as an actor. So early as the year , Kempe's comic talents seem to have highly estimated; for an old pamphlet d An Almond for a Parrot, written by mas Nashe, is dedicated "to that most icall and conceited cavaleire monsieur du pe, jestmonger, and vice gerent generall e ghost of Dick Tarleton." From a pasin one of Decker's tracts, it may be pred that this comedian was dead in the year . In Braithwaite's Remains, 1618, he us commemorated:

*Upon Kempe and his Morice, with his Epitaph.*

elcome from Norwich, Kempe: all joy to see
y safe return moriscoed lustily.
t out, alas! how soone's thy morice done,
hen pipe and tabor, all thy friends be gone;
d leave thee now to dance the second part
ith feeble nature, not with nimble art!
Then all thy triumphs fraught with strains of mirth,
Shall be cag'd up within a chest of earth:
Shall be? they are; thou hast danc'd thee out of breath;
And now must make thy parting dance with death."

## THOMAS POPE.

This actor likewise played the part of a clown. He died before the year 1600. He is mentioned in an old book, called Humour's Ordinarie, where a Man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for Sixpence.

".....What meenes Singer then,
And Pope, the clowne, to speak so borish, when
They counterfaite the clownes upon the stage?"

## GEORGE BRYAN.

Nothing is known of this performer, except that in the exhibition of the Seven Deadly Sins he represented the Earl of Warwick. He was certainly on the stage previously to the year 1588.

## HENRY CONDELL

Is said by Roberts, the player, to have been a comedian; but he does not mention any authority for this assertion but stage tradition. In Webster's Duchess of Malfy, he originally acted the part of the Cardinal; and, as when that play was printed in 1623, another performer had taken the character, it is probable that he had retired from the stage before that time. He still, however, continued to have an interest in the theatre, being mentioned with the other players to whom a license was granted by Charles I. in 1625. He had, probably, a considerable portion of the shares or property in the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. This actor, as well as Heminges, lived in Aldermanbury. He is honourably noticed in Shakspeare's will, and was one of the editors of his dramas.

## WILLIAM SLY

Was joined with Shakspeare in the license granted in 1603. He is introduced personally in the Induction to Marston's Malecontent, 1604; and from his there using an affected phrase of Osrick's in Hamlet, we may collect that he performed that part. He died before the year 1612.

## RICHARD COWLEY

Is said to have been an actor of a low class, having taken the part of Verges, in Much Ado

about Nothing: he, probably, acted such parts as required dry humour rather than splendid declamation. He was recognised as a *fellow* by Augustine Phillips, in 1605, and distinguished as a friend by a legacy of twenty shillings. He lived among the other players, and among the fashionable persons of that period, in Holywell-street. The exact date of his death is unknown, but he was buried, says the register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on the 13th of March, 1618, three days before the great Burbage was laid in the same cemetery.

## JOHN LOWIN

Was a principal performer in Shakspeare's plays. If the date on his picture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, is accurate, he was born in 1576. Wright mentions in his Historia Histrionica, that "before the wars, he used to act the part of Falstaff with mighty applause;" but, without doubt, he means during the reign of king Charles I. from 1625 to 1641. When our poet's King Henry IV. was first exhibited, Lowin was but twenty-one years old; it is, therefore, probable that Heminges, or some other actor, originally represented the fat knight, and that several years afterwards the part was given to Lowin. Roberts, the player, informs us, that he also performed King Henry VIII. and Hamlet; but with respect to the latter, his account is certainly erroneous, since it appears from more ancient writers, that Joseph Taylor was the first representative of that character. Lowin is introduced in the Induction to Marston's Malecontent, and he and Taylor are noticed in a copy of verses, written in the years 1632, soon after the appearance of Jonson's Magnetic Lady, as the two most esteemed actors of that time:

> "Let Lowin cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
> The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such."

Though Heminges and Condell had an interest in the theatre to the time of their death, yet they ceased to act about the year 1623; and, in the next year, Lowin and Taylor took the management. After the theatres were suppressed, Lowin became miserably poor; and, in his later years, he kept an inn, the Three Pigeons at Brentford. He died in London, aged eighty-three, and was buried in the ground belonging to the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, March 18, 1658.

## SAMUEL CROSS.

This actor was, probably, dead before 1600; for Heywood, who had himself for the stage before that time, says he ha seen him.

## ALEXANDER COOKE.

It appears that this actor was the fir the stage, even before the year 1588. H as a woman in Jonson's Sejanus, and Fox; and it is thence reasonably suppos he represented the lighter females of speare's dramas. Alexander Cooke wa lected as a *fellow* by Augustine Phill distinguished as an intimate by a legacy.

## SAMUEL GILBURNE, unkno

## ROBERT ARMIN

Performed in The Alchymist, in 161 was alive in 1611, some verses havi addressed to him in that year by John of Hereford, from which he appears occasionally performed the part of the cl fool:

> "To honest, gamesome, Robert Armine,
> Who tickles the spleene like a harmless verm
>
> "Armine, what shall I say of thee, but this,
> Thou art a fool and knave; both?—fie, I miss,
> And wrong thee much; sith thou indeed art a
> Although in shew thou playest both together."

He was the author of a comedy call Two Maids of More-clack, 1609; als book called A Nest of Ninnies, simply o selves without Compound, 1608; and, tioners' Hall, was entered, in the same book called Phantasm, the Italian Tayl his Boy, made by Mr. Armin, servant majesty. He was certainly one of th Chamberlain's Players at the accession James, and was received, with greater into the royal company. As a *fellow*, was kindly remembered by Phillips, who l a legacy of twenty shillings.

## WILLIAM OSTLER

Had been one of the Children of the C having acted in Jonson's Poetaster, t with Field and Underwood, in 1601, said to have performed women's part

th he and Underwood acted as men in Alchymist. In Davies's Scourge of ere are some verses addressed to him title: "To the Roscius of these 'illiam Ostler." He acted Antonio, er's Duchess of Malfy, in 1623; but d of his death is uncertain.

## NATHANIEL FIELD JOHN UNDERWOOD.

hese actors had been Children of the and, probably, at the Globe and Blackatres, performed female parts. Field, became too manly to take the characters , played the part of Bussy d'Ambois, nan's play of that name. From the one edition of it, it appears that he in 1641.

g more is known of John Underwood e performed the part of Delio, in The of Malfy, and that he died about the 1.

## NICHOLAS TOOLEY

ne of the unnamed *associates* of Shakurbage, and Heminges, at the Globe, me of the original actors in our bard's He, too, represented women, as early and acted Rodope, in Tarleton's Plattren Deadlie Sinns. He performed in ymist, in the year 1610. Tooley, e expressions in his will, seems to have servant or apprentice of Burbage, to t testament he was a witness. Tooley own will on the 3d of June, 1623; oon after, in the house of Cuthbert in Holywell-street; to whose wife, , the testator left a legacy of ten "as a remembrance of his love, in ner motherly care of him." Tooley st benevolent man; while he bustled rid he did many kind acts, and when o longer perform, he gave considerable the poor of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, iles's Cripplegate, which administer nfort of the needy even to the present

## ILLIAM ECCLESTONE.

know of this actor is from Ben Jonson's , in which his name occurs, in the year 1610. It is highly probable, however, that he performed in our author's plays.

## JOSEPH TAYLOR.

According to Downes, the prompter, he was instructed by Shakspeare to play Hamlet; and Wright, in his Historia Histrionica, says, "He performed that part incomparably well." From the remembrance of his performance of Hamlet, sir William Davenant is said to have conveyed his instructions to Mr. Betterton. He likewise played Iago, and is highly commended by various contemporary authors. In the year 1614, Taylor was at the head of a distinct company of players, called The Lady Elizabeth's Servants, but he soon returned to his old friends; and after the deaths of Burbage, Heminges, and Condell, became manager of the King's Company, in conjunction with Lowin and Swanston. In September, 1639, he was appointed Yeoman of the Revels in Ordinary to his Majesty, in the room of Mr. William Hunt; there were certain perquisites annexed to this office, and a salary of *sixpence a day*. When he was in attendance upon the king, he had a salary of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per month. Taylor died in the year 1653, and was buried at Richmond. He must have been nearly seventy years of age at his death. He is said by some to have painted the portrait of Shakspeare, now in the possession of the duke of Chandos; but, if genuine, it is much more likely that Burbage was the artist, for there is a picture in Dulwich College, which he is known to have painted.

## ROBERT BENFIELD

Was but a second-rate actor. He acted the King, in the Deserving Favourite; Ladialaus, in The Picture; and Junius Rusticus, in The Roman Actor. He was living in 1647, being one of the players who signed the dedication to the folio edition of Fletcher's plays, published in that year.

## ROBERT GOUGHE.

This actor performed female characters: in the Seven Deadly Sins he played Aspatia; but in 1611 he had arrived to an age which entitled him to represent male parts; for in The Second Maiden's Tragedie, which was produced in that year, he performed the Tyrant.

## RICHARD ROBINSON

Acted in Jonson's Cataline in 1611; and from a passage in The Devil is an Ass, 1616, it appears that at that period he usually took female characters

> "..... We had
> The merriest supper of it there, one night
> The gentleman's landlady invited him
> To a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson
> Drest like a lawyer's wife."

In The Second Maiden's Tragedie he performed the Lady of Govianus. In The Deserving Favourite, 1629, he played Orsino; and in The Wild Goose Chase, Le Castre. Hart, the celebrated actor, was originally his boy or apprentice. In the civil wars he served in the king's army, and was killed in an engagement by Harrison, who was afterwards hanged at Charing-cross. Harrison refused him quarter after he had laid down his arms, and shot him in the head, saying at the same time, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently."

## JOHN RICE.

Nothing is known of this player, except that he performed the Marquis of Pescara, and considerable part in The Duchess of Mal He was, perhaps, the brother of Stephen Ri who is mentioned in the will of John Heming

We have thus enumerated all those pe formers who appear, with any certainty, to ha distinguished themselves in the original pr ductions of Shakspeare's dramas. Of the real merits it is impossible to speak; yet som of them, doubtless, particularly Burbage, Ta lor, and Lowin, were very excellent actors; and though the mechanical part of stage representations was, in their time, extremely imperfect, we may be certain that they were able to furnish the public of that age with an entertainment highly acceptable. The drama, indeed, was much more a national pastime then than at present, for it furnished a source of delight to all ranks, and was highly patronised. In our own more enlightened age, dicing, boxing, and horse-racing have superseded, among the higher classes, the antiquated attractions of that stage, which Shakspeare, Jonson, and Massinger illustrated by their transcendent genius.

Fac-Simile of an ancient Engraving representing the

The Red Bull Theatre.

Little more of this theatre is known than that it formerly stood on a plot of ground, called till within these twenty years, Red Bull Yard, near the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell.

During the civil wars, it was much resorted for the representations of Drolls, to a collection of which pieces, published by Francis Kirkman in 1672, the annexed view forms a frontispiece. This relique derives much interest from its throwing some light on the interior economy of the ancient theatres. The figures on the stage are supposed to be portraits of the popular actors in these drolls. The one playing Simpleton is known to be Robert Cox, then a great favourite, of whom the publisher thus speaks in his preface: "I have seen the Red Bull Playhouse, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered. Robert Cox, a principal actor and contriver of these pieces, how I have heard him cryed up for his John Swabber, and Simpleton the Smith: in which latter, he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter on the stage, I have frequently known some of the female spectators to long for it."

following Table contains the Name, Situation, and Time of Erection of the Theatres on which the preceding Actors appeared.

## THEATRES IN LONDON, BETWEEN 1570 AND 1666.

| Name. | Situation. | Built or Licensed. | Patentees or Holders. | Ceased Performing. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ns. viz. | | | | |
| Keys | Gracechurch Street | Licensed by the Lord Mayor, &c. before an. 1579 | Query: — Richard Tarlton, who was a celebrated comedian at those places: and his fellow-players? | Anno 1570; but played occasionally afterwards, subject to the regulations of the Lord Mayor |
| Bull, | Bishopsgate Street | | | |
| and | Ludgate Hill | | | |
| others | White Friars | | | |
| Globe | Bankside | Built between 1570-73, 1st Patent granted 1574; 2d do. 1603 | Jas. Burbage, Perkeyn, Wilson, an. 1574: *Shakspeare*, Heminges, Condell, &c. an. 1603 | By ordinance of Parliament, 1648 |
| Garden and Theatre | Bankside | First *Circus* for bear-baiting built reg. Hen. VIII. Hope reg. James I. | Master, 1586, Morgan Pope — Patentees, Alleyn & Henslowe, till 1621 —Master, 1642—Godfray—Master, 1686, Henry Bayly | Shut up for plays in 1648, open for other performances till an. 1686-7, demolished 1689 |
| Theatre | Curtain Road, Shoreditch | Between 1570-80 | Query: — Tarlton, who was the principal actor there? | By ordinance of Parliament, 1648 |
| Bull | Clerkenwell Green | Between 1570-80 | Tarlton, &c. and during interregnum Robert Cox, comedian, &c. | As above. 1643, but allowed to perform *Drolls* during interregnum |
| ne | Golden Lane | Built 1599; burnt 1624: rebuilt 1629 | Edward Alleyn | By ordinance, 1648 |
| | Bankside | Before 1613 | Unknown | Demolished before 1647 |
| | Bankside | Before 1613 | Unknown | Demolished before 1647 |
| Friars | Black Friars, Ludgate | Began 1617 — Finished 1618 | Edward Alleyn | By ordinance, 1648 |
| it | Drury Lane; misnamed by some writers 'Drury-lane Theatre,' but see below | Anno 1617. Same year pulled down by the mob; rebuilt 1618 | Anno 1623. Rhodes, of the Blackfriars Company, & Peter Wadlowe; afterwards Sir W. Davenant | 1648; but re-opened for operas from 1653 to 1660 |
| k | | | | |
| t | Fleet Street | Anno 1629 | Unknown | By ordinance, 1648 |
| s | | | | |
| ury | Fleet Street | Before 1632 | Unknown | By ordinance, 1648 |
| et | | | | |
| ing's, | Drury Lane | Built and opened by Patent 1663—Burnt 1672—Rebuilt 1674—Incorporated 1812 | Killigrew, original Patentee (whose dormant Patent the present Company hold) playing themselves by Act of Parliament | While re-building, 1791-1794; and again after Fire 1809, till rebuilt 1812—Performing 1831 |
| r | | | | |
| Lane | | | | |
| atre | | | | |
| ke's | Clare Market, and Dorset Gardens, Fleet Street | Built in 1662, removed to Dorset Gardens 1671 | Sir Wm. Davenant, by Patent first granted 1629, and renewed by Inspeximus 1660 | Deserted 1682, on the king's and duke's companies uniting |

. The above were exclusive of St. Paul's School, and other occasional theatres. Of the modern theatres, the Portugal Street Theatre was opened 1695; Covent Garden in 1733; tan's Fields in 1729; and the Haymarket near the same time.

## BETTERTON.

"Betterton (says Colley Cibber in his Apology) was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors; formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius. How Shakspeare wrote, all men who have a taste for nature may read, and know; but with higher rapture would he still be *read*, could they conceive how Betterton *played* him. Then might they know the one was born alone to speak what the other only knew to write. Could *how* Betterton spoke, be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might you see the muse of Shakspeare in her triumph, with all her beauties in their best array, rising into real life and charming her beholders. But, alas! since all this is so far out of the reach of description, how shall I shew you Betterton? Should I, therefore, tell you, that all the Othellos, Hamlets, Hotspurs, Macbeths, and Brutus's, whom you may have seen since his time, have fallen far short of him! this still should give you no idea of his particular excellence. Let us see, then, what a particular comparison may do; whether that may yet draw him nearer to you. You have seen a Hamlet, perhaps, who, on the first appearance of his father's spirit, has thrown himself into all the straining vociferations requisite to express rage and fury, and the house has thundered with applause, though the misguided actor was all the while (as Shakspeare terms it) tearing a passion into rags. I am the more bold to offer you this particular instance, because the late Mr. Addison, while I sat by him, to see the scene acted, made the same observation; asking me, with some surprise, if I thought Hamlet should be in so violent a passion with the Ghost, which, though it might have astonished, it had not provoked him? for you may observe in this beautiful speech, the passion never rises beyond an almost breathless astonishment, or an impatience, limited by filial reverence, to inquire into the suspected wrongs that may have raised him from the peaceful tomb, and a desire to know, what a spirit so seemingly distressed, might wish or enjoin a sorrowful son to execute towards his future quiet in the grave. This was the light into which Betterton threw this scene, which he opened with a pause of mute amazement; then rising, slowly, to a solemn trembling voice, he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself; and, in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency,—manly, but not braving; his voice never rising into that seeming outrage, or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. But, alas! to preserve this medium between mouthing and meaning too little, to keep the attention more pleasingly awake, by a tempered spirit, than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor, the most difficult to reach. In this none yet have equalled Betterton.

"A farther excellence in Betterton was, that he would vary his spirit to the different characters he acted. Those wild impatient starts, that fierce, and flashing fire, which he threw into Hotspur, never came from the unruffled temper of his Brutus (for I have more than once seen a Brutus as warm as a Hotspur). When the Betterton Brutus was provoked in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye, his steady look alone supplied that terror, which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should raise to. Thus, with a settled dignity of contempt, like an unheeding rock, he repelled upon himself the foam of Cassius. Not but in some part of this scene, where he reproaches Cassius, his temper is not under this suppression, but opens into that warmth which becomes a man of virtue; yet this is the hasty spark of anger which Brutus endeavours to excuse.

"Betterton had so just a sense of what was true or false applause, that I have heard him say, that he never thought any kind of it equal to an attentive silence: that there were many ways of deceiving an audience into a loud one; but to keep them hushed and quiet, was an applause which only truth and merit could arrive at, of which art there never was an

Paris RAUDRY'S European Library 9 Rue du Coq

whatsoever.

...died in April, 1840.

## BOOTH.

SHAKSPEARE
CABRICE
OF
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equal master to himself. From these various excellencies, he had so full a possession of the esteem and regard of his auditors, that upon his entrance into every scence, he seemed to seize upon the eyes and ears of the giddy and inadvertent. To have talked or looked another way, would then have been thought insensibility or ignorance. In all his soliloquies of moment, the strong intelligence of his attitude and aspect drew you into such an impatient gaze, and eager expectation, that you almost imbibed the sentiment with your eyes, before the ear could reach it. I never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton, wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied; which, since his time I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever. That genius, which nature only gives, only can complete an actor; this genius, then, was so strong in Betterton, that it shone out in every speech and motion of him. (Yet voice and person are such necessary supports to it, that, by the multitude, they have been preferred to genius itself; or, at least, often mistaken for it.) Betterton had a voice of that kind, which gave more spirit to terror, than to the softer passions; of more strength than melody. The rage and jealousy of Othello became him better than the sighs and tenderness of Castalio: for though in Castalio he only excelled others, in Othello he excelled himself; which you will easily believe, when you consider, that in spite of his complexion, Othello has more natural beauties than the best actor can find in all the magazines of poetry, to animate his power, and delight his judgment with.

"The person of this excellent actor was suitable to his voice, more manly than sweet, not exceeding the middle stature, inclining to the corpulent; of a serious and penetrating aspect; his limbs nearer the athletic than the delicate proportion; yet, however formed, there came, from the harmony of the whole, a commanding view of majesty, which the fairer faced, or (as Shakspeare calls them) the curled darlings of his time, ever wanted something to be equal masters of."

Betterton died in April, 1710.

## BOOTH.

Booth, with a very classical and highly improved judgment, possessed all the natural powers of an actor in a very eminent degree. "He was (says Victor) of a middle stature, five feet eight; his form rather inclining to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy; his air and department naturally graceful, with a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance. His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute, to the extent of the trumpet: his attitudes were all picturesque; he was noble in his designs, and happy in his execution." His principal parts in Shakspeare's plays were, Othello, Lear, Brutus, and the Ghost in Hamlet. Cibber, though sparing in his praise of Booth, highly commends his Othello:—"The master-piece of Booth (says he) was his Othello; there he was most in character, and seemed not more to animate himself in it than his spectators."

Other contemporaries are more lavish in their praises of him in this part, and particularly in the following passage:

> "This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
> And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
> Of human dealings."

This he spoke with his eye fixed upon Iago's exit, after a long pause, as if weighing the general character of the man in his own mind, and in a low tone of voice. Then starting into anger—

> "……If I do find her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
> To prey at fortune."

Then a pause, as if to ruminate.

> "……Haply, for I am black,
> And have not those soft parts of conversation
> That chamberers have."

Then a look of amazement at seeing Desdemona, the voice and countenance softened into love:

> "If she be false, O, then heav'n mocks itself!
> I'll not believe it."

"In this, and all the distressful passages of heart-breaking anguish and jealousy (says Victor), I have frequently seen all the men, susceptible of the tender passions, in tears."

Booth's excellence in Brutus was the effect of a fine study of the part, which he acquired by his taste and intimate knowledge of the classics. In the tent scene, when Cassius reiterates,

> "What, durst not tempt him?"

and Brutus in reply says,

> "For your life, you durst not;"

Quin spoke the last line with a look of anger and a tone of voice approaching to rage; but Booth, on the contrary, looking stedfastly at Cassius, pronounced these words not much raised above a whisper, yet with such a firmness of tone, as always produced the most powerful effect. Again, when Brutus says,

"When I spoke this, I was ill-temper'd too,"

he prepared the audience so for the cause of his still temper, by shewing that he had some private griefs at heart, as to call up the utmost attention; but when he afterwards acquaints them with the cause,—

"No man bears sorrow better—Portia's dead,"

the expressive pause before he spoke the last words, and his heart-piercing manner in speaking them, forced every auditor to be a participator of his sorrows.

Booth, as King Lear, made a very powerful impression. In the scene where the old monarch is discovered asleep in Cordelia's lap, and where he breaks out,

"Old Lear shall be a king again,

he was inimitably expressive, from the full tones of his voice, and the admirable manner of harmonizing his words.

The Ghost in Hamlet was Booth's favourite part. He acted it with the perfect approbation of Betterton, who was his Hamlet for many years; and this performance was highly praised by Macklin, who said he was never imitated with success. His tones and manner, throughout his conference with Hamlet, were grave and pathetic; his tread solemn and awful; and, in the recital of his murder by a brother's hand, and the conduct of his most seeming virtuous queen, the audience appeared to be under the impression of seeing and hearing a real ghost. He was, besides, always particularly well dressed for the character, even to the soles of his shoes, which, from being covered with felt, made no noise in walking on the stage, which he crossed as if he slid over it, and which strongly corresponded with the ideas we have of an incorporeal being.—Both died in May, 1733.

## GARRICK.

All the authors of Garrick's day agree in praising his various and astonishing powers as an actor; but they wrote to those who had seen his performances, and are, for the most part, content with general encomiums, from which little or nothing can be gleaned, as to his distinctive excellencies. We shall proceed to make such selections from contemporary writers as will best serve to illustrate his felicitous conception, and wonderful performance of Shakspeare's characters. Richard III. was his first triumph. "The moment he appeared (says Murphy), the character he assumed was visible in his countenance; the power of his imagination was such, that he transformed himself into the very man; the passions rose in rapid succession, and, before he uttered a word, were legible in every feature of that expressive face. His look, his voice, his attitude, changed with every sentiment. The rage and rapidity with which he enunciated

"The north—what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?"

made a most astonishing impression. His soliloquy in the tent scene seemed to discover his very soul. Every thing he described was almost reality; the spectator thought he heard the hum of either army from camp to camp, and steed threatening steed. When he started from his dream, he was a spectacle of horror. He called out in a manly tone, 'Give me another horse.' He paused, and, with a countenance of distress, advanced, exclaiming in a tone of distress. 'Bind up my wounds;' and then falling on his knees, said, in the most piteous accent, 'Have mercy, heaven!' In all this, and indeed through the whole representation, we saw an exact imitation of nature.

"King Lear was Garrick's most perfect effort; in this part he has confessedly remained without equal or rival. He was transformed into a feeble old man, still, however, retaining an air of royalty. He had no sudden starts, no violent gesticulations; his movements were slow and languid; misery was depicted in every feature of his face; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed, of if they turned to any one near him, he made a pause, and fixed his look on the person after much delay; his features at the same time expressing what he was going to say before he uttered a word. During the whole performance, he presented an aspect of extreme grief, and a total alienation of mind from every idea, but that of his unkind daughters. How awful was his preparation for the imprecation on

Goneril! he stood for a moment like one struck dumb, at the sudden and unexpected feel of his child's ingratitude; then throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, rendered the whole of the curse so terribly affecting to the audience, that during the utterance of it, they seemed to shrink as from a blast of lightning. Indeed, the picture he presented, independent of the language, was worthy the pencil of Raphael in the divinest moments of his imagination." He used to tell how he gained a just conception of this difficult part. He had an acquaintance in Leman-street, Goodman's fields, who had an only daughter about two years old; as he stood at his dining-room window, fondling the child, he dropped the infant into a paved area, and it was killed on the spot. He remained at the window, screaming in agonies of grief; the neighbours took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly. From that moment he lost his reason, which he never recovered. Being rich, he continued in his house under the care of keepers, appointed by Dr. Monro. Garrick often visited his distracted friend, who passed the whole of his time in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance he dropt it, and burst into a terrible agony of grief. He would then sit down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly round him, as if to implore compassion. Garrick was often present at these scenes of misery, and used to say that it gave him the first idea of Lear's madness. He sometimes gave a representation of this unhappy father. He leaned on the back of a chair, seeming, with parental fondness, to play with a child; and, after expressing the most heart felt delight, he suddenly seemed to drop the infant, and instantly broke into a most violent agony of grief, so tender, so affecting, that every eye in the company was moistened with a gush of tears."

Hamlet was undoubtedly a favourite character with Garrick; yet judging from his unpardonable alteration of that fine play, we might suppose he had no true relish of the character. Murphy, however, and all his biographers are warm in praising his alienation of the Prince of Denmark. "In all the shiftings of the passions, in which the tragedy abounds, his voice and attitude changed with wonderful celerity; and, at every pause, his face was an index to his mind. On the appearance of the Ghost, such a figure of consternation was never seen. He stood fixed in mute astonishment, and the audience saw him growing paler and paler. After an interval of suspense, he spoke in a low and trembling accent, and uttered his questions with the greatest difficulty." The rest of Murphy's account of Garrick in this part, is uninteresting, because totally deficient in that particularity which only can convey information. Davies is equally mystic; and unfortunately we have no better authorities.

Macbeth afforded another opportunity for the display of Garrick's talents. He seems to have acted it very finely; but nothing is preserved relative to his mode of representing the guilty Thane, more descriptive than what follows:—"Conscious of his full design, Macbeth, with terror and dismay, says, 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?' Garrick's attitude, his consternation, and his pause, while his soul appeared in his countenance, and the accents that followed, astonished the spectators. The sequel was a climax of terror, till at last he finds it to be the effect of a disordered imagination, and exclaims:

> "It is the bloody business which informs
> Thus to mine eyes."

When Garrick re-entered the scene, with the bloody dagger in his hand, he was absolutely scared out of his senses, he looked like a ghastly spectacle, and his complexion grew whiter every moment, till at length, his conscience stung and pierced to the quick, he said, in a tone of wild despair:

> "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand."

Garrick performed Benedick in Much Ado about Nothing, with great success; his Othello was a decided failure; and his claim to praise for a happy illustration of Shakspeare's plays, must ultimately depend on his representation of the characters already mentioned."

## BARRY.

Barry was, in person, about five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance, in which manliness and sweetness were so happily blended, as formed one of the best imitations of the Apollo Belvidere. With this fine commanding figure, he was so much in the free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an un-

graceful attitude, in all his various movements on the stage. Even his exits and entrances had peculiar grace, from their characteristic ease and simplicity. In short, when he appeared in the scene, grouped with other actors of ordinary size, he appeared as much above them in his various qualifications, as in the proud superiority of his figure. To this figure he added a voice so peculiarly musical, as, very early in life, obtained him the appellation of "The silver-toned Barry," which, in all his love scenes (lighted up by the smiles of such a countenance) was persuasion itself. Indeed, so strongly did he communicate his feelings on these occasions, that, whoever observed the expressive countenances of most of the female parts of his audience, would fancy that each seemed to say, in the language of Desdemona, "Would that heaven had made me such a man!"

His greatest triumph was Othello. This was the first character he ever appeared in, the first his inclinations prompted him to attempt, and the first, without question, that exhibited his genius in the full force and variety of its powers. In the outset of Othello, when he speaks but a few short sentences, there appears a dignified calmness in his nature. These passages are often passed over as if the actor reserved himself for something more striking; but Barry knew the value of these introductory traits of character; and in his very first speech, "It's better as it is," bespoke such a preeminence of judgment, such a noble forbearance of temper, as roused the attention of his audience, and led them to anticipate the highest gratification. His address to the senate was a glorious piece of oratory. In the recital of his "feats of broils and battles," the courage of the soldier was fully seen; but when he came to the tender ejaculations of Desdemona, his voice was so harmonised to the expression, that the sigh of pity comunicated itself to the whole house. In the second act, when he meets Desdemona at Cyprus, after the storm, his rushing into her arms, and repeating that fine speech—"O! my soul's joy!" was the action and voice of love itself; describing that passion in so ecstatic a manner, as seemingly justified his fears, that such transports could never recur. Through the whole of the third act, where Iago is working him up to jealousy, his breaks of love and rage were masterpieces of nature; but in his conference with Desdemona in the fifth act, where he describes the agony of his mind, and then looking tenderly on her, exclaims,

"But there, where I had garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;"

the extremes of love and grief were so powerfully painted in his face, and so expressively given in his tones, that the audience seemed to lose the energies of their hands, and could only thank him with their tears. In Othello, the author rises from scene to scene to a climax of horror and intense interest never equalled in any language; and Barry was an actor that kept pace with the mighty poet whose conceptions he embodied; his ravings over the dead body of his innocent wife, his reconciliation with Cassio, and his dying soliloquy, were all in the full play of varied excellence, and forced from the severest critic the most unqualified applause. Colley Cibber, with all his partialities for Betterton, gave Barry the palm in Othello.

Notwithstanding the great popularity of this actor, it is a singular fact that not any good portrait of him exists, or we should have certainly added him to our group.

Barry died in January, 1777.

## HENDERSON.

We have no very perfect account of this great actor, who, it appears, was rejected by Garrick, as altogether unfit for the stage; a striking instance of that wonderful artist's jealousy or want of judgment. The following extracts from Boaden's Life of Kemble, convey a tolerably good idea of Henderson's peculiar style of acting, and are abundantly sufficient to establish his claim to the very highest rank in his art:

"Mr. Henderson was, as this time (just before the appearance of John Kemble) perhaps the greatest master of his art; he resembled his illustrious predecessor (Garrick) in his versatility. His tragedy, however, was certainly inferior to his comedy. In the former, he had comparatively fewer requisites. His understanding was of the highest order, and his feelings could be instantaneously excited; but his person was without either dignity or grace; and his eye, though well placed for expression, wanted colour, as his face, though rather handsome, was too fleshy to shew all the muscular action, in which expression resides. He was neglectful, too, of such aids as might have been had to this figure. He paid not the slightest attention to costume, and was indifferent even as to the neatness of his dress. He affected to care nothing about it. He pleased himself that he could at length make you forget the want

which need not to have existed. All his excellencies were perfectly concomitant with propriety in dress. Had he studied appearance, his Lear might have been venerable; although his Hamlet could not be the 'mould of form,' it might easily have been 'the gloss of fashion;' but he never looked even to the linings of the suit he wore, and once boasted that he had played, I think, ten characters consecutively in the same coat. His conceptions were grand, and beautiful, and just; but they were often baffled by his execution of them. When Henderson's Lear was first discovered, he looked like Falstaff sitting as Henry the Fourth; and when Lear speaks in his sleep, and fancying himself on the point of gaining the battle, exclaims, 'Charge, charge upon the flank,' the tones were exactly those with which Falstaff encourages Hal in the combat with Percy, and excited a titter from so unsuitable a recollection. He had, indeed, made Falstaff his own, and the jolly knight seemed rather too kindly to have returned the compliment; for that vast soul of humour more or less informed all his other characters. He would sometimes delight to shew, without language, the rapid and opposite emotions, as they rise and chase each other in the mind. A masterly effort of this kind was Falstaff's reading the letter from Mrs. Ford in the presence of the 'foolish carrion,' Mrs. Quickly. First you saw that he had 'his bellyful of Ford,' her messenger even was an object of detestation. He glanced over the beginning of the letter, and pished at its apologies. He turned again to the messenger to see how her air was in unison with the language of her mistress. The cudgel of Ford then seemed to fall on his shoulders, and he shrunk from the enterprise. He read a sentence or two of the letter, a spark of lechery twinkled in his eye, which turned for confirmation of his hopes upon love's ambassadress; and thus the images of suffering and desire, of alarm and enjoyment, succeeded one another, until at last the oil of incontinency in him settled above the waters of the Thames, and the 'divinity of odd numbers determined him to risk the third adventure.'

"'I will not (said Mr. Kemble once to me) speak of Henderson's Falstaff: every person can say how rich and voluptuous it was; but I will say, that his Shylock was the greatest effort I ever witnessed on the stage.' I remember it in its principal scenes, and I have no doubt whatever that it fully merited so high a praise; but I respectfully insinuate, that Macklin in the trial scene was superior to him and all men. Yet it may be proper here to say, that in many of his characters Henderson's superiority may be disputed; but that his performance of Falstaff is as much above all competition, as the character itself transcends all that was ever thought comic in man. The cause of this pre-eminence was purely mental; he understood it better in its diversity of powers; his imagination was congenial; the images seemed coined in the brain of the actor; they sparkled in his eye, before the tongue supplied them with language. I saw him act the character in the Second Part of Henry IV. where it is more metaphysical, and consequently less powerful. He could not supply the want of active dilemmas, such as exhilirate the Falstaff of the First Part, but it was equally perfect in conception and execution. I have borne with many invasions on this peculiar domain of Henderson. It has in truth been an ungracious task to most of his successors; they seem all to have doubted their right of possession; to have considered themselves tenants only upon sufferance; and thus it was with King, and Palmer, and Stephen Kemble, and Ryder, and a whole chapter of fat knights, who have roared and chuckled at the slightest possible expense of thought; and, laughing much themselves in their turns, perhaps, 'set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too.'—Peace to all such!"

Henderson died 25th November, 1785, when he had not completed his thirty-ninth year.

## MACKLIN.

Macklin made the part of Shylock peculiarly his own, as he was the first actor who ever represented that inimitably fine character in a serious and effective manner; previous to his assumption of it, it was usual to degrade the Jew of Venice into a mere buffoon. Macklin performed a variety of characters with infinite success, but his Shylock alone connects him with Shakspeare. The following extract from Kirkman's Life of Macklin, will illustrate the merit of that performance more forcibly than anything of our own.

"In the year 1741, Macklin resolved to revive The Merchant of Venice, by Shakspeare, in opposition to the Jew of Venice, altered from the same author by lord Lansdowne. The play was put in rehearsal, and Macklin stuck close to Shakspeare's text, and studied the part of Shylock with great diligence. He saw from

the beginning, that such a character, if properly supported, afforded a wide scope for the display of his abilities; but he had a great deal to encounter and surmount. The public had been for a long time to see and approve the representation of the Jew of Venice, in which the part of Shylock, instead of being the principal, was the most subordinate in the play, and was always personated by a very low comedian. Macklin, however, persevered. During the rehearsals he did not let any person, not even the players, see how he intended to act the part. He merely repeated the lines of the character, and did not by so much as one single look, tone, gesture, or attitude, disclose his manner of personating the cruel Israelite. The actors declared that Macklin would spoil the performance; and Quin went so far as to say that he would be hissed off the stage for his arrogance and presumption. Nay, even the manager himself expostulated with him, as to the propriety of having The Merchant of Venice represented in opposition to the judgment of so eminent a person as lord Lansdowne; still Macklin, supported throughout by his sound sense and acute discrimination, continued firm, and The Merchant of Venice was announced for representation on the 14th of February. It was cast in the following manner:

| | |
|---|---|
| Antonio | Mr. Quin. |
| Bassanio | Mr. Milward. |
| Gratiano | Mr. Mills. |
| Shylock | Mr. Macklin. |
| Launcelot | Mr. Chapman. |
| Gobbo | Mr. Johnson. |
| Salerio | Mr. Berry. |
| Morochius | Mr. Cashell. |
| Lorenzo | Mr. Havard. |
| Prince of Arrogan | Mr. Turbutt. |
| Duke of Venice | Mr. Winstone. |
| Jubal | Mr. Taswell. |
| Salarino | Mr. Redout. |
| Portia | Mrs. Clive. |
| Nerissa | Mrs. Pritchard. |
| Jessica | Mrs. Woodman. |

On the first night of the revival, the house was crowded in every part. Some came from motives of pleasure, some to express their disapprobation, some to support the actor, and a great number appeared merely to gratify their curiosity. Before the curtain rose, the manager appeared in the green-room in great distress. The actors were anticipating the reception that awaited them, and were making malicious remarks upon the headstrong conduct of Macklin. It is impossible to describe the feelings of poor Shylock at this precise juncture. Macklin knew that he was right, but he could not be sure of a kind reception from a mixed and stormy audience.

The curtain rose, and the performers who opened the play were received with the usual marks of favour. But when Shylock and Bassanio entered in the third scene, there was an awful silence, a pin might have been heard if dropt upon the stage. Macklin was much affected by this coolness of the audience on his entrance. He had been a favourite for several years, and his appearance was generally hailed with loud plaudits. Conceive then Macklin's feelings at this juncture, when not a hand moved to encourage him. Notwithstanding all this, he approached with Bassanio, who solicits a loan of three thousand ducats on the credit of Antonio. Still not a whisper could be heard in the house. Antonio enters, and the Jew declares the cause of his antipathy against the merchant. Macklin had no sooner delivered this speech, than the audience suddenly burst into a thunder of applause, and as he proceeded with his masterly delineation of the character, the admiring and delighted spectators testified their approbation of the actor's astonishing merit, by still louder and louder plaudits and acclamations to the end of the play. Never was a dramatic triumph more complete. The performance was repeated again and again with unbounded approbation. In short, it ran *nineteen nights successively*, the last of which was appropriated for Macklin's benefit.

Macklin, there can be no doubt, looked, as well as spoke, the character of Shylock, much better than any other person. In the level scenes, his voice was most happily suited to that sententious gloominess of expression the author intended; which, with a sullen solemnity of deportment, marked the character strongly. In his malevolence, there was a forcible and terrifying ferocity. During the interview with Tubal, in the third act, he was at once malevolent and then infuriate, and then malevolent again; the transitions were strictly natural, and the variation of his countenance admirable. In the dumb action of the trial scene he was amazingly descriptive; and, through the whole, displayed such unequalled merit, as justly entitled him to the comprehensive though concise compliment paid him by Pope, who sat in the stage-box on the third night of the representation, and emphatically exclaimed—

THE INFANT SHAKSPEARE ATTENDED BY NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

LA NATURE ET LES PASSIONS ENTOURANT SHAKSPEARE.

This play must have been written before 1614, | folio. Mr. Malone is of opinion it wa

THE INFANT SHAKESPEARE ATTENDED BY NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

LA NATURE ET LES PASSIONS ENTOURANT SHAKESPEARE.

attaining early in life the first rank in his profession.

## MRS. PRITCHARD.

"This lady's delivery of dialogue (says Davies), whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was never surpassed, or perhaps equalled. Her fame daily increased from the eagerness with which the town flocked to see her in every new character. Not confined to any one walk in acting, she ranged through them all, and discovered a high degree of merit in whatever she undertook; her tragic powers were eminent, particularly in parts which required force of expression and dignity of figure. She excelled as the Queen in Hamlet, and as Queen Katharine in Henry VIII.; but the character which she made especially her own, was Lady Macbeth. She gave these parts importance by her action, as well as speaking; her few defects proceeded from a too loud and profuse expression of grief, and a want of grace in her manner; but her natural ease of deportment, and grandeur of person, concealed every minor failing. In the course of conversation, upon even trifling topics, she had a singular method of charming the ear; she uttered her words as Shakspeare advises the actors, smoothly and tripplingly from the tongue; and however volable in enunciation her part might require her to be, not a syllable was ever lost.

"A remarkable instance of public regard was shewn to this lady when she first brought her daughter on the stage. Mrs. Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet in Romeo and Juliet, in order to introduce Miss Pritchard in her attempt to act Juliet; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks, and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of the audience burst into tears, and all were enthusiastic in their applause.

"In the year 1768, Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public, in her favourite part, Lady Macbeth; and out of respect to that excellent woman, Garrick performed the ambitious Thane, as it happened also, for the last time. Mrs. Pritchard's action, both before and after the murder, was strongly characteristical; it presented an image of a mind insensible to compunction, and inflexibly bent to achieve its purpose. When she snatched the daggers from the irresolute Macbeth, despising his remorse and terror, she presented to the audience an awful picture of intrepid guilt. As she grappled the instruments of death, and exclaimed, "Give me the daggers," her look and gesture cannot be described, and will not soon be forgotten by the surviving spectators. At the banquet scene, she discovered, if possible, still greater felicity in delineating this terrible character. Macbeth, on beholding the ghost of Banquo, betrays himself to his guests by his alarm and perturbation. Mrs. Pritchard's skill in endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, and draw them from the observation of her lord's agitation, equalled anything that was ever seen in the art of acting. In exhibiting the last scene of Lady Macbeth, in which the terrors of a guilty conscience keep the mind broad awake while the body sleeps, Mrs. Pritchard's acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightning which more accurately discover the errors of surrounding darkness.

"She spoke her farewell epilogue with many tears and sobs, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She retired to Bath and died there, about four months after, of a mortification in her foot."

## MRS. BARRY.

This lady was a little above the middle size, with a fair complexion, well made, but rather inclining to the *embonpoint*. Her hair was of a light auburn, and fell gracefully on her shoulders, particularly in those parts which required this mode of head-dress. Her features were regular, and corresponding; and though her eyes were not naturally strong, or distinctly brilliant, they gave a pleasing interest to her looks. To all these there was a certain modest *gaîté de cœur* in her manner and address, that at once conciliated respect and affection.

Her chief excellence lay in the gentle and pathetic characters of tragedy; her Desdemona was a truly admirable effort; the whole part being so naturally sustained, that her audience was cheated into a belief that the sufferings she delineated were real. In her old age the manager of Covent Garden theatre induced her to return to the stage, as the rival of Mrs. Siddons, then in the zenith of her popularity. Competent judges have declared that Mrs. Barry was superior in pathos; but her fine powers were then impaired, and the triumph of her

the Iron Chest; Simon, in John Bull; a fiddler in Speed the Plough, etc. In 1807, he reappeared at Sheerness, as a man of all work. In 1808, we find him at Gloucester, where he made the acquaintance of his future wife; at Stroud, where he next went, he led in every department. Here he married, and afterwards accepted an engagement for himself and wife at Swansea; at this moment he was in such a destitute state, that their funds for the journey (after an advance had been made to them) were not quite twenty shillings. Mr. Barry gives a most interesting narrative of this journey, which is one of the most striking instances on record, of the contrasts in the life of an actor. He gives it at length, he says, "in order that all our young readers may see how one of the high and crowned kings of tragedy was accustomed to travel, before they resolve irrecoverably to enrol themselves under those ragged and tawdry colours which float above the English drama—a sign and prophecy of the player's fortunes."—

Kean was afterwards a member of Cherry's company, and for some time remained stationary at Waterford. He then again was reduced to the misery of turning stroller, and travelled across the country to Dumfries in a tax-cart, with his wife and children. Here he announced his intention of giving entertainments, consisting of singing and recitation, and began his campaign with *one* solitary auditor. From hence he worked his weary way up to London, where he was engaged for the Exeter Company, "to act every thing," at 2*l.* a week, the largest salary he had yet received. Here he attracted the admiration of Dr. Drury, and through his interference, Mr. Arnold went to Dorchester to see him act. The result was an engagement, and on the 26th of January, 1814, he first appeared on the boards of Drury, in the character of *Shylock*. His debut will not be soon forgotten.—"The house was empty of nearly all but critics and those who came in with orders, and the listlessness of the small spiritless audience, at the first night of a new Shylock, was the langour which is not repose." There came on a small man, with an Italian face and fatal eye, which struck all. Attention soon ripened into enthusiasm; and never, perhaps, did Kean play with such startling effect as on this night to the surprised few. His voice was harsh, his style was new, his action abrupt and angular; but there was the decision,—the inspiration of genius, in the tone, the look, the bearing,—the hard unbending Jew was before us in the full vigour of his malignity—the injuries upon him and upon his tribe saddened in his eyes, but through them you could trace the dark spirit of revenge, glaring in fearful, imperishable fury. —That night was the starting-post on the great course upon which he was destined to run his splendid race.

"The second, and, perhaps, the most perfect of his performances, was *Richard the Third.* Richard, as drawn by Shakspeare, is bold, bloody, and subtle—ambitious, daring, and deceitful—amorous and heartless—a courtier—a soldier—a king. All the varieties of the character were played upon by the actor, as though they were so many keys of an instrument, and each difficult passage was mastered with a hand which only genius could stretch forth. The scene in which the murderer of Edward wooes Edward's widow, in the very progress of the funeral,—a scene generally conceived to be forced and out of nature,—was rendered, as it is, natural and eminently beautiful, by the most enchanting acting that ever was witnessed on the stage. Again, the beautiful description of the night before the battle, was delivered in a manner which touched description into pathos. The death was desperate and magnificent.

The *Hamlet* of Kean was generally thought to be all, or nearly all, that it should be,—meditative, natural, and sweetly forlorn,—it quite took the heart captive. He looked the young and melancholy Prince, wandering in the desolation of his own thought and wrecked passion. He abandoned himself to the indolent sadness of the scene, and was more Shakspearian in his spirit than any other actor we have ever witnessed. The interviews with Ophelia were exquisitely touching; and the strange one, in which he burst into a raving rhapsody, was softened down by an evident suppression of feeling, and was finally touched with the most delicate tenderness, by his slowly returning after an abrupt departure, and, after gazing with inexpressible love and sadness at Orphelia, gently pressing her hand to his lips.

The *Othello* of Kean was the triumph of that great tragedian over the majestic horrors and gloomy dangers of the character. In the third act of that inimitable tragedy, the passion would not let him tame, and his spirit glared out in all its unquenchable and vivid fire. Those who have heard his "Farewell,"* can turn to their

* The last character he attempted to play was Othello. Under great suffering and exhaustion,

# GLOSSARY

OBSOLETE WORDS, AND OF WORDS VARYING FROM THEIR ORDINARY SIGNIFICATION.

L.
shak, subdue.
a.
gainst.
ervile persons.
uphold.
efore its time.
s, perfect.

er, to rue, to suffer.

summon.
a.
.
name.
ital.
y mute signs, charge

gious.

· characters.
e, to make ready.
eat, ready.
r.
.
tive.
iety.
mmition.
ration, discretion,

r, to recollect.
rk's or eagle's nest.
practise alteration.

on, imagination.
ed.

d.

affinity.
it.

minutive being, not
tag of a point, from

ge, confess, vow.
rnest.
ion.
erbal eulogy.
beloved.
ing.

nation.
..
beardless chin.
rest chance of the
.

,or standard-bearer.
d.
st.
n.
nnibals.
the old play.
.
dens.
ch.
.
pparent.
pple that will keep

s, consider.
paration.
nion.
ck of comprehension
y or probation.
ion, proof.
r, prove, establish.
nced.
who try.
g waters, probably

phoenix.

ldess Diana.

en with great wealth
t for conversation,
of.
n the arms.
gone.
ly.
distinguished from
theory.
er into articles.
us, artful.

As, as if.
Ascaunt, askew, sideways.
Aspect, countenance.
Aspersion, sprinkling.
As point, completely armed.
Assay, test.
Ascapart, a giant.
Assinego, a male ass.
Astringer, a gentleman falconer.
Assurance, conveyance or deed.
Assured, affianced.
Ates, instigate from Até, the goddess of bloodshed.
Atomies, minute particles visible in the sun's rays.
Attasked, taken to task.
Attended, waited for.
Attent, attentive.
Atone, to reconcile.
Attest, attestation.
Attorney, deputation.
Attorneyship, the discretional agency of another.
Attornied, supplied by substitution of embassies.
Audacious, spirited, animated.
Audrey, a corruption of Ethelrea.
Augurs, prognostications.
Aukward, adverse.
Aunts, strumpets.
Authentic, learned.
Awful, reverend.
Awless, failing to produce awe.

B.

Baccare, stand back, give place.
Bairn, brushwood.
Baldrick, a belt.
Bale, misery.
Baleful, baneful.
Balked, bathed or piled up.
Ballase, ballast.
Balm, the oil of consecration.
Ban, curse.
Band, bond.
Bandog, village-dog.
Bandy, to exchange smartly.
Bank, to sail along banks.
Banning, cursing.
Banquet, a slight repast.
Bar, barrier.
Barbason, the name of a demon.
Barbe, a kind of veil.
Barbed, warlikely caparisoned.
Barber-monger, an associate of barbers.
Bare, to shave.
Bare, mere.
Barful, full of impediments.
Barm, yeast.
Barn, or bairn, a child.
Barnacles, a shell fish.
Barns, keeps in a barn.
Barren, ignorant.
Base, dishonoured.
Base, a rustic game called prison-base.
Bases, a kind of loose breeches worn by equestrian knights.
Basilisks, a species of cannon.
Basta, 'tis enough.
Bastard, raisin wine.
Bat, a club.
Bate, strife.
Bate, to flutter as a hawk.
Batlet, an instrument with which washers used to beat clothes.
Batten, to grow fat.
Battle, army.
Bawcock, a jolly fellow.
Bay, the space between the main beams of a house.
Bay-curtal, a bay docked horse.
Bay-window, a bow-window.
Beadsmen, religious persons, maintained to pray for their benefactor.
Beak, the forecastle.
Bear a brain, perfectly resemble.
Beard, to defy.
Bearing, demeanour.
Bearing-cloth, a mantle used at christenings.
Beat, (in falconry) to flutter.
Beating, hammering, dwelling upon.
Beaver, helmet in general.
Beck, a salutation made with the head.
Becomed, becoming.
Beetle, to hang over the base.
Behave, to manage.
Behests, commands.
Beholding, viewing with regard.
Behowl, to howl at.
Being, abode.
Beldame, ancient mother.

Be lee'd, becalmed.
Belongings, endowments.
Be-mete, be-measure.
Be-moiled, bedraggled, bemired
Bending, unequal to the weight.
Benefit, beneficiary.
Bent, utmost degree of any passion.
Benumbed, inflexible.
Beshrew, may ill betall.
Besmirch, to foul or dirty.
Best, bravest.
Bestowed, stowed away, lodged.
Bestraught, distracted.
Beteem, to give, pour out, permit, suffer.
Bewray, betray.
Bezonian, a mean fellow.
Bias-cheek, swelling out like the bias of a bowl.
Bid, to invite.
Bid-the-base, to challenge in a contest.
Bifold, two-fold.
Biggin, a cap.
Bilberry, the hortleberry.
Bilbo, a Spanish blade, made at Bilboa.
Bilboes, fetters.
Bill, articles of accusation.
Bill, a weapon, formerly carried by watchmen.
Bin, is.
Bird-bolt, an arrow shot at birds from a cross-bow.
Bisson, blind.
Blank, the white mark in a target.
Blank and level, mark and aim (terms of gunnery).
Blaze of youth, the spring of early life.
Blear, to deceive.
Blench, to start off, to fly off.
Blent, blended.
Blind-worms, the cæcilia, or slow-worm.
Blood-boltered, daubed with blood.
Blown, puffed-up, swollen.
Blows, swells.
Bloody, sanguine.
Blue caps, the Scotch.
Blunt, stupid, insensible.
Blurt, blurted, an expression of contempt.
Board, to accost.
Bobb, to trick.
Bodged, boggled, clumsy.
Bodkin, a small dagger.
Bolted, sifted.
Bolting-hutch, the receptacle in which the meal is bolted.
Bombard, or bumbard, a barrel.
Bombast, the stuffing of clothes.
Bona-robas, strumpets.
Bond, bounden duty.
Bony or bonny, handsome.
Book, paper of conditions.
Boot, profit, something over and above
Bore, demeaned.
Bore, the calibre of a gun.
Bores, stabs.
Bosky, woody.
Bosom, wish, heart's desire.
Bots, worms in a horse's stomach
Bourn, boundary, rivulet.
Bow, yoke.
Bolds, emboldens.
Boltered, bedaubed.
Borne in hand, deceived.
Bottled-spider, a large bloated spider.
Boulted, sifted.
Bowlins, or bowlines, tackle of a ship.
Bollen, swollen.
Bordered, restrained.
Bower, a chamber.
Brace, armour for the arm.
Brach, a hound.
Brack, to salt.
Braid, crafty, deceitful.
Brain's-flow, tears.
Brake, an instrument of torture; also a thicket.
Brands, a part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire was supported.
Brasier, a manufacturer of brass; also, a vessel in which charcoal is burned.
Brave, to defy, also to make fine.
Bravely, splendidly, gallantly.
Bravery, finery.
Brawl, a kind of dance.
Braying, harsh, grating.
Break, to begin.
Break up, to carve.
Break with, to break the matter to.
Breast, voice.
Breath, speech, also exercise.

SECOND AGE.

Take-up, to contradict.
Talent, talon.
Tall, courageous.
Tallow-keech, tub of tallow.
Tame, ineffectual.
Tame-snake, a poltroon.
Tarre, to excite, provoke.
Tartar, Tartarus.
Task, to keep busied with scruples.
Tassel Gentle, or Tercel Gentle, a species of hawk.
Tasked, taxed.
Taurus, sides and heart in medical astrology.
Tawdry, necklaces worn by country girls.
Tawney coat, the dress of an apparitor.
Taxation, censure, satire.
Tear a cat, to bluster.
Teen, grief, trouble.
Temperance, temperature.
Tender, to regard with affection.
Tent, to take up residence, to search.
Tercel, the male hawk.
Terms, the phraseology of courts.
Tested, attested, brought to the test.
Testerned, gratified with a tester, or sixpence.
Tetchy, touchy, peevish.
Tether, a string by which any animal is fastened.
Tharborough, a constable.
Theorick, theory.
Thewes, muscular strength.
Thick, pleached, thickly interwoven.
Thill, the shafts of a cart.
Thin helm, thin covering of hair.
Thrasonical, boasting.
Thread, to pass.
Three-man-beetle, an implement for driving piles.
Three-pile, rich velvet.
Thrift, prosperity, economy.
Thrum, the extremity of a weaver's warp.
Thrummed, made of coarse woollen.
Tib, a strumpet.
Tickle, ticklish.
Tickle-brain, a strong drink.
Tilly-vally, pooh!
Tilth, tillage.
Timeless, untimely.
Tire, to fasten.
Tire, to be idly employed on.
Tired, adorned.
Tire-valiant, a head-dress.
Tirra-lirra, the song of the lark.
Toged, habited.
Tokened, spotted.
Topless, supreme.
Touches, features.
Toward, in readiness.
Toys, whims, rumours.
Toze, to unravel.
Trade, established custom.
Trail, scent left by game.
Traitress, a term of endearment.
Trammel, to catch.
Tranect, a ferry or sluice.
Translate, to transform.
Trash, to check.
Traversed, across.
Tray trip, a game at drafts
Trenchers, traitors.
Trenched, carved.
Trick, peculiarity of feature.
Trick, to dress out.
Tricksy, adroit.
Trigon, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius in the Zodiac.
Trip, to defeat.
Triple, one of three.
Triumphs, revels.
Trojan, cant term for thief.
Trol my-dames, the game of nine holes.
Troll, to sing trippingly.
Trossers, trousers.
Trot, a term of contempt.
Trow, to imagine.
Truly good, or turlupin, a gipsy.
Trundle-tail, a dog.
Trusted, thrusted.
Try conclusions, try experiments.
Tub fast, the sweating process in the venereal disease.
Tucket, or tucket sonnuance, a flourish on a trumpet.
Turre, to whisper.
Turlygood, or Turlupin, a gipsy.
Twangling jack, a scurvy musician.
Twicken-bottle, a wickered bottle.
Twigging, wickered.
Tything, a district.

U.

Umber, a dusky coloured earth.
Unaneled, without extreme unction
Unavoided, unavoidable
Unbarbed, beardless, unshaven.
Unbated, not blunted.
Unbitted, unbridled.
Unbolt, to explain.
Unbolted, coarse.
Unbonetted, without dignities.
Unbookish, unlearned.
Unbreathed, unpractised.
Uncape, to dig out, a term in fox-hunting.
Uncharged, unattacked.
Unclew, to unwind.
Uncoined, unrefined, unadorned.
Unconfirmed, unpractised in wordly craft.
Uncurrent, irregular.
Undercraft, to wear beneath the crest.
Under-skinker, a tipster.
Understand, stand under.
Undertaker, the defender of another's quarrel.
Underwrite, to subscribe, to obey.
Uneath, scarcely.
Unexpressive, inexpressible.
Unfair, to deprive of beauty.
Ungenitured, without genitals.
Unhaired, youthful.
Unhappy, unlucky, mischievous.
Unhoused, free from domestic cares.
Unhouselled, without having the sacrament.
Union, a species of pearl.
Unlived, lifeless.
Unlustrous, without lustre.
Unmanned, a term in falconry.
Unmastered, licentious.
Unowed, unowned.
Unpregnant, not quickened.
Unproper, common.
Unqualified, unmanned.
Unquestionable, averse to conversation.
Unready, undrest.
Unrespective, inconsiderate.
Unrough, beardless.
Unsisting, unresisting, unfeeling.
Unsmirched, undefiled.
Unsquared, unadapted.
Unstanched, incontinent.
Untempering, not softening.
Untented, not probed, virulent.
Untraded, not in common use.
Untrimmed, undrest.
Upspring, a dance.

V.

Vail, to bow, to sink, to condescend to look.
Vailing, lowering.
Vain, vanity.
Vain, lying.
Valance, fringed with a beard.
Vanity, illusion.
Vantage, opportunity, advantage.
Vantbrace, armour for the arm.
Variet, a servant.
Vast, waste, dreary.
Vaunt, the avant, the fore-part.
Vaward, the fore part.
Velure, velvet.
Venetian, admittance.
Vent, rumour.
Ventiges, holes of a flute.
Verbal, verbose.
Verify, to bear witness.
Venew, a bout (in fencing.)
Vengeance, mischief.
Veneys, hits.
Veronese, a ship from Verona.
Versing, writing verses.
Very, immediate.
Via, a cant phrase of exultation.
Vice, the fool of the old moralities.
Vice, grasp.
Vie, to brag.
Viewless, invisible.
Villain, a worthless fellow, a servant.
Vild, vile.
Violenteth, rageth.
Virginal, a kind of spinnet.
Virtue, valour.
Virtuous, healthy.
Virtuous, well-bred.
Vixen, or Fixen, a female fox.
Vizament, advisement.
Vox, tone or voice.
Vulgar, common.
Vulgarly, commonly.

W.

Waft, to beckon.
Wage, to combat.
Wages, is equal to.
Waist, that part of a ship between the quarter deck and the forecastle.
Waist, the middle.
Walk, a district in a forest.
Wanned, pale.
Wannion, vengeance.
Ward, posture of deference.
Ward, guardianship.
Warden, a pear.
Warn, summon.
Wassel-candle, candle used at festivals
Wassels, rustic revelry.
Watch, a watch-light
Water-work, water-colours.
Wax, to grow.
Waxen, increase.
Waxen, soft, yielding.
Wanton, a feeble or effeminate man.
Wappened, decayed, diseased.
Warder, a sentinel.
Warp, to change from the natural state
Wee, very little.
Weeds, clothing.
Ween, to imagine.
Weigh, to value or esteem.
Weird, prophetic.
Welkin, the sky.
Welkin-eye, blue eye.
Well-a-near! lack-a-day!
Well-liking, plump.
Wend, to go.
Westward hoe, the name of a play acted in Shakspeare's time.
Wether, used for a ram.
Wear, the fashion.
Whelked, varied with protuberances.
Whe'r, whether.
Where, whereas.
Whiffler, an officer in processions.
Whiles, until.
Whinidst, mouldy.
Whip, the crack, the best.
Whipstock, the carter's whip.
Whirring, hurrying.
Whist, being silent.
White, the white mark in the target.
White-death, the green sickness.
Whiting-time, bleaching time.
Whitsters, linen bleachers.
Whittle, a pocket knife.
Whooping, measure and reckoning.
Wide, remote from.
Wilderness, wildness.
Will, wilfulness.
Wimple, a hood or veil.
Winchester goose, a strumpet.
Winking-gates, gates hastily closed from fear of danger.
Winnowed, examined.
Winter-ground, to protect against winter.
Wis, to know.
Wise woman, a witch, a fortune-teller.
Wish, to recommend.
Wit, to know.
Witch, to bewitch.
Withy, judicious, cunning.
Wits, senses.
Wittol, knowing, conscious of.
Wittol, a contented cuckold.
Woe, to be sorry.
Woman, to affect deeply.
Woman-tired, henpecked.
Wondered, able to perform wonders.
Wood, crazy, frantic
Wooden thing, awkward business.
World to see, wonderful.
Woodman, an attendant on the forester.
Woolward, wearing wool.
Work, fortification.
Workings, thoughts.
Worm, a serpent.
Worth, wealth.
Worship, dignity.
Wreak, to revenge; resentment.
Wrest, an instrument for tuning the harp.
Wrested, obtained by force.
Wretch, a term of fondness.
Writ, writing.
Write, to pronounce confidently.
Writhled, wrinkled.
Wry, to deviate.
Wrong, hurt.
Wroth, misfortune.
Wrought, agitated.
Wrung, pressed, strained.

Y.

Yare, nimble, handy.
Yarely, Limbly, adroitly.
Yearn, to grieve or vex.
Yeild, to inform of.
Yellowness, jealousy.
Yeoman, a bailiff's follower.
Yerk, to kick.
Yesty, foaming, frothy.
Young, early.

Z.

Zany, a buffoon.
Zealous, pious.
Zed, a term of contempt.

THE THIRD AGE.

LE TROISIÈME ÂGE.

THE FOURTH ACT

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] AGE.

THE SIXTH AGE

LE SIXIÈME ÂGE

THE FIFTH AGE

[illegible]

THE SEVENTH AGE

LE SEPTIÈME AGE

THE SEVENTH AGE

LE SEPTIÈME ÂGE

# TEMPEST.

rved of The Tempest, that its plan is regular; this the author of The Revisal thinks, what I think too, an effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of land, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for passions and reason are equally interested. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*King of Naples.*
AN, *his Brother.*
IO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
), *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
ND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
O, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
CO, } *Lords.*
, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
O, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
*Master of a Ship.—Boatswain.—and Mariners.*
MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits.*
*Other Spirits attending on Prospero.*

SCENE,—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

## ACT I.

—*On a Ship at Sea.—A storm, with thunder and lightning.*

*r a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

. Boatswain,—
Here, master: What cheer?
. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't
we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my
are, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to
's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind,
ough!

ONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the
Play the men.
I pray now, keep below.
here is the master, Boatswain?
Do you not hear him? You mar our la-
p your cabins: you do assist the storm.
ay, good, be patient.
When the sea is. Hence! What care
ers for the name of king? To cabin: si-
uble us not.
ood; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
None that I more love than myself. You
nsellor; if you can command these ele-
ilence, and work the peace of the present,
t hand a rope more; use your authority.
not, give thanks you have lived so long,
yourself ready in your cabin for the mis-
the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good
but of our way, I say. [*Exit.*
have great comfort from this fellow: me-
hath no drowning mark upon him; his
n is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate,
ging! make the rope of his destiny our
our own doth little advantage! If he be not
hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

Down with the topmast; yare; lower,
ing her to try with main course. (*A cry*
A plague upon this howling! they are
a the weather, or our office.—

r SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

? what do you here? Shall we give o'er,
s? Have you a mind to sink?
pox o' your throat! you bawling, blas-
uncharitable dog!
Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold? [them,

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience. [drunkards,—

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st
The washing of ten tides! [lie drowning,

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

(*A confused noise within.*)—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter* PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day!

*Pro.* No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,

(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
(*Lays down his mantle.*)
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel [down;
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
For thou must now know further.

*Mira.* You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

*Pro.* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou was not
Out three years old.

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me? [is it,

*Pro.* Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: but how
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and [since,
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.

*Mira.* O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he, whom next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created [them,
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou att
I pray thee, mark me.

*Mira.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pro.* I thus neglecting worldly ends, all de
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brothe
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorde
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part
play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalti
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Nople
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to the crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas! poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O, the heavens!

*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event; then
If this might be a brother. [i

*Mira.* I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pro.* Now the condit
The king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit:
Which was, that he in lien o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkne
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes.

*Pro.* Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon us; without the which, this st
Were most impertinent.

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.* Alack! what troub

TEMPEST

sen to you!
O! a cherubim
st, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
vith a fortitude from heaven,
have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
y burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
going stomach, to bear up
what should ensue.
How came we ashore?
by Providence divine.
d we had, and some fresh water, that
Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
s charity (who being then appointed
f this design,) did give us; with
ments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
nce have steaded much; so of his gentleness,
I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
own library, with volumes that
bove my dukedom.
'Would I might
see that man!
Now I arise:—
and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
his island we arriv'd; and here
thy school-master, made thee more profit
er princes can, that have more time
er hours, and tutors not so careful. [you, sir,
Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
ng this sea-storm?
Know thus far forth.—
ent most strange, bountiful Fortune,
dear lady, hath mine enemies
to this shore: and by my prescience
senith doth depend upon
auspicious star; whose influence
court not, but omit, my fortunes
r after droop.—Here cease more questions;
inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
it way;—I know thou can'st not choose.
*(Miranda sleeps.)*
ray, servant, come: I am ready now;
h, my Ariel; come.

*Enter* Ariel.

ll hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
er thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
, to dive into the fire, to ride
url'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
d all his quality.
Hast thou, spirit,
d to point the tempest that I bade thee?
'o every article.
d the king's ship; now on the beak,
the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
s in many places; on the top-mast,
ls and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
et and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
readful thunder-claps, more momentary
it-out-running were not: the fire and cracks
urous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
o besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
dread trident shake.
My brave spirit!
s so firm, so constant, that this coil
not infect his reason?
Not a soul
a fever of the mad, and play'd
cks of desperation: all, but mariners,
in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
ir up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
the devils are here."
Why, that's my spirit!
not this nigh shore?
Close by, my master.
But are they, Ariel, safe?
Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left, cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
*Pro.* Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
*Ari.* Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
*Ari.* Past the mid season.
*Pro.* At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and
Must by us both be spent most preciously. [now,
*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
*Pro.* How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
*Ari.* My liberty.
*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.
*Ari.* I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
*Pro.* Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
*Ari.* No
*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
*Ari.* I do not, sir.
*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
*Ari.* No, sir.
*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born?
speak; tell me.
*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.
*Pro.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: is not this true?
*Ari.* Ay, sir. [child,
*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wert a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with

A human shape.
*Ari.* Yes; Caliban, her son.
*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
*Ari.* I thank thee, master.
*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
*Ari.* Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.
*Pro.* Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
*Ari.* That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
*Pro.* Go, make thyself like to a nymph of the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
*Pro.* Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
*Pro.* But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
*Cal. (Within.)* There's wood enough within.
*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there's other business for
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?— [thee;

*Re-enter* Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* Caliban.

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-east blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er! [cramps,
*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle, [tile;
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
*Pro.* Thou most lying slave, [thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
*Pro.* Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou did'st not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou did'st learn, had that in't, which good
natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who had'st deserv'd more than a prison.
*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
*Cal.* No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
*Pro.* So, slave: hence!
[*Exit Caliban.*

*Re-enter* Ariel, *invisible, playing and singing;* Ferdinand *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,*
*And then take hands:*
*Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*
*(The wild waves whist)*
*Foot it featly here and there;*
*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*
*Hark, hark!*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. (*Dispersedly.*)
*The watch-dogs bark:*
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. (*Dispersedly.*)
*Hark, hark! I hear*
*The strain of strutting chanticleer,*
*Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*
*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or
the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;*
*Of his bones are coral made;*
*Those are pearls that were his eyes:*
*Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a sea-change*
*Into something rich and strange.*
*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
*Hark! now I hear them.—ding-dong, bell.*
[*Burden,* ding-dong.
*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

. brave form :—But 'tis a spirit. [senses
, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such
ve, such : this gallant, which thou seest,
wreck; and but he's something stain'd
, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
erson : he hath lost his fellows, [him
. about to find them.
I might call him
rise; for nothing natural
so noble.
It goes on, (*Aside.*)
prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
o days for this. [thee
Most sure, the goddess
these airs attend !—Vouchsafe my prayer
, if you remain upon this island :
on will some good instruction give,
y bear me here : My prime request,
o last pronounce, is, O, you wonder!
naid or no?
No wonder, sir;
inly a maid.
My language! heavens!—
est of them that speak this speech,
it where 'tis spoken.
How! the best?
t thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
single thing, as I am now, that wonders
ee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
he does, I weep : myself am Naples;
mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
ny father wreck'd.
Alack, for mercy!
s, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan
ave son, being twain.
The duke of Milan,
ore braver daughter, could control thee
re fit to do't :—At the first sight (*Aside.*)
chang'd eyes :—Delicate Ariel,
free for this!—A word, good sir;
have done yourself some wrong : A word.
Why speaks my father so ungently? This
l man that e'er I saw; the first
sigh'd for : pity move my father
in'd my way!
O, if a virgin,
affection not gone forth, I'll make you
of Naples.
Soft, sir; one word more.—
both in either's powers; but this swift
siness
asy make, lest too light winning (*Aside.*)
prize light.—One word more; I charge
ee,
attend me : thou dost here usurp
thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
sland, as a spy, to win it
the lord on't.
No, as I am a man.
ere's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
irit have so fair an house,
s will strive to dwell with't.
Follow me.—(*To Ferd.*)
you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
e thy neck and feet together :
shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
be acorn cradled. Follow.
No;
t such entertainment, till
ny has more power. (*He draws.*)
O, dear father,
too rash a trial of him, for
e, and not fearful.
What, I say,
y tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
cience
es'd with guilt : come from thy ward;
here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
*Mira.* Beseech you, father!
*Pro.* Hence! hang not on my garments.
*Mira.* Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
*Pro.* Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he
Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish wench
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
*Mira.* My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
*Pro.* Come on; obey : (*To Ferd.*)
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
*Fer.* So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
*Pro.* It works :—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
(*To Ferd. and Mir.*)
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. (*To Ariel.*)
*Mira.* Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ari.* To the syllable.
*Pro.* Come, follow : speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.
*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.
*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.
*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
*Gon.* Sir,—
*Seb.* One :—Tell.
*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
*Seb.* A dollar.
*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed. [should.
*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—
*Ant.* Fy, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.
*Gon.* Well, I have done : But yet—
*Seb.* He will be talking.
*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
*Seb.* The old cock.
*Ant.* The cockrel.
*Seb.* Done : The wager?
*Ant.* A laughter.
*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—
*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!
*Ant.* So, you've pay'd.
*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
*Seb.* Yet.
*Adr.* Yet—
*Ant.* He could not miss it.
*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench. [livered.
*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.
*Ant.* True; save means to live.
*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little. [green!
*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how
*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.
*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.
*Ant.* He misses not much.
*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit),—
*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.
*Gon.* That our garments being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.
*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?
*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of Tunis.
*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.
*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!
*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!
*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
*Adr.* Carthage?
*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.
*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.
*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?
*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
*Gon.* Ay?
*Ant.* Why, in good time
*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.
*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.
*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!
*Fran.* Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.
*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.
*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [your son,
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.
*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
*Seb.* Very well.
*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.
*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
*Seb.* Foul weather?
*Ant.* Very foul.
*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.
*Gon.* And were the king of it, What would I do?
*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—
*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.
*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
*Seb.* No marrying among his subjects?
*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!
*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!
*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?— [me
*Alon.* Pr'ythee no more: thou dost talk nothing to
*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.
*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
*Ant.* What a blow was there given!
*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.
*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.
*Enter* Ariel *invisible, playing solemn music.*

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
ction so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
very heavy?
Do sleep, and hear us.
(*All sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.*)
What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
inclin'd to do so. [find,
Please you, sir,
mit the heavy offer of it:
visits sorrow; when it doth,
mforter.
We two, my lord,
rd your person, while you take your rest,
ch your safety.
Thank you: Wondrous heavy.—
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
t is the quality o' the climate.
Why
ot then our eye-lids sink? I find not
ispos'd to sleep.
Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
l together all, as by consent;
pp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
methinks, I see it in thy face, [and
ou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
g imagination sees a crown
upon thy head.
What, art thou waking?
o you not hear me speak?
I do; and, surely,
epy language; and thou speak'st
y sleep: What is it thou did'st say?
strange repose, to be asleep
s wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
so fast asleep.
Noble Sebastian,
st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
hou art waking.
Thou dost snore distinctly;
seaning in thy snores.
am more serious than my custom: you
so too, if heed me; which to do,
hee o'er.
Well; I am standing water.
ll teach you how to flow.
Do so: to ebb,
ry sloth instructs me.
O,
t knew, how you the purpose cherish,
hus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
n do so near the bottom run,
own fear, or sloth.
Pr'ythee, say on:
g of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
from thee; and a birth, indeed,
roes thee much to yield.
Thus, sir:
this lord of weak remembrance, this
ll be of as little memory,
is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
a spirit of persuasion only,)
his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.
have no hope
undrown'd.
O, out of that no hope,
eat hope have you! No hope, that way, is
way so high an hope, that even
cannot pierce a wink beyond,
ts discovery there. Will you grant, with
dinand is drown'd? [me,
He's gone.
Then, tell me,
e next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.
*Ant.* She, that is queen of Tunis; she, that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she, that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; twixt which regions
There is some space.
*Ant.* A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
*Seb.* Methinks, I do.
*Ant.* And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
*Seb.* I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
*Ant.* True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
*Seb.* But, for your conscience—
*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
*Ant.* Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
*Seb.* O, but one word. (*They converse apart.*)
*Music. Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*
*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
(*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*)
*While you here do snoring lie,*
*Open-ey'd Conspiracy*
*His time doth take:*
*If of life you keep a care,*
*Shake off slumber, and beware:*
*Awake! Awake!*
*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden. (*They wake.*)
*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!
*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
Wherefore this ghastly looking? [drawn?
*Gon.* What's the matter?
*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?
*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
*Alon.* Lead away.
*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done: (*Aside.*)
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter* TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his: and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.
*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holyday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. (*Thunder.*) Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Steph.* *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
*Here shall I die ashore;—*
This is a very scurvy tune to sing a man's funeral;
Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*)
*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*
*The gunner, and his mate,*
*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*
*But none of us car'd for Kate:*
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*
*Would cry to a sailor,* Go hang:
*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,*
*Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:*
*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
(*Drinks.*)
*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!
*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.
*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!
*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. of I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.
*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.
*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.
*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.
*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.
*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—
*Ste.* Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.
*Trin.* Stephano,—
*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him, I have no long spoon.
*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.
*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How camst thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?
*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!
*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.
*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.
*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands since I was cast a shore.
*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.
*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.
*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.
*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following, with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. [standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again the suit I made thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing. [teeth.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.— (*To Caliban.*)
Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail in his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not. [patch!—

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
Where the quick freshes are. [Dis

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. (*Strikes him.*) As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. [Pr'ythee, stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. (Sings.)

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em*
*Thought is free.* [*Flout 'em.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

(*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*)

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

TEMPEST

Caliban, Stephano & Trinculo

Act IV Scene I

*Pro.* [illegible]
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

*Fer.* [illegible]
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

TEMPEST

Let me live here ever;
wonder'd father, and a wife,
place Paradise. (*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*)
Sweet now, silence;
Ceres whisper seriously;
something else to do: hush, and be mute,
ur spell is marr'd. [brooks,
ou nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
r sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
ur crisp channels, and on this green land
our summons; Juno does command:
operate nymphs, and help to celebrate
t of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
ner from the furrow, and be merry;
yday: your rye-straw hats put on,
: fresh nymphs encounter every one
y footing.

*rtain Reapers, properly habited: they ith the Nymphs in a graceful dance; s the end whereof Prospero starts sud- and speaks; after which, to a strange, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Aside.*) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
ast Caliban, and his confederates,
y life; the minute of their plot
: come.—(*To the Spirits.*) Well done;—
avoid;—no more. [passion
his is most strange: your father's in some
ks him strongly.
Never till this day,
a touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
'ou do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
is now are ended: these our actors,
told you, were all spirits, and
ed into air, into thin air:
the baseless fabric of this vision,
d-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
ne temples, the great globe itself,
which it inherit, shall dissolve;
this unsubstantial pageant faded,
t a rack behind: we are such stuff
is are made of, and our little life
d with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
n my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
sturb'd with my infirmity:
pleas'd, retire into my cell,
e repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
ny beating mind.
*Ferd.* We wish you peace.
[*Exeunt.*
Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

*Enter* Ariel.

hy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy plea- Spirit, [sure?
t prepare to meet with Caliban.
y, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
: to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
ight anger thee. [varlets?
Say again, where didst thou leave these
told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink-
' valour, that they smote the air [ing;
thing in their faces; beat the ground
ng of their feet: yet always bending
their project: then I beat my tabor,
, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
d their eye lids, lifted up their noses,
smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
lf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,
nter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
thy mantled pool beyond your cell,
ncing up to the chins, that the foul lake
k their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
*Re-enter* Ariel, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.
(*Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.*)

*Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.
*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—
*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.
*Cal.* Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to [softly,
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: seest thou here,
This is the mouth o'the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!
*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.
*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it. [mean,
*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.
*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.
*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, and' like your grace.
*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't, wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level,* is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.
*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.
*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
*Trin.* And this.
*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, *Mountain*, hey!
*Ari.* *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*
*Pro.* *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark! [*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
*Ari.* Hark, they roar.
*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter* Prospero *in his magic robes; and* Ariel.

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
*Pro.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his?
*Ari.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove, which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.
*Pro.* And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs, I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. (*Solemn music.*)

*Re-enter* Ariel: *after him* Alonso, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* Gonzalo; Sebastian *and* Antonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit Ari.*
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free. [*pers.*

Ariel *re-enters singing, and helps to attire Pros-*

*Ari.* *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
*In a cowslip's bell I lie:*
*There I couch when owls do cry.*
*On the bat's back I do fly,*
*After summer, merrily:*
*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,*
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
*Pro.* Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat [*pers.*
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Pros-
Be living, and be here?
*Pro.* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
*Gon.* Whether this be.
Or be not, I'll not swear

You do yet taste
ties o' the isle, that will not let you
gs certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
y brace of lords, were I so minded,
(*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*)
I pluck his highness' frown upon you,
you traitors; at this time
ales.
devil speaks in him. (*Aside.*)
No:—
est wicked sir, whom to call brother
a infect my mouth, I do forgive
t fault; all of them; and require
m of thee, which, perforce, I know,
restore.
If thou beest Prospero,
rticulars of thy preservation:
hast met us here, who three hours since,
k'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
the point of this remembrance is!
n Ferdinand.
I am woe for't, sir.
reparable is the loss; and Patience
est her cure.
I rather think,
not sought her help; of whose soft grace
e loss, I have her sovereign aid,
yself content.
You the like loss?
great to me, as late; and, portable
e dear loss, have I means much weaker
may call to comfort you; for I
my daughter.
A daughter?
! that they were living both in Naples.
nd queen there! that they were, I wish
e mudded in that oozy bed [ter?
son lies. When did you lose your daugh-
this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
ouster do so much admire,
levour their reason; and scarce think
do offices of truth, their words
l breath: but, howso'er you have
d from your senses, know for certain.
Prospero, and that very duke
thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
hore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
ord on't. No more yet of this;
hronicle of day by day,
tion for a breakfast, nor
is first meeting. Welcome, sir;
my court: here have I few attendants,
ts none abroad: pray you, look in.
m since you have given me again,
ite you with as good a thing;
ring forth a wonder, to content ye,
s me my dukedom.

*ce of the Cell opens, and discovers* FER-
D *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

eet lord, you play me false.
No, my dearest love,
t for the world.
es, for a score of kingdoms you should
ld call it fair play. [wrangle,
If this prove
the island, one dear son
ice lose.
A most high miracle!
ugh the seas threaten, they are merciful:
'd them without cause. (*Fer. kneels to Al.*)
Now all the blessings
father compass thee about!
say how thou cam'st here.
O! wonder!
goodly creatures are there here!
eous mankind is! O brave new world,
uch people in't!
Tis new to thee. [at play?
What is this maid, with whom thou wast
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
*Fer.* Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
*Alon.* I am her's;
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
*Pro.* There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle: and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
*Alon.* Give me your hands: (*To Fer. and Mir.*)
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
*Gon.* Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
*Ari.* Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } (*Aside.*)
*Pro.* My tricksy spirit!
*Alon.* These are not natural events: they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hi-
*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake, [ther?
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
*Ari.* Was't well done? } (*Aside.*)
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
*Pro.* Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents till when, be cheerful.

And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free: (*Aside.*)
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
There are yet missing of your company [sir?
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine? [they

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should
Find this grand liquor, that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano? [cramp.

*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. (*Pointing to Caliban.*)

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-
Was I, to take this drunkard for a go
And worship this dull fool!

*Pro.* Go to; aw

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your lugg

*Seb.* Or stole it rather. [*Exeunt Cal.*

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, a
To my poor cell: where you shall tak
For this one night; which (part of it,)
With such discourse, as, I not doubt,
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to
Where I have hope to see the nuptia
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized
And thence retire me to my Milan, w
Every third thought shall be my grave

*Alon.*
To hear the story of your life, which
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver a
And promise you calm seas, auspicio
And sail so expeditious, that shall c
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;-
That is thy charge; then to the elem
Be free, and fare thou well;—(*aside.*
draw near.

EPILOGUE.—*Spoken by* PRO

Now my charms are all o'erthr
And what strength I have's mi
Which is most faint: now, 'tis
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dw
In this bare island, by your sp
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good has
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fa
Which was to please: now I
Spirits to enforce, art to encha
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaul
Mercy itself, and frees all faul
As you from crimes would pard
Let your indulgence set me free

ACT. III.—SCENE I.

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*ne 7.* —— *fall to't* yarely,] i. e. . Our author is frequent in his d.

*men.*] i. e. act with spirit, be-

*he present,*] i. e. *of* the present

] It may be observed of Gon- ng the only good man that ap- king, he is the only man that cheerfulness in the wreck, and e island. JOHNSON.

*er to* try with main-course.] This n Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, article *How to handle a Ship in* et us lie at *Trie with our main* s, to hale the tacke aboord, the t, the boling set up, and the e aboord." STEEVENS.

— *an* unstaunched *wench.*] *Un-* haps incontinent.

*hold, a-hold:*] i. e. bring her to e wind as she can, in order to he land, and get her out to sea. *r two courses; off to sea again,*] e the main-sail and fore-sail.

*ely*—] in this place signifies *ab-* EVENS.

*lut him.*] Shakspeare probably *him, to swallow him.* In this *glut*, from *engloutir*, Fr., oc- r. Yet Milton writes *glutted lowed*, and, therefore, perhaps, t may stand.

*s us! &c.*——*Farewell, bro-* is probable that the lines suc- *nfused noise within* should be spoken by no determinate cha-

*s acre of barren ground;* long *urze*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, been charged with tautology.

### SCENE II.

*atures in her,*] The old copy *re;* but the preceding as well as ords of Miranda seem to de- dation suggested first by Theo-

*er*—] i. e. *before.*

*Id. l.* 51. Pro. *No harm.*] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote,

*O, woe the day! no harm?*

To which Prospero properly answers:

*I have done nothing but in care of thee.*

JOHNSON.

*P.* 4, *c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *more better*—] This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers.

*Id. l.* 4. —— *full poor cell,*] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty.

*Id. l.* 7. *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] i. e. *mix* with them.

To meddle, means also, *to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself.*

*Id. l.* 15. —— virtue *of compassion*—] Virtue; the most efficacious part, as, *the virtue of a plant is in the extract.*

*Id. l.* 17. —— *no soul*—] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 31. Out *three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old.

*Id. l.* 42. —— abysm *of time?* i. e. Abyss. This method of spelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abysme*, now written *abîme.*

*Id. l.* 46. *Twelve* years *since, Miranda, twelve* years *since.*] *Years*, in the first instance, is used as a dissyllable, in the second as a monosyllable; a licence not peculiar to the prosody of Shakspeare.

*Id. l.* 53. *A princess;—no worse* issued.] The old copy reads—"And *princess.*" For the trivial change in the text I am answerable. *Issued* is descended. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *teen*—] is sorrow, grief, trouble.

*Id. l.* 79. *To trash for over-topping:*] *To trash*, in old books of gardening, is to cut away the superfluities. It is used, also, by sportsmen in the North, when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. *A trash*, among hunters, denotes a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the pack; i. e, when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *both the* key—] This is meant of a key for turning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal; called now a tuning hammer.

*Id. l.* 2. "Set all hearts i'th' state,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 6. *I pray thee mark me.*] In the old copy.

these words are the beginning of Prospero's next speech; but, for the restoration of metre, I have changed their place. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone follows the old copy.

*Id. l.* 8. "Dedicated"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 13. *Like a good* parent, &c.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 18. ——————— *like one,*
*Who having,* unto *truth, by telling of* it,
*Made such a sinner of his memory,*
*To credit his own lie,*] There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie,* however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, and the meaning is, *Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it.*

*Id. l.* 22. *He was the duke; out of the substitution,*] The reader should place his emphasis on—was: but Mr. Malone reads, "he was *indeed* the duke."

*Id. l.* 33. (*So* dry *he was for sway*)] i. e. So *thirsty.*

*Id. l.* 42. *To think* but *nobly*—] *But,* i. e. in this place *otherwise, than.*

*Id. l.* 47. —— in lieu *o'the premises,* &c.] In *lieu of,* means here, in consideration of; an unusual acceptation of the word.

*Id. l.* 59. — *a hint*] *Hint* is *suggestion.*

*Id. l.* 60. *That* wrings *mine eyes*] i. e. squeezes the water out of them. Mr. Malone reads, "mine eyes to't."

*P.* 5, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. —— deck'd *the sea*—] *To deck the sea,* if explained to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck,* is *to cover;* so, in some parts, they yet say *deck the table.* This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd,* which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd;* the Oxford edition, *brack'd.* JOHNSON.

To *deck* signifies in the North, to *sprinkle;* and *degg'd,* which means the same, is in daily use in the north of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *sprinkling;* this operation the maidens universally call *degging.*

*Id. l.* 7. *An undergoing* stomach,] *Stomach* is *stubborn resolution.*

*Id l.* 14. *Some food we had, and some fresh water, that*
*A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,*
*Out of his charity,* (who *being then appointed*
*Master of this design,*) *did give us;*] Mr. Steevens has suggested, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

I have left the passage in question as I found it, though with slender reliance on its integrity. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 22. *Now I arise:*] Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:
Mir. *'Would I might*
*But ever see that man!—Now I arise.*
Pro. *Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.*

As the words—"now I arise"—may signify, "now I *rise* in my narration,"—"now my story *heightens* in its consequence," I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a dr clines. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 33. *Now my dear lady,*] i *spicious mistress.*

*Id. l.* 39. —— *'tis a good dulness,* rightly observes, that this s Prospero by his art had brou da and of which he knew n effect would begin, makes hi often whether she is attenti JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 48. *On the curl'd clouds;*] *crisp* heaven.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *and all his* qualit confederates.

*Id. l.* 51. *Perform'd to point*—] i. test article; a literal translati phrase—*à point.*

*Id. l.* 53. —— *now on the* beak,] strong pointed body at the he gallies: it is used here for the boltsprit. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 54. *Now in the* waist,] Th the quarter-deck and the fore

*Id. l.* 56. —— *Sometimes, I'd di*
*And burn in many places*
that the spirits of *fire,* in for and blazing stars, "oftentim masts," &c. *Melanch.* P. I. 1632. WARTON.

*Id. l.* 63. *Yea his dread trident* metre should appear defective to apprize the reader, that i *shake* is still pronounced people as if it was written lable. FARMER.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *and* quit *the vessel ted.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *sustaining*—] i. that bore them up and sup their garments which *bore,* v jured, the drenching of the se

*Id. l.* 13. The epithet here applic das, will be best understoo have seen the chafing of t rugged rocks by which they and which render access to th It was in our poet's time the that Bermudas was inhabited *devils.*—*Setebos,* the god of C an American devil, worshipp of Patagonia. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 18.—*the Mediterranean* flot

*Id. l.* 41. *Dost thou forget*—] Th and conduct of Prospero ma something must be known enchantment, which supplie lous found in the romances of This system seems to be fou nion that the fallen spirits, degrees of guilt, had differen lotted them at their expuls confined in hell, *some* (as H vers the opinion of our poet' it), *dispersed in air, some o water, others in caves, de under the earth.* Of these, malignant and mischievous th earthy spirits seem to have most depraved, and the aerial Thus Prospero observes of A
——*thou wast a spirit*
*To act her earthy an mands.*
Over these spirits a power m by certain rights performed o This power was called *Th knowledge of enchantment.* being (as king James observe

*logy*), one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.*—The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and, therefore, Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *in* Argier.] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers.*

*P.* 6, *c.* 1, *l.* 23. — *to a nymph o'the sea;*] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why *Ariel* should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone arranges these lines thus:

"Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence, with diligence."

*Id. l.* 30. *The strangeness*—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and, therefore, strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again. WARNER.

*Id. l.* 38. *We cannot miss him:*] that is, we cannot do without him.

*Id. l.* 52. Cal. *As wicked dew*—] Wicked, having baneful qualities.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *urchins*—] i. e. hedgehogs; or perhaps, here, fairies.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *for that* vast of night *that they may work,*] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waste.*

*Vastum* is likewise the ancient law term for for waste, uncultivated land.

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others.

*c.* 2. *l.* 4. *O ho! O ho!*] This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 12. —— *when thou didst not, savage,*
*Know thine own meaning,*] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant—*When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning.*

*Id. l.* 14. —— *But thy* vile race,] *Race,* in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities.

*Id. l.* 21. —— *the* red *plague* rid *you,*] The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague.* The word *rid,* means to *destroy.*

*Id. l.* 32. —— *my dam's god,* Setebos,] Mr. Warner has observed, on the authority of *John Barbot,* that "the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil called *Setebos.*" We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons and Cheleule was an inferior one. *Setebos* is also mentioned in Hackluyt's *Voyages,* 1598.

*Id. l.* 35. *Re-enter Ariel* invisible,] In the wardrobe of the lord-admiral's men (i. e. company of comedians), 1598, was—"a robe for to goo *invisebell.*"

*Id. l.* 40. *Court'sied when you have, and* kiss'd,] As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances.

*Id. l.* 55. *Weeping* again *the king my father's wreck,*] Thus the old copy; but in the books of Shakspeare's age *again* is sometimes printed instead of *against,* [i. e. opposite to,] which Mr. Malone thinks was our author's word.

*Id. l.* 62. *Full fathom five thy father lies;* &c.] The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres,* or *Ballads,* published at Oxford 1660, that "*Full fathom five,*" and "*Where the bee sucks,*" had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare. BURNEY.

*Id. l.* 65. *Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a sea-change*—] Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed.

*Id. l.* 70. The same burden to a song occurs in *The Merchant of Venice.* It should here be—
Ding-dong, *ding-dong, ding-dong,* bell.

*Id. l.* 71. Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or eloquence; they express nothing great, or reveal any thing above mortal discovery. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 73. *That the earth* owes:] *To owe,* in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own.*

*Id. l.* 74. *The* fringed curtains, &c.] The same expression occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

"——— *her eyelids*
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

*P.* 7, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. "It goes on, I see,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 20. *If you be made, or no?*] Some copies read *maid,* and the critics are not fully agreed in their opinions. Mr. M. Mason says, "The question is, whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple expression, which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported."

*Id. l.* 34. *And his brave son, being twain.*] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was lost in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *controul thee,*] Confute, or unanswerably contradict thee.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *I fear you have done yourself some wrong:*] i. e. I fear that, in asserting yourself to be *king of Naples,* you have uttered a

falsehood, which is below your character, and, consequently injurious to your honour. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 73. *He's gentle, and not* fearful.] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and *timorous*. In this place it may mean *timorous*; or it may signify *formidable*, as in *K. Hen. IV:*

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." and then the meaning of the passage is obvious. One of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of the word *gentle* is, *noble, high-minded:* and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms.—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *come from thy* ward:] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 20. —— *My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams; when we struggle, but cannot run, strike, &c. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 23. —— are *but light to me.*] This passage, as it stands at present, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I suspect that our author wrote—"*were* but light to me," in the sense of—*would be*.—In the preceding line the old copy reads—"*nor* this man's" threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *Our* hint *of woe*—] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory; or here it may mean—circumstance.

*Id. l.* 49. *The* masters *of some merchant*, &c.] Thus the old copy. If the passage be not corrupt (as I suspect it is), we must suppose that by *masters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant ship, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been trusted. I suppose, however, that our author wrote—

"The *mistress* of some merchant," &c. *Mistress* was anciently spelt—*maistresse* or *maistree*. Hence, perhaps, arose the present typographical error. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 50. *Have just our theme* of woe: *but for the miracle.*] The words—*of woe*, appear to me as an idle interpolation. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 56. *The* visitor—] Why Dr. Warburton should change *visitor* to *viser*, for *adviser*, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *the visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. JOHNSON.

*P.* 8. *c.* 1. *l.* 3. —— you've *pay'd.*] The meaning is this: Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian, that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian had said, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet.

*Id. l.* 9. —— *and delicate* temperance,] or *temperature.*

*Id. l.* 10. Temperance *was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

*Id. l.* 18. *How* lush, &c.] *Lush* here signifies *rank;* but it appears to have sometimes signified *juicy, succulent*. Spenser, *heard's Calender*, (Feb.) appli thet *lusty* to green.

*Id. l.* 20. *With an* eye *of green in'* a small shade of colour.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *Claribel*—] This nam taken from bl. l. *History of* Faukonbridge. CLARIBEL is th cubine of king Richard I. and of lord Falconbridge.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *Widow Dido!*] The widow brings to their minds the wreck, which they consider as many widows in Naples. JOHNS

*Id. l.* 51. —— *the miraculous harp.*] the wonders of Amphion's music.

*Id. l.* 72. *The stomach of my* sense is meant both *reason and natur* Mr. M. Mason, however, suppo this place, means *feeling*. STEE

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 18. *Weigh'd,*] *Weigh'd berated.*

*Id. l.* 22. *Than we bring men to co* It does not clearly appear whe and these lords thought the shi passage seems to imply, that the selves confident of returning, part of the fleet destroyed. W should Sebastian plot against h the following scene, unless he find the kingdom which he was t

*Id. l.* 42. Mr. Malone reads thus:

"Letters should not be known: verty,
And use of service, none; contu sion,
Born, bound of land, tilth, vineyard

*Id. l.* 52. *The latter end of his co forgets the beginning.*] All this a fine satire on the Utopian tre vernment, and the impracticable schemes therein recommended. W

There is something so striking to modern times in this text an the Editor could not persuade hin the latter, although necessary i pects. C.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *any* engine,] any instru or military machine.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *all* foizon,] *Foison,* signifies plenty, *ubertas:* and som ture, or juice of grass.

*Id. l.* 80. Enter Ariel, &c. *playing sic.*] This stage-direction does tell us that Ariel himself was the that solemn music attended his or was an accompaniment to his VENS.

*P.* 9, *c.* 1, *l.* 48. *I am more serious t tom: you*
*Must be so too, if heed me;* Trebles thee o'er.] The mea passage seems to be—You must than your usual seriousness, if posed to pay a proper attention posal; which attention if you be in the end make you *thrice wh* Sebastian is already brother to but, being made a king by Anto vance, would be (according to idea of greatness) *thrice* the man fore. In this sense he would be MALONE.

*Id. l.* 57. *If you but knew, how you cherish,*
*Whiles thus you mock it! how ping it,*
*You more invest it!*] A judicio

*The Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov., 1786. offers the following illustration of this obscure passage. "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, '*O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!*'" STEEVENS.

*P.* 9, *c.* 1, *l.* 65. —— *this lord of weak remembrance.*] This lord, who being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 70. Mr. Malone reads,

[*For he's a spirit of persuasion, only*
Professes to persuade);—] It is an entangled sentence of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king;* or that, *He only professes to persuade*, that is, *without being so persuaded himself he makes a show of persuading the king.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *a wink beyond.*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. *beyond man's life;*] i. e. at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 4. —— *she that from Naples*
*Can have no* note, &c.] *Note* is *notice*, or *information.*

Shakspeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *she, from whom*—] i. e. in coming from whom.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *though some* cast *again;*] *Cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. iii.: "—though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to *cast* him." STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 8. *And, by that*, destin'd—] It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON. Mr. Malone reads *destiny*.

*Id. l.* 10. *In yours and my discharge.*] i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform.

*Id. l.* 24. *A chough*—] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind.

*Id. l.* 41. And *melt, ere they molest!*] I had rather read—
Would *melt, ere they molest*,
i. e. *Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me*, or prevent the execution of my purposes. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 43. "he's like, that's dead:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *for* aye—] i. e. for ever.

*Id. l.* 47. *This ancient* morsel.] For morsel, Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *take* suggestion,] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *to keep* them *living.*] By *them*, as the text now stands, Gonzalo and Alonzo must be understood. Dr. Johnson objects very justly to this passage, and would read—"That *these* his friends are in." This Mr. Steevens adopts, but Mr. Malone reads, "That you, his friend, are in."

*Id. l.* 75. —— *drawn?*] Having your swords drawn.

*P.* 10, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. "Tis best we stand," &c.—MALONE.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 30. —— *that* moe, &c.] i. e. make mouths.

*Id. l.* 33. *Their* pricks—] i. e. prickles.

*Id. l.* 34. —— wound *with adders,*] *wound*, or twisted about.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *looks like a foul* bumbard—] This word means a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *this fish painted,*] To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 53. —— make *a man;*] That is, make a man's fortune.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *his* gaberdine;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant, but here means a loose felt cloak. MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *savages,*] *salvages* was the spelling and pronunciation of the time.

*Id. l.* 25. —— too much—] *Too much* means *any sum, ever so much.* It has, however, been observed, that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *I know it by thy* trembling;] This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *cat;*] *Good liquor will make a cat speak.*

*Id. l.* 39. *His forward voice*, &c. The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *Amen!*] Means, stop your draught.

*Id. l.* 47. *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.*

*Id. l.* 54. —— *to be the* siege *of this* moon-calf?] *Siege* signifies *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest. A *mooncalf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only.

*Id. l.* 75. Ste. *Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.*] Mr. Ritson proposes to alter this line thus:
Ste. (*to Cal.*) Here, swear then. (*to Trin.*) How escap'dst thou?

*P.* 11, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. *Hast thou not dropped from heaven?*] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador asked, whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven?*

*Id. l.* 8. "And thy dog, and thy bush." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 12. *I* afeard of him?—*a very weak monster*: &c.] It is to be observed, that Trinculo, the speaker, is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 16. "And I will kiss"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *sea-mells*—] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *shamois;* Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*. Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls* or *sea-mells*.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *Get a new man.*] When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully toward

the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 11. *c.* 1, *l.* 60. "And their," &c. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 65. "As odious;"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 73. —— *I forget:*] Perhaps Ferdinand means to say—I forget *my task;* but *that is not surprising, for I am thinking on Miranda, and* these sweet thoughts, &c. He may, however, mean, that he *forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment.* Whichsoever be the sense, *And,* or *For,* should seem more proper in the next line than *But.* MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 28. "And yours it is against." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 37. —— *hest*—] For *behest;* i. e. command.

"I therein do forget." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 57. *The flesh-fly* blow *my mouth.*] To *blow* means *the act of a fly, by which she lodges eggs in flesh.* STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *of* what else *i'the world,*] i. e. of *aught* else, of whatsoever else there is in the world.

*Id. l.* 69. *I am a fool,*

*To weep at what I am glad of.*] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly.* STEEVENS.

*P.* 12. *c.* 1. *l.* 2. —— *your* fellow—] i. e. companion.

*Id. l.* 10. —— *here's my hand.*

Mira. *And mine with my heart in't:*] It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 16. —— *So glad of this as they, I cannot be,*

*Who are surpriz'd* with all:] The sense might be clearer, were we to make a slight transposition:

"So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd

With all, I cannot be—"

Perhaps, however, more consonantly with ancient language, we should join two of the words together, and read—

"Who are surpriz'd *withal.*" STEEVENS.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *bear up, and board'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace at sea.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *or my* standard.

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no* standard.] Meaning he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard,* an ensign, and *standard,* a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *thou* deboshed *fish thou,*] the same as *debauched.*

*Id. l.* 63. "to the suit."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *a* tyrant;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a trisyllable.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 12. *What a pied ninny's this?*] It should be remembered that no *sailor,* but a *jester;* and i the ancient *dramatis personæ.* wears the party-coloured dres these characters. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson observes, that have no knowledge of the strip ally worn by fools; and wo transfer this speech to Stephano *Caliban* might not know this Shakspeare did. Surely he who all countries and all ages the m own, might forget himself here in other places. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *Remember,*

*First to possess his* books;

*them*

*He's but a shot, as I am.*] I mances the sorcerer is always fu *book,* by reading certain parts o enabled to summon to his aid wh or spirits he has occasion to em he is deprived of his book, his Our author might have observe stance much insisted on in the *O morato* of Boyardo; and also in translation of the *Orlando Furio*

*Id. l.* 50. "I never saw a woman."

*Id. l.* 69. *Will you* troll *the catch* a catch, is to dismiss it *trippin tongue.*

*Id. l.* 79. *This is the tune of our by the picture of* No-body.] figure, sometimes represented on allusion is here to the print of *l* fixed to the anonymous comedy and *Some-body;*" without date before the year 1600.

*P.* 13. *c.* 1. *l.* 6. —— *afeard?*] To obsolete verb, with the same m *affray.* Between *aferde* and *a* time of Chaucer, there might h nice distinction, which is at pre

*Id. l.* 25. *Wilt come? I'll follo* The first words are addressed to vexed at the folly of his new co running after the music, while th to have attended to the main p patching Prospero, seems, for so to have staid behind. HEATH.

The words—*Wilt come?* sho to Stephano's speech. *I'll follo* lo's answer. RITSON.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 29. *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The di of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STE

*Id. l.* 39. *Our* frustrate *search*—] frustrated.

*Id. l.* 60. *A living* drollery:] Shows, *ries,* were in Shakspeare's time puppets only. From these our exhibited at fairs, &c. took th *living drollery,* i. e. a drollery m by wooden machines, but by pe are alive.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *one tree, the* phœnix' poet had probably Lyly's *Eupl England,* particularly in his tho Q. 3.—"As there is but one p world, so is there but *one tr* wherein she buildeth." See also, Dictionary, 1598: "*Rasin,* a tr whreof there is but *one* found, the phœnix sits." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 71. *For,* certes, &c.] *Certes* i word, signifying *certainly.*

P. 13, c. 1, l. 73 *Their manners are more* gentle-kind,] Mr. Malone reads "gentle, kind;" but Steevens considers it as a compound epithet.

*Id. l.* 79. —— *too much* muse,] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.

*Id. c.* 2. l. 5. *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *that there were* mountaineers, &c.] The inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *men,*
*Whose heads stood in their breasts?*] Our author might have had this intelligence from the translation of Pliny, b. v. chap. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts." STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 19. *Each putter-out*, &c.] In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home.
"—— *on* five for one" means *on the terms of five for one.* Mr. Malone reads "——*of* five for one."

*Id. l.* 22. *I will stand to, and feed*, &c.] This passage was probably intended to be in a rhyme.

*Id. l.* 28 —— *and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*] Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may observe that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand d'Aussi's *Histoire de la Vie privée des François*, vol. iii. p. 294. &c. Examples, therefore, of machinery similar to that of Shakspeare in the present instance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the stage, as well as at public festivals here in England. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 30. *(That hath to* instrument *this lower world*, &c.] i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends.

*Id. l.* 43. *One* dowle *that's in my* plume;] Bailey, in his dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather, or rather, the single particles of the down.

*Id. l.* 59. —— clear *life*,—] Pure, blameless, innocent.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *is nothing but heart's sorrow,*
*And a clear life ensuing.*] that is—*a miserable fate which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* MALONE.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *with* mops *and* mowes—] To *mowe*, i. e. to insult, by making mouths, or wry faces.

*Id. l.* 66 —— *with* good life,] *With good life* may mean, with *exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange* of their particular and distinct parts, or with *honest alacrity, or cheerfulness.*

*Id. l.* 68. *Their several* kinds have done:] i. e. have discharged the several functions allotted to their different natures.

*Id. l.* 81. —— bass *my trespass.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 1. *l.* 3. *And* with him *there lie muddled.* But *one fiend*—] *with him*, and *but*, are probably playhouse interpolations.

*Id. l.* 9. *Like* poison *given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

*Id. l.* 12. —— *this* ecstasy—] *Ecstasy* meant not anciently, as at present, *rapturous pleasure* but alienation of mind.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 21. —— *a* thread *of mine own life*,] i. e. a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. *Prospero* considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. TOLLET.

*Id. l.* 25. —— strangely *stood the test*:] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *marvellousement, to a wonder.*

*Id. l.* 34. *If thou dost break her* virgin knot *before*
*All sanctimonious ceremonies*, &c.] This is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients which were worn as guardians of chastity by marriageable young women. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 36. *No sweet* aspersion] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling.* At present it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 52. Fairly *spoke*;] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *the rabble*,] The crew of meaner spirits.

*Id. l.* 63. *Some* vanity *of mine art*;] i. e. illusion of mine art.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *bring a* corollary,] i. e. bring more than are sufficient rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus.*

*Id. l.* 7. *No tongue*;] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, "else," as we are afterwards told, the "spell is marred." JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 12. —— thatch'd *with* stover,] *Stover* (in Cambridgeshire and other counties) signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewise used as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings.

*Id. l.* 13. *Thy banks with* peonied *and* lilied *brims*,] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote:
"*with* pioned *and* tilled *brims*,"
*Peonied* is the emendation of Hanmer, but Mr. Malone adheres to the old edition.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *and thy* broom *groves*,] *Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher.

*Id. l.* 17. *Being* lass-lorn;] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *thy pole*-clipt vineyard;] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace.* The poles are *clipped* or embraced by the vines.

*Id. l.* 31. *My* bosky *acres*, &c.] *Bosky* is woody. Bosky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boscus* is middle Latin for *wood.*

*Id. l.* 33. —— *to this* short-grass'd green?] The old copy reads short-*grass'd* green. *Short graz'd green* means *grazed so as to be short.*

*Id. l.* 65. *Earth's* increase, *and foison plenty*, &c.] Earth's *increase*, is the *produce* of the earth: ——foison, *plenty*, i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty.

*P.* 15, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *a* wonder'd *father*,] i. e. able to perform wonders.

*Id. l.* 9. —— wand'ring *brooks*,] The modern edi-

tors read—*winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. STEEVENS.

*P.* 15, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. *Leave your* crisp *channels,*] *Crisp*, i. e. *curling, winding. Crisp*, however, allude may to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 31. *This is* most *strange:*] Malone reads: "This is strange:" I have introduced the word—*most*, on account of the metre, which otherwise is defective.—In the first line of Prospero's next speech there is likewise an omission, but I have not ventured to supply it. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *all which it* inherit,] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 44. *And, like this insubstantial* pageant faded,] *Faded* means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed.

*Id. l.* 45. *Leave not a* rack *behind:*] "The winds (says lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." Mr. Steevens would explain the word *rack* somewhat differently, by calling it *the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity*. What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by sailors—the *scud*. The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakspeare. But sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tract*, for which there are some authorities; and Mr. Malone *wrack*, a misspelling for *wreck;* and after producing authorities, says, it has been urged, that "objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words—"Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to "the baseless fabrick of this vision," but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall *(like* a vision, or a pageant), be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.

*Id. l.* 58. *Thy thoughts I* cleave to:] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with closely*.

*Id. l.* 60. —— to meet with *Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract;* to play stratagem against stratagem.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *pricking* goss,] I know not how Shakspeare distinguished *goss* from *furze;* for what he calls *furze* is called *goss* or *gorse* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakspeare means the low sort of *gorse* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry. TOLLET.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. *For* stale *to catch these t*
*Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used
a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds. STEEV
*Id. l.* 7. Nurture *can never stick;*] *Nu*
*education*.

*Id. l.* 8. —— all, *all lost,*] The first of these was probably introduced by the careles the transcriber or compositor. W safely read—*are* all lost. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 9. *And as, with age, his body uglier*
*So his mind cankers:*] Shakspear he wrote this description, perhaps ree what his patron's most intimate frie great lord Essex, in an hour of disconte of queen Elizabeth:—"*that she grew c cankered, and that her mind was bec crooked as her carcase:*"—a speech, according to sir Walter Raleigh, cost head, and which, we may therefore s was at that time much talked of. T being written in the time of king James obnoxious words might be safely re MALONE.

*Id. l.* 16. —— *the blind mole may not*
*Hear a foot fall:*] This quality of which the mole is supposed to posse high a degree, is mentioned in *Euphu* 1581, p. 64: "Doth not the lion for s the turtle for love, the ant for labour man? Doth not the eagle see clear vulture smell better, *the moale hear lier?*"

*Id. l.* 21. —— *has done little better than the* Jack *with us* ] i. e. he has playe *with a lantern;* has led us about *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are d into the mire.

*Id. l.* 46. Trin. *O king Stephano! O p worthy Stephano! look, what a wa here is for thee!*] An allusion to an o brated ballad, which begins thus: *Stephan was a worthy peer*"—; an brates that king's parsimony with reg his *wardrobe*.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *we know what belongs to* pery:] A *frippery* was a shop wh clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr. The who kept one of these shops was c *fripper*. Strype, in his life of Stowe that these *frippers* lived in Birchin-la Cornhill.

*Id. l.* 53. "Let it alone."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *under the line:*] An allu what often happens to people who p line. The violent fevers which they c in that hot climate, make them lose the

*Id. l* 68.——*put some* lime, &c.] That is, *bir*

*Id. l* 71. —— *to* barnacles, *or to apes*—] says, *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. Th *nacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing bottoms of ships, and which was ancient posed, when broken off, to become these geese.

*Id. l.* 72 *With* foreheads *villainous* low.] *foreheads* were anciently reckoned am formities.

*Id. l.* 78 *A noise of Hunters heard.*] Shak might have had in view *Arthur's Chase*. many believe to be in France, and thin it is a kennel of black dogs followed known huntsmen with an exceeding sound of horns, as if it was a very hun some wild beast.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 16, *c.* 1, *l.* 20. —— *and time*
*Goes upright with his carriage.*] Al

arrying a burthen. This critical period ife proceeds as I could wish. Time orward all the expected events, with-ring under his burthen. STEEVENS.

*l.* 25. "his followers."—MALONE.

—*till your release.*] i. e. till you re-em.

— *a* touch, *a feeling* —] A *touch*, is a se.

— *that relish all as sharply,*
*ion as they.*] I feel every thing with e quick sensibility, and am moved by e passions as they are.

*elves of hills, brooks, standing and groves;*] This speech Dr. War-rightly observes to be borrowed from in Ovid.

*Yeak* masters *though ye be,*)] The of this passage may be, *Though you inferior masters of these superna-owers — though you possess them but w degree;* or, "ye are powerful auxi-but weak if left to yourselves; — your nent is then to make green ringlets, and t mushrooms, and to play the idle mentioned by Ariel in his next song; your aid I have been enabled to invert rse of nature."

— But *this rough magic*, &c.] This of Prospero sets out with a long and invocation to the various ministers of : yet to what purpose they were in-does not very distinctly appear. Had hor written — "*All* this," &c. instead *But* this," &c. the conclusion of the would have been more pertinent to its ng. STEEVENS.

9. —— *A solemn air, and the best comforter*
*unsettled* fancy, cure thy brains, &c.] o does not desire *them* to cure *their* His expression is optative, not im-e; and means — *May* music cure thy i. e. settle them.

— boil'd *within thy skull!*] So, in *A mer Night's Dream*, "*seething* &c. occur: and in *The Winter's* ve have "*boil'd brains.*"

— *fellowly drops.*] I would read, *fel-ops.* The additional syllable only in-e metre, without enforcing the sense. *ly*, however, is an adjective used by . STEEVENS.

— *the ignorant fumes* —] i. e. the f ignorance.

*hou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. sh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: ld points the passage in a different , and perhaps rightly:

ou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood."

— remorse *and* nature;] *Remorse* is by hor and the contemporary writers ge-used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart.* is natural affection. MALONE.

— *In a* cowslip's *bell I lie*:] So, in r's *Nymphidia*:

At midnight, the appointed hour;
And for the queen a fitting *bower*,
Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip* flower
On Hipcut hill that bloweth."

date of this poem not being ascer-we know not whether our author was d to it, or was himself copied by Dray-believe, the latter was the imitator. *idia* was not written, I imagine, till e English Don Quixote had appeared . MALONE.

*Id. l.* 42. Mr. Malone reads, "There I couch When owls do cry."

*Id. l.* 42 —— *when owls do cry*] i. e. at night.

*Id. l.* 44 *After summer, merrily*:] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *shall I live now,*
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*] This thought is not thrown out at random. It composed a part of the magical system of these days. The idea was probably first suggested by the description of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal shades.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *I drink the air* —] *To drink the air*— is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.*

*Id. l.* 65 —— Whe'r *thou beest he, or no,*] *Whe'r* for *whether.*

*Id. l.* 72. *Thy dukedom I resign;*] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.

P. 17, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. —— *You do yet* taste
*Some* subtilties *o'the isle,*] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *who* three hours *since* —] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the cavillers of the time that he could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters.

*Id. l.* 22. —— *I am* woe *for't, sir.*] i. e. *I am sorry for it. To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry.*

*Id. l.* 30. *As great to me, as late;*] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 43. —— their *words*
*Are natural breath*:] An anonymous correspondent thinks that *their* is a corruption, and that we should read — *these* words. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt concerning *themselves.* Their doubts related only to *Prospero.*

*Id. l.* 63. *Yes, for a score of* kingdoms, &c.] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world*: Yea, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair So, likewise, Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l* 52. *My* tricksy *spirit!*] is, my clever, adroit spirit. Shakspeare uses the same word in *The Merchant of Venice.*

*Id. l.* 56. —— *dead* of *sleep,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors — *asleep.* Mr. Malone has substituted "*on* sleep" as the ancient English phraseology.

*Id. l.* 72. —— conduct *of*:] *Conduct for conductor*
*Conduct* is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity college chapels, is still so styled. HENLEY.

*P.* 17, *c.* 2, *l.* 76. —— *with* beating *on*
*The strangeness*, &c.] *Beating* may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon.

*Id. l.* 78. (*Which to you* shall seem probable,)] I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then seem probable. MALONE.

*P.* 18, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. —— Coragio!] An exclamation of encouragement.

*Id. l.* 20. *Is a* plain fish,] That is, plainly, evidently a fish; but it is not easy to determine the shape which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, &c. we gather from circumstances in the play. Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban*.

*Id. l.* 22. —— true:] that is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*.

*Id l.* 24. *His mother was a witch; and one so* strong
*That could control the moon*, &c.] This was the phraseology of the times. After the statute against *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge those against whom they harboured resentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had just then been declared a capital offence.

*Id. l.* 25. *And deal in her command, without her power*:] I suppose Prospero means, that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 35. *And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they*
*Find this* grand LIQUOR *that hath gilded them?*] Warburton thinks that Shakspeare, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. But Mr. Steevens says that, as the alchymist's *elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand.

*Id. l.* 39. — fly-blowing.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool: and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing*.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *but a* cramp,] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *soreness* occasioned by them.

*Id. l.* 43. *I should have been a* sore *one then.*] The same quibble occurs afterwards in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*: "Man, 'twill be *sore* law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet." Stephano also alludes to the *sores* about him. STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 39. *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applause, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 45. *And my ending is despair,*
*Unless I be reliev'd by pray'r*;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

ACT. II.—SCENE 2.

*Caliban.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse.

# Two Gentlemen of Verona.

## Historical Notes.

of the incidents in this play may be supo have been taken from *The Arcadia*, chap. vi., where Pyrocles consents to e Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on ks of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23, The love adventure of Julia resembles Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is, indeed, ı to many of the ancient novels. STEE-

Lenox observes, and I think not imy, that the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* e taken from a similar one in the *Diana* ge of *Montemayor*.—"This pastoral ro- ' says she, "was translated from the in Shakspeare's time." I have seen no translation than that of Bartholomew who dates his dedication in November, nd Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed ne year, expressly mentions the *Two ıen of Verona*. Indeed, *Montemayor* nslated two or three years before, by ɔmas Wilson; but this work, I am per- was never published *entirely;* perhaps arts of it were, or the tale might have anslated by others. However, Mr Stee- ıys, very truly, that this kind of love- ıre is frequent in the old *novelists*. FAR-

e is no earlier translation of the *Diana* on the books of the Stationers' Comıan that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many ions, however, after they were licensed, apriciously suppressed. Among others, Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florenras "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's ads." STEEVENS.

observable (I know not for what cause) e style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakspeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakspeare's *worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other*. Mr Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise*, says he, *do painters distinguish copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which, if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The

peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνωμαι beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. Johnson.

This comedy was written in 1591, according to Mr Malone, who supposes it to have been our author's first play; and, viewed as a first production, he thinks it may be pronounced a very elegant and extraordinary performance.

Act. III.—Scene I.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love letters! [*Exit.*

*Launce.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! —I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

# VO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ty there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is ent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town n the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never m more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture: and, if we the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook; sometimes remem- sometimes forgot.

play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except Titus Andronicus; and it will be found more t Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his

*Johnson.*

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MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
IE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
*Father to Proteus.*
*s foolish Rival to Valentine.*
*R, Agent for Silvia, in her escape.*
*Clownish Servant to Valentine.*
*Servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
*Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.*
*Outlaws.*

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*
*Servants, Musicians.*

ENE,—*Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.*

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## ACT I.

NE I.—*An open Place in Verona.*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

ase to persuade, my loving Proteus;
ping youth have ever homely wits:
affection chains thy tender days
eet glances of thy honour'd love,
ould entreat thy company,
wonders of the world abroad,
g dully sluggardiz'd at home,
thy youth with shapeless idleness.
thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
would, when I to love begin.
ilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
note-worthy object in thy travel:
partaker in thy happiness,
u dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
nger do environ thee,
thy grievance to my holy prayers,
be thy bead's-man, Valentine.
nd on a love-book pray for my success.
pon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
nat's on some shallow story of deep love,
g Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
hat's a deep story of a deeper love;
s more than over shoes in love.
is true; for you are over boots in love,
ou never swam the Hellespont.
ver the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
o, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
What?
To be
where scorn is bought with groans; coy
oks,
rt-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
nty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
ron, perhaps, a hapless gain;
y then a grievous labour won;
but a folly bought with wit,
wit by folly vanquished.
o, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll
ve.
'is love you cavil at; I am not love.
ove is your master, for he masters you:
hat is so yoked by a fool,
, should not be chronicled for wise.
'et writers say, As in the sweetest bud
g canker dwells, so eating love
n the finest wits of all.
nd writers say, As the most forward bud
y the canker ere it blow,
y love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here, in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[*Exit Valentine.*

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you: saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether [I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such a store

of mutton. [best stick her.
*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were
*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you. [for carrying your letter.
*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me
*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.
*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, [lover.
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your
*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod?
*Speed.* I. [*Speed nods.*
*Pro.* Nod, I; why, that's noddy.
*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.
*Pro.* And that set together, is—noddy.
*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains. [letter.
*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the
*Speed.* Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.
*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?
*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.
*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?
*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered. [she?
*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said
*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
*Pro.* Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?
*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.
*Pro.* What, said she nothing?
*Speed.* No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. [wreck;
*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wou'dst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
*Luc.* Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew
According to my shallow simple skill. [my mind
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?
*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?
*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him
*Jul.* Your reason? [best.
*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast amiss.
*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves you.
*Jul.* His little speaking shews his love but small.
*Luc.* Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.
*Jul.* They do not love, that do not shew their love.
*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.
*Jul.* I would, I knew his mind. [
*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.
*Jul.* *To Julia,*—Say, from whom?
*Luc.* That the contents will show.
*Jul.* Say, say; who gave it thee?
*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight. [
*Luc.* To plead for love, deserves more fee than
*Jul.* Will you be gone?
*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay.*
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humble, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?
*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?
*Luc.* I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
*Jul.* What is't you took up
So gingerly?
*Luc.* Nothing.
*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?
*Luc.* To take a paper up, that I let fall.
*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?
*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.
*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.
*Jul.* Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.
*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you
*Jul.* And why not you? [sing it.
*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.
*Jul.* Let's see your song:—How now, minion?
*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
*Jul.* You do not?
*Luc.* No, madam, it is too sharp.
*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.
*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

seem is drown'd with your unruly base.
ed, I bid the base for Proteus.
babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
with protestation!—(*Tears the letter.*)
one; and let the papers lie:
e fingering them, to anger me.
makes it strange; but she would be
pleas'd
er'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
would I were so anger'd with the same!
ds, to tear such loving words!
ps, to feed on such sweet honey,
bees, that yield it, with your stings!
several paper for amends.
writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
of thy ingratitude,
ame against the bruising stones,
ntemptuously on thy disdain.
writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
d name! my bosom, as a bed,
see, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
earch it with a sovereign kiss.
thrice, was Proteus written down?
d wind, blow not a word away,
und each letter in the letter,
own name; that some whirlwind bear
d, fearful, hanging rock,
thence into the raging sea!
e line is his name twice writ,—
*Proteus, passionate Proteus,*
*Julia;* that I'll tear away;
ll not, sith so prettily
to his complaining names;
old them one upon another;
brace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

am, dinner's ready, and your father
let us go. [stays.
t, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
?
respect them, best to take them up.
I was taken up for laying them down:
shall not lie, for catching cold.
you have a month's mind to them.
madam, you may say what sights you
o, although you judge I wink. [see;
come will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

*same. A Room in Antonio's house.*

*er* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
my brother held you in the cloister?
as of his nephew Proteus, your son.
, what of him?
He wonder'd, that your lordship
him to spend his youth at home;
men, of slender reputation,
r sons, to seek preferment out:
wars, to try their fortune there;
over islands far away;
studious universities.
r all these exercises,
Proteus, your son, was meet;
est me, to importune you,
end his time no more at home,
be great impeachment to his age,
wn no travel in his youth.
eed'st thou much importune me to that,
month I have been hammering.
er'd well his loss of time;
cannot be a perfect man,
'd and tutor'd in the world:
by industry atchiev'd,
d by the swift course of time:
, whither were I best to send him?
k, your lordship is not ignorant,
mason, youthful Valentine,
emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well. [thither:
*Pan.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
*Pan.* To morrow, may it please you, Don Al-
With other gentlemen of good esteem, [phonso,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents?
O heavenly Julia! [there?
*Ant.* How now? what letter are you reading
*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
Of commendation sent from Valentine, [two
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
*Pro.* There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?
*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two. [thee:
*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*
*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love:
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*Re-enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
*Pro.* Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Exeunt*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.
*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on. [but one
*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is
*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

*Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
*Val.* How now, sirrah?
*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.
*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?
*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward. [slow.
*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too
*Val.* Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam
*Speed.* She that your worship loves? [Silvia?
*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?
*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks:—First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that hath the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?
*Speed.* They are all perceived without you.
*Val.* Without me? they cannot.
*Speed.* Without you; nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.
*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Sylvia?
*Speed.* She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?
*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.
*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.
*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?
*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, sir?
*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.
*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.
*Val.* What dost thou know? [favoured.
*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well
*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?
*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty. [beauty.
*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her
*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.
*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?
*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.
*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.
*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.
*Val.* Why?
*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!
*Val.* What should I see then?
*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.
*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
*Speed.* True, sir, I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
*Speed.* I would you were set; so your affection would cease. [lines to one she loves.
*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some
*Speed.* And have you?
*Val.* I have.
*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?
*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can
Peace, here she comes.

*Enter* Silvia.

*Speed.* O excellent motion! O exceed
now will he interpret to her. (*Aside.*)
*Val.* Madam and mistress, a the
*Speed.* O, 'give you good even! ha
of manners.
*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to y
sand. [it
*Speed.* He should give her interest, a
*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ
Unto the secret nameless friend of you
Which I was much unwilling to proce
But for my duty to your ladyship.
*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis
*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it cam
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
*Sil.* Perchance you think too much
*Val.* No, madam; so it stead you, I
Please you command, a thousand times
And yet,—
*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess
And yet I will not name it:—and yet
And yet take this again:—and yet I th
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no
*Speed.* And yet you will; and yet
(*Aside.*)
*Val.* What means your ladyship?
*Sil.* Yes, yes; the lines are very qu
But since unwillingly, take them again
Nay, take them.
*Val.* Madam, they are for you.
*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at
But I will none of them; they are for
I would have had them writ more mo
*Val.* Please you, I'll write your lady
*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake
And if it please you, so; if not, why,
*Val.* If it please me, madam! what
*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for
And so good-morrow, servant. [
*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weat
steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hat
He being her pupil, to become her tut
O excellent device! was there ever he
That my master, being scribe, to hi
write the letter?
*Val.* How now, sir? what, are you r
yourself?
*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis y
the reason.
*Val.* To do what?
*Speed.* To be a spokesman from ma
*Val.* To whom?
*Speed.* To yourself: why, she woo
*Val.* What figure?
*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.
*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me
*Speed.* What needs she, when she h
write to yourself? Why, do you not perc
*Val.* No, believe me
*Speed.* No believing you indeed, sir;
perceive her earnest?
*Val.* She gave me none, except an a
*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a l
*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her f
*Speed.* And that letter hath she d
there an end.
*Val.* I would, it were no worse.
*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
*For often you have writ to her; and she,*
*Or else for want of idle time, could not*

*r else some messenger, that might her*
*ind discover,*
*ith taught her love himself to write unto*
*r lover.—*
peak in print, for in print I found it.—
you, sir? 'tis dinner time.
ave dined.
ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon
ed on the air, I am one that am nourished
ale, and would fain have meat; O, be not
istress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

*—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

ve patience, gentle Julia.
ust, where is no remedy.
hen possibly I can, I will return.
ou turn not, you will return the sooner:
remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
(*Giving a ring.*)
ry then we'll make exchange; here, take
n this.
l seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
re is my hand for my true constancy;
that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
nsuing hour some foul mischance
e for my love's forgetfulness!
stays my coming; answer not;
now: nay, not the tide of tears;
rill stay me longer than I should;
[*Exit Julia.*
vell.—What! gone without a word?
love should do: it cannot speak;
ath better deeds, than words, to grace it.
*Enter* PANTHINO.
Proteus, you are staid for.
; I come, I come:—
parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

NE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Iay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
ll the kind of the Launces have this very
re received my proportion, like the pro-
, and am going with Sir Proteus to the
court. I think, Crab my dog be the
ared dog that lives: my mother weeping,
wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling,
nging her hands, and all our house in a
exity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur
ear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone,
more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would
e have seen our parting; why, my grandam
yes, look you, wept herself blind at my
lay, I'll show you the manner of it: This
father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—
left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot
ter;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the
s: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my
l this my father; a vengeance on't! there
sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you,
white as a lily, and as small as a wand:
Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the
elf, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me,
myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my
*ther, your blessing;* now should not the
a word for weeping; now should I kiss
well, he weeps on:—now come I to my
, that she could speak now!) like a good
well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's
's breath up and down; now come I to my
k the moan she makes: now, the dog all
sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but
lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

nce, away, away, aboard; thy master is
ad thou art to post after with oars. What's
the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Laun.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Laun.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Laun.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail?

*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. [thee.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Laun.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

*Sil.* Servant—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good, you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How? [colour?

*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words. [father.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my

*Enter* DUKE.

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?
*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
*Duke.* Hath he not a son?
*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
*Duke.* You know him well?
*Val.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*
*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty. [still.
*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners
*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter* Proteus.

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman. [seech you,
*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I be-
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.
*Val.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
*Sil.* That you are welcome?
*Pro.* No; that you are worthless.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you
*Sil.* I'll wait upon his pleasure. (*Exit Servant.*)
Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence came?
*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them m
*Val.* And how do yours? [commen
*Pro.* I left them all in health.
*Val.* How does your lady? and how thrives love?
*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary y
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd no
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eye
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sor
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and slee
Upon the very naked name of love.
*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your ey
Was this the idol that you worship so?
*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly m
*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.
*Val.* Call her divine.
*Pro.* I will not flatter her.
*Val.* O, flatter me; for love delights in prais
*Pro.* When I was sick you gave me bitter p
And I must minister the like to you.
*Val.* Then speak the truth by her; if not divi
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
*Pro.* Except my mistress.
*Val.* Sweet, except not a
Except thou will except against my love.
*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.
*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is th
*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothin
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothi
She is alone. [ou
*Pro.* Then let her alone.
*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is m
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
*Pro.* But she loves you?
*Val.* Ay, we are betroth'd
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
*Pro.* Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
*Val.* Will you make haste?
*Pro.* I will. [*Exit V*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love

:r object quite forgotten.
e, or Valentinus' praise,
fection, or my false transgression,
me reasonless, to reason thus?
nd so is Julia, that I love;—
ve, for now my love is thaw'd;
a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
ression of the thing it was.
y seal to Valentine is cold;
ve him not, as I was wont:
his lady too, too much;
e reason I love him so little.
dote on her with more advice,
thout advice begin to love her?
picture I have yet beheld,
h dazzled my reason's light;
look on her perfections,
eason but I shall be blind.
k my erring love I will;
pass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

NE V.—*The same. A street.*

*Enter* SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

launce! by mine honesty, welcome to

swear not thyself, sweet youth; for I
me. I reckon this always—that a man
me, till he be hanged; nor welcome to
me certain shot be paid, and the hostess

me on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-
on presently; where, for one shot of
ou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
how did thy master part with madam

rry, after they closed in earnest, they
airly in jest.
t shall she marry him?

w then? shall he marry her?
neither.
at, are they broken?
they are both as whole as a fish.
y then, how stands the matter with

rry, thus; when it stands well with
well with her. [not.
at an ass art thou? I understand thee
at a block art thou, that thou can'st
f understands me.
at thou say'st?
and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but
staff understands me.
tands under thee, indeed.
r, stand under and understand is all one.
tell me true, will't be a match?
my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he
l; if he shake his tail, and say nothing,

conclusion is then, that it will.
u shalt never get such a secret from
parable.
well that I get it so. But, Launce,
u, that my master is become a notable

ver knew him otherwise.
a how?
otable lubber, as thou reportest him
[me.
y, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest
y fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy

thee, my master is become a hot lover.
y, I tell thee, I care not though he
a love. If thou wilt go with me to the
if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew,
the name of a Christian.
y?
ause thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SC. VI.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to change the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself: for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder,
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Verona. A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even, in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [food?
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be. [breeches?

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream of infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth; [wrong,
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.——
[*Exit Thurio.*
Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal: [
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That, which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

*Enter* VALENTINE. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him? [

*Duke.* No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty:
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

d in her sun-bright eye.
her with gifts, if she respect not words:
oftes, in their silent kind,
ck words, do move a woman's mind.
she did scorn a present that I sent her.
nan sometimes scorns what best con-
ther; never give her o'er; [tents her:
irst makes after-love the more.
m, 'tis not in hate of you,
beget more love in you:
le, 'tis not to have you gone;
fools are mad, if left alone.
lse, whatever she doth say;
pose, she doth not mean *away*:
praise, commend, extol their graces;
so black, say, they have angels' faces.
t hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
ague he cannot win a woman.
she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
al gentleman of worth;
srely from resort of men,
hath access by day to her.
then I would resort to her by night.
but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
nath recourse to her by night. [safe,
lets, but one may enter at her window?
chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
helving, that one cannot climb it
urest hazard of his life.
then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
th a pair of anchoring hooks,
to scale another Hero's tower,
der would adventure it.
r, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
here I may have such a ladder. [that.
would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
very night; for love is like a child,
r every thing that he can come by.
ven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
hark thee; I will go to her alone;
best convey the ladder thither?
I be light, my lord, that you may bear it
t, that is of any length. [turn.
loak as long as thine will serve the
ay good lord.
n let me see thy cloak:
e of such another length.
any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
v shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
et me feel thy cloak upon me.—
this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
engine fit for my proceeding!
l to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
*do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
*they are to me, that send them flying:*
*r master come and go as lightly,*
*ould lodge, where senseless they are*

*houghts in thy pure bosom rest them;*
*eir king, that thither them importune,*
*e grace that with such grace hath*
*hem,*
*yself do want my servants' fortune:*
*lf, for they are sent by me,* [*be.*
*ould harbour where their lord should*
*?*
*night I will enfranchise thee:*
here's the ladder for the purpose.—
on, (for thou art Merope' son,)
pire to guide the heavenly car,
daring folly burn the world?
ch stars, because they shine on thee?
ader! over-weening slave!
wning smiles on equal mates;
y patience, more than thy desert,
r thy departure hence:
this, more than for all the favours,
o much, I have bestow'd on thee.
ger in my territories,
swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit Duke.*

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die, is to be banish'd from myself; [ment?
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale:
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* Proteus *and* Launce.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho!
*Pro.* What seest thou?
*Laun.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
*Pro.* Valentine?
*Val.* No.
*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?
*Val.* Neither.
*Pro.* What then?
*Val.* Nothing.
*Laun.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?
*Pro.* Whom would'st thou strike?
*Laun.* Nothing.
*Pro.* Villain, forbear.
*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear:—Friend Valentine, a word. [news,
*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
*Val.* Is Silvia dead?
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news? [vanish'd.
*Laun.* Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
*Pro.* That thou art banished, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire:
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
*Val.* No more; unless the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help, for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.
*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.
*Val.* O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*
*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log (*Pulling out a paper*) of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?
*Laun.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?
*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st
*Speed.* Why, man, how black?
*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.
*Speed.* Let me read them.
*Laun.* Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.
*Speed.* Thou liest, I can. [thee?
*Laun.* I will try thee: tell me this: who begot
*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.
*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.
*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
*Laun.* There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!
*Speed.* Imprimis, *She can milk.*
*Laun.* Ay, that she can.
*Speed.* Item, *She brews good ale.*
*Laun.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.
*Speed.* Item, *She can sew.*
*Laun.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?
*Speed.* Item, *She can knit.*
*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
*Speed.* Item, *She can wash and scour.*
*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.
*Speed.* Item, *She can spin.*
*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
*Speed.* Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*
*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
*Speed. Here follow her vices.*
*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.
*Speed.* Item, *She is not to be kissed, respect of her breath.*
*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mea breakfast: read on.
*Speed.* Item, *She hath a sweet mout*
*Laun.* That makes amends for her so
*Speed.* Item, *She doth talk in her sl*
*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she her talk.
*Speed.* Item, *She is slow in words.*
*Laun.* O villain, that set this down vices! To be slow in words, is a wo virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and pla chief virtue.
*Speed.* Item, *She is proud.*
*Laun.* Out with that too; it was E and cannot be ta'en from her.
*Speed.* Item, *She hath no teeth.*
*Laun.* I care not for that neither, bec
*Speed.* Item, *She is curst.*
*Laun.* Well; the best is, she hath no t
*Speed. She will often praise her liq*
*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall not, I will; for good things should be pr
*Speed.* Item, *She is too liberal.*
*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot; fo down she is slow of: of her purse she sh that I'll keep shut: now of another thin and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.
*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair tha more faults than hairs, and more w faults.*
*Laun.* Stop there; I'll have her; sh and not mine, twice or thrice in that I rehearse that once more.
*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair tha*
*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, fore it is more than the salt; the hair tha wit, is more than the wit; for the great less. What's next?
*Speed.—And more faults than hairs,*
*Laun.* That's monstrous: O, that that
*Speed.—And more wealth than faul*
*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faul Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, is impossible,—
*Speed.* What then?
*Laun.* Why, then I will tell thee, master stays for thee at the north gate.
*Speed.* For me?
*Laun.* For thee? ay; who art thou? he for a better man than thee.
*Speed.* And must I go to him?
*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou so long, that going will scarce serve the
*Speed.* Why didst not tell me soone your love-letters!
*Laun.* Now will he be swinged for letter: an unmannerly slave, that will self into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice i correction.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the P lace. Enter* DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTE

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not, but that s Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight
*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.
*Duke.* This weak impress of love is a Trench'd in ice; which with an hour's h Dissolves to water, and doth lose his for A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, sir Proteus? Is your country According to our proclamation, gone?
*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.
*Duke.* My daughter takes his going gr
*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill

So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
the good conceit I hold of thee,
hast shown some sign of good desert,)
the better to confer with thee.
ouger than I prove loyal to your grace,
t live to look upon your grace.
Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
between sir Thurio and my daughter.
do, my lord.
And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
opposes her against my will.
so did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
ay, and perversely she persévers so.
hat we do, to make the girl forget
f Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
he best way is, to slander Valentine
hood, cowardice, and poor descent;
gs that women highly hold in hate.
ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
, if his enemy deliver it:
it must, with circumstance, be spoken
oon she esteemeth as his friend.
Then you must undertake to slander him.
nd that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
office for a gentleman;
, against his very friend. [him,
Where your good word cannot advantage
her never can endamage him;
the office is indifferent,
ented to it by your friend.
ou have prevail'd, my lord · if I can do it,
hat I can speak in his dispraise,
ot long continue love to him.
his weed her love from Valentine,
not, that she will love sir Thurio.
herefore, as you unwind her love from him,
old ravel, and be good to none,
provide to bottom it on me:
st be done, by praising me as much
worth dispraise sir Valentine. [kind;
And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
e know, on Valentine's report,
ready love's firm votary,
t soon revolt and change your mind.
warrant shall you have access,
s with Silvia may confer at large;
lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
our friend's sake, will be glad of you;
may temper her, by your persuasion,
ung Valentine, and love my friend.
much as I can do, I will effect:—
ir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
lay lime, to tangle her desires,
sonnets, whose composed rhymes
full fraught with serviceable vows.
ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.
y, that upon the altar of her beauty
ce your tears, your sighs, your heart;
your ink be dry; and with your tears
ain; and frame some feeling line,
liscover such integrity:
as' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
den touch could soften steel and stones,
s tame, and huge leviathans
sounded deeps to dance on sands.
dire lamenting elegies,
ght your lady's chamber-window
sweet concert: to their instruments
doring dump; the night's dead silence
become such sweet complaining grievance.
se nothing, will inherit her. [love.
This discipline shows thou hast been in
d thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
the city presently,
e gentlemen well skill'd in music:
unset that will serve the turn,
onset to thy good advice.
bout it, gentlemen.
e'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterwards determine our proceedings.
*Duke.* Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT. IV.

### Scene I.—*A Forest, near Mantua.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.
*Enter* Valentine *and* Speed.
3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
*Speed.* Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
*Val.* My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
*Val.* To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
*Val.* From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? [staid,
*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
*Val.* I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.
*Speed.* Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
*Val.* Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [consort?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. Court of the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO *and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
*Thu.* Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.
*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
*Thu.* Whom? Silvia?
*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and* JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?
*Host.* Ay, that you shall.
*Jul.* That will be music. (*Music plays.*)
*Host.* Hark! hark!
*Jul.* Is he among these?
*Host.* Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,*
*That all our swains commend her?*
*Holy, fair, and wise is she;*
*The heavens such grace did lend her,*
*That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?*
*For beauty lives with kindness:*
*Love doth to her eyes repair,*
*To help him of his blindness;*
*And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,*
*That Silvia is excelling;*
*She excels each mortal thing,*
*Upon the dull earth dwelling:*
*To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.
*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.
*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?
*Jul.* He plays false, father
*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?
*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
*Host.* You have a quick ear.
*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
*Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music.
*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.
*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!
*Jul.* Ay; that change is the spite. [thing?
*Host.* You would have them always play but one
*Jul.* I would always have one play but one
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk of,
often resort unto this gentlewoman?
*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.
*Jul.* Where is Launce?
*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.
*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
*Thu.* Where meet we?
*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.
*Thu.* Farewell. (*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*
*Silvia appears above, at her window.*
*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.
*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen;
Who is that, that spake?
*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.
*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
*Sil.* What is your will?
*Pro.* That I may compass yours.
*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
*Jul.* 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. (*Aside.*
*Sil.* Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
*Sil.* And so, suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
*Jul.* He heard not that. (*Aside.*)
*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow I will make true love.
*Jul.* If 'twere a substance, you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. (*Aside.*)
*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir:
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.
*Pro.* As wretches have o'er-night
That wait for execution in the morn.
(*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*

vill you go?
y hallidom, I was fast asleep.
m, where lies sir Proteus?
y, at my house. Trust me, I think,
.
; but it hath been the longest night
itch'd, and the most heaviest. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

the hour that madam Silvia
to call, and know her mind;
great matter she'd employ me in.—
m!
*ppears above, at her window.*
alls?
Your servant, and your friend;
ds your ladyship's command.
amour, a thousand times good-morrow.
ay, worthy lady, to yourself.
your ladyship's impose,
ly come, to know what service
sure to command me in.
mour, thou art a gentleman,
flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
remorseful, well accomplish'd.
gnorant, what dear good will
e banish'd Valentine;
father would enforce me marry
whom my very soul abhorr'd.
lov'd; and I have heard thee say
ver come so near thy heart,
lady and thy true love died,
rave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
, I would to Valentine,
here, I hear, he makes abode;
ways are dangerous to pass,
y worthy company,
aith and honour I repose.
father's anger, Eglamour,
n my grief, a lady's grief:
stice of my flying hence,
om a most unholy match,
s and fortune still reward with plagues.
ee, even from a heart
rows as the sea of sands,
ompany, and go with me:
what I have said to thee,
enture to depart alone.
n, I pity much your grievances;
I know they virtuously are placed,
to go along with you;
ttle what betideth me
sh all good befortune you.
u go?
This evening coming.
e shall I meet you?
At friar Patrick's cell,
d holy confession.
not fail your ladyship:
, gentle lady.
norrow, kind sir Eglamour. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*ter* LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

an's servant shall play the cur with
n, it goes hard: one that I brought up
one that I saved from drowning, when
of his blind brothers and sisters went
taught him—even as one would say
ns I would teach a dog. I was sent
, as a present to mistress Silvia, from
nd I came no sooner into the dining-
he steps me to her trencher, and steals
leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur
himself in all companies! I would
should say, one that takes upon him
indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all
had not had more wit than he, to
upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one, *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat on the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
*Jul.* In what you please;—I will do what I can.
*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? (*To Launce.*)
Where have you been these two days loitering?
*Laun.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?
*Laun.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
*Pro.* But she received my dog?
*Laun.* No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.
*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?
*Laun.* Ay sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.
[*Exit Launce.*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me. [token;
*Jul.* It seems you loved her not, to leave her
She's dead, belike.
*Pro.* Not so; I think, she lives.
*Jul.* Alas!
*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas?
*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.
*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her?
*Jul.* Because, methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!
*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.[*Ex. Pro.*
*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter* Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?
*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
*Sil.* From whom?
*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
*Sil.* O!—he sends you for a picture?
*Jul.* Ay, madam.
*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.
(*Picture brought.*)
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.
*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.
*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
*Sil.* There, hold
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
*Jul.* She thanks you.
*Sil.* What say'st thou?
*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
*Sil.* Dost thou know her?
*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times. [her.
*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
*Jul.* I think she doth, and that's her cause of
*Sil.* Is she not passing fair? [sorrow.
*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
*Sil.* How tall was she?
*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*
*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in this idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove, I vow
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

*Enter* Eglamour.

*Egl* The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter* Silvia.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt*

### Scene II.—*The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* Thurio, Proteus, *and* Julia.

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?
*Pro.* No; that it is too little. [rounder.
*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
*Thu.* What says she to my face?
*Pro.* She says, it is a fair one.
*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
*Jul.* 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes
For I had rather wink than look on them. (*Aside.*)
*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?
*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war. [peace?
*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

my mates, that make their wills their law. | *Pro.* Look to the boy.

better, indeed, when you hold your
ce. *(Aside.)*
at says she to my valour?
ir, she makes no doubt of that.
eeds not, when she knows it cowardice.
*(Aside.)*
at says she to my birth?
you are well deriv'd.
; from a gentleman to a fool. *(Aside.)*
siders she my possessions?
y; and pities them.
refore?
such an ass should owe them. *(Aside.)*
they are out by lease.
comes the duke.

*Enter* DUKE

w now, sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
u saw sir Eglamour of late?
I.
Nor I.
Saw you my daughter?
Neither.
hy, then she's fled unto that peasant
ar is in her company. [Valentine;
r friar Laurence met them both,
nance wander'd through the forest:
w well, and guess'd that it was she;
ask'd, he was not sure of it:
did intend confession
cell this even; and there she was not:
woods confirm her flight from hence.
pray you, stand not to discourse,
ou presently; and meet with me
ing of the mountain-foot
owards Mantua, whither they are fled.
weet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
y, this it is to be a peevish girl,
r fortune when it follows her:
re to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
I will follow more for Silvia's love,
f Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
I will follow, more to cross that love,
r Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

*-Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

*Enter* SILVIA *and Outlaws.*

me, come;
we must bring you to our captain.
usand more mischances than this one
d me how to brook this patiently.
me, bring her away.
here is the gentleman that was with her?
ing nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
, and Valerius, follow him.
h her to the west end of the wood,
captain: we'll follow him that's fled:
is beset, he cannot 'scape. [cave:
me, I must bring you to our captain's
: bears an honourable mind,
t use a woman lawlessly.
lentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

r use doth breed a habit in a man!
ry desert, unfrequented woods,
ok than flourishing peopled towns:
sit alone, unseen of any,
nightingale's complaining notes,
stresses, and record my woes.
dost inhabit in my breast,
he mansion so long tenantless;
ng ruinous, the building fall,
no memory of what it was!
with thy presence, Silvia;
nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
oing, and what stir, is this to-day?
ry mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well: yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. *(Aside.)*
*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!
*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. *(Aside.)*
*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast for the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
*Pro.* In love,
Who respects friends?
*Sil.* All men but Proteus.
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
*Sil.* O heaven!
*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.
*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
*Pro.* Valentine! [love;
*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
*Pro.* My shame and guilt, confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
*Val.* Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
*Jul.* O me, unhappy! *(Faints.)*
*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is
Look up; speak. [the matter?
*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?
*Jul.* Here 'tis; this is it. (*Gives a ring.*)
*Pro.* How! let me see;
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.
*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook.
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
(*Shews another ring.*)
*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my
I gave it unto Julia. [depart,
*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
*Pro.* How! Julia!
*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush;
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, [minds.
Women to change their shapes, than men their
*Pro.* Than men their minds! 'tis true; O heaven!
were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error [sins;
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for
*Jul.* And I have mine. [ever.

*Enter Outlaws, with* Duke *and* Thurio.

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!
*Val.* Forbear, I say: it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.
*Duke.* Sir Valentine!
*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl, that loves him not.
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept with
Are men, endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord. [the
*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them a
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
*Val.* And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord? [blushes
*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in his; l
*Val.* I warrant you, my lord, more grace than b
*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?
*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours:
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeun*

Act. V.—Scene 2.

*Duke.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*l.* 11. —— *shapeless* idleness.] The
n is fine, as implying that *idleness*
the giving any form or character to
ers. WARBURTON.
— *some shallow story of deep love,*
*young Leander cross'd the Helles-*
.] The poem of *Musæus*, entitled
ND LEANDER, is meant. Marlow's
n of this piece was extremely popular,
ervedly so, many of Marlow's lines
smooth as those of Dryden.
— *nay, give me not* the boots.] A
al expression, though now disused,
g, don't make a laughing stock of me;
y with me.
*owever, but a folly,* &c.] This love
in a *foolish action*, to produce which
long to spend your *wit*, or it will end
ss of your *wit*, which will be over-
by the folly of love. JOHNSON.
). At *Milan*.] Mr. Malone reads "*To*
—which may here be intended as an
t sentence. I am now bound for Mi-
let me hear from thee by letters ad-
to me at Milan.
r. Pope's opinion that this scene was
ted by the players seems advanced
any proof, only to give a greater li-
criticism. JOHNSON.
— *a* laced mutton,] A *laced mutton*
ur author's time so established a term
urtezan, that a street in Clerkenwell,
as much frequented by women of the
as then called *Mutton-lane*.
*l.* 12. —— *why that's* noddy.] Mr.
s says noddy *was a game at cards;*
play upon syllables is hardly worth
ng. The speakers intend to fix the
*noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other.
— *in telling* her *mind*.] The old copy
- in telling *your* mind," — which Mr.
adopts. The meaning is — *She being*
*d to me who was the* bearer *of your*
*I fear she will prove no less so to you,*
ou address *her in person*.
— *you have* testern'd *me*;] You have
l me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*,
with a sixpence. JOHNSON.

### SCENE II.

*What think'st thou of the fair* sir Egla-
] This *sir Eglamour* must not be confounded with the *persona dramatis* of the same name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chastity" upon the death of his "true love." Perhaps *sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an insignificant inamorato.

*Id. l.* 74. *Should* censure *thus*, &c.] *To censure*, in our author's time, generally signified to give one's judgment.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 6. "that's"— MALONE.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *a goodly* broker!] A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procuress. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *say* No, *to that*, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, "Maids say *nay*, and take it."

*Id. l.* 48.—— stomach *on your meat*,] *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 50. "that you"— MALONE.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *too harsh a* descant;] *Descant* is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony in which one part is broken, and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *but a* mean, &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in music.

*P.* 33, *c.* 1, *l.* 2 To "*bid the base*" means here, I believe, *to challenge to a contest*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 43. *Yet here they shall not lie*, for catching cold.] i. e. *lest they should catch cold*. This mode of expression is not frequent in Shakspeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

*Id. l.* 44. *I see, you have a* month's mind *to them*.] A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery. There was also *a year's mind*, and *week's mind*. But *a month's* mind, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *what* sad *talk*—] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *of* slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of.

*Id. l.* 59. *Some, to discover islands far away*;] In Shakspeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the Islands of America were much in vogue. And the sons of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *great* impeachment *to his age*,] *Impeachment*, i. e. *reproach* or *imputation*.

*Id. l.* 77. *Attends the emperor in his royal court*.] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this

play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Mason adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan." STEEVENS.

*P.* 33, *c.* 2, *l.* 17. —— in good time,] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened that suited the thing in hand.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *now will we* break *with him.*] That is, *break* the matter to him.

*Id. l.* 43. *Like* exhibition —] i. e. allowance.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *resembleth* —] is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth.* Shakspeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 68. "A room" — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 73. Val. *Not mine; my gloves are* on.
Speed. *Why then this may be yours, for this is but* one.] It should seem from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on.*

*P.* 34, c. 1, *l.* 18. —— *takes* diet;] is under a regimen.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *Hallowmas* ] This is about the feast of All-Saints, when the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dict.* explains *puling*), for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *none else would*:] None else would *be so simple.*

*Id. l.* 66. —— *for going* ungartered!] This is enumerated by Rosalind in *As you like it*, Act. iii. sc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 78. *I would you were* set;] *set* for *seated*, in opposition to *stand.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l* 8. *O excellent* motion! &c.] *Motion*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *puppet*, or rather perhaps a *puppet-show;* the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors

*Id. l.* 12. *Sir Valentine and* servant,] Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again below, her *gentle servant.* This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspeare wrote.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *'tis very* clerkly *done.*] i. e. like a scholar.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *and there an end.*] i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter.

*P.* 35, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. *All this I speak* in print;] *In print* means *with exactness*

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 64 —— I *am the dog*, &c.] Sir T reads: *I am the dog, no the dog i and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *myself.* This certainly is more r but I know not how much reason intended to bestow on Launce's JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *like a* wood woman;] i. frantic with grief; or distracted, from cause.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 17. "And the tide!"—MAL

### SCENE IV

*Id. l.* 44. —— *how* quote *you my fo quote* is to *observe.* Valentine in l plays upon the word, which was p as if written *coat.*

*P.* 36, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *Know you* Don *Anto countryman?*] The word *Don* shoul ted; the characters are *Italians*, *iards.* Yet *Don* Alphonso occurs ceding scene.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *not without* desert—] dignified with so much reputation wit portionate merit. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 34. *I need not* cite *him to it*:] i him to it.

*Id. l.* 68. No; *that you are* worthless.] inserted the particle *so*, to fill up the JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 70. Ser. *Madam, my lord your* This speech in all the editions is as properly to Thurio; but he has been upon the stage, and could not know duke wanted his daughter. Besides, line and half of Sylvia's answer is addressed to two persons. A serva fore, must come in and deliver the and then Silvia goes out with Thurio BALD.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 12. *Whose high* imperious—] *I* is an epithet very frequently applied t Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

*Id. l.* 20 —— *no woe* to *his correcti* misery that *can be compared to* th ment inflicted by love.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *a* principality.] The first *cipal* of women. So the old writers u "*She is a lady, a great* state."

*Id. l.* 46. —— summer-swelling *flower.*] flower which swells in summer, till it itself into bloom.

*Id. l.* 51. *She is alone,*] She stands by h incomparable.

*Id. l.* 73 —— *the* road.] The haven, wh *ride* at anchor.

*P* 37, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. "her mien,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *a* waxen image *'gainst a f* luding to the figures made by witche presentatives of those whom they de torment or destroy.

*Id. l.* 13. —— *with* more advice,] *With* vice, is *on further knowledge, on bet sideration.* The word, as Mr. Mal serves, is still current among mercantil whose constant language is, "we are by letters from abroad," meaning i So, in bills of exchange, the conclusio is—"without further *advice.*"

*Id l.* 15. *'Tis but her picture*—] Proteu that, as yet, he had seen only her form, without having known her long e have any acquaintance with her mind.

*Id. l.* 24. *And that hath* dazzled—] *das* here a trisyllable.

SCENE V.

. 24 —— *to* Milan.] It is *Padua* in r editions.
· *how say'st thou, that my master a notable lover?*] i. e. What say'st is circumstance, — namely, that my become a notable lover?
—— *the* ale——] *Ales* were merry instituted in country places.

SCENE VI.

be observed, that, in the folio edition, no directions concerning the scenes; been added by the later editors, and fore be changed by any reader that nore consistency or regularity to the such alterations. I make this re- is place, because I know not whether ing soliloquy of Proteus is so proper et. JOHNSON.
ader will perceive that the scenery changed, though Dr. Johnson's ob- is continued. STEEVENS.
*veet*-suggesting *love*,] To *suggest* is in our author's language.
st "—MALONE.
*in counsel, his* competitor:] *Com- confederate, assistant, partner.*
pretended *flight*;] *Pretended* flight d or *intended* flight: the verb *pré-* French, has the same signification.

SCENE VII.

27. Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. erves, that this interjection is still e North. It seems to have the same s *apage*, Lat.
nd instances of the infinite of love," E.
*my* longing *journey*.] Dr. Grey ob- at *longing* is a participle active, with signification; for *longed*, wished or But Julia may mean a journey which *pass in longing*.

## ACT III

SCENE I.

—— *jealous* aim —] *Aim* is *guess*, tance.
· *be not* aimed *at*;] Be not *guessed*.
· *of this* pretence.] *Pretence* is *de-*

*l*, where —] *Where*, the same here *s*.
*r*, *in* Milan, *here*.] It ought to be ead of — *in Verona, here* — for the arently is in Milan, as is clear from ssages in the first act, and in the be- the first scene of the fourth act.
· *the fashion of the time* —] The courtship, the acts by which men ded themselves to ladies.
26 *What* lets,] i. e. what hinders. the thoughts contained in my letter.
· for *they are sent by me*,] *For*, is as *for that, since*.
*ops' son*,] Thou art Phaëton in thy but without his pretensions; thou e son of a divinity, but a *terræ fi-* w-born wretch: Merops is thy true ith whom Phaëton was falsely re- JOHNSON.
*I fly not death*, to fly his *deadly* doom:] *To fly his doom*, used for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a Gallicism. The sense is, by avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself. JOHNSON.

*P.* 30, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. *Even in the* milk-white bosom of thy love.] Trifling as the remark may appear before the meaning of this *address of letters to the bosom of a mistress* can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me that she remembers, when it was the fashion to wear prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem and gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 23. Laun. *I am* but a fool, *look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is* a kind of knave: *but that's all one, if he be* but one KNAVE.] In Shakspeare's language, *one knave* may signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double* villain, for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *for she hath had* gossips:] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *a* bare *christian*.] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. This is used here in both.

*Id l.* 35. —— *her* conditions.] i. e. qualities.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *the son of thy* grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well-known observation. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 58. —— saint Nicholas *be thy speed!* St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas' clerks*. That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362, for by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy.

*Id l.* 68. —— *knit him a* stock.] i. e. *stocking*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. "villainy,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 22. —— *praise her liquor*.] i. e. often show how well she likes it.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *She is too* liberal.] *Liberal* is licentious and gross in language.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *She hath* more hair than wit,] An old English proverb.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 72. Trenched *in ice*;] Cut, carved in ice. From *trancher*, to cut.

*P.* 31, *c.* 1, *l.* 21. —— *with circumstance*.] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 26 —— *his* very *friend*.] *Very* is *immediate*.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *as you unwind her love*—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*.

*P.* 31, *c.* 1, *l.* 49. —— *you may* temper *her*,] Mould her like wax, to whatever shape you please.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *lime*,] That is, *birdlime*.

*Id. l.* 56. "much is the"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *such integrity*:] *Such integrity* may mean such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS. But Mr. Malone thinks that *such integrity* refers only to *some feeling line*.

*Id. l.* 69. *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *will* inherit *her*.] To *inherit*, is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for *to obtain possession* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*.

*Id. l.* 75. *To* sort —] i. e. to choose out.

*Id. c* 2, *l.* 2. *I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 20. —— *a* proper *man*.] i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman.

*Id. l.* 46. —— Robin Hood's *fat friar*.] *Robin Hood* was a captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. But by Robin Hood's *fat friar*, Shakspeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confessor and companion to this noted out-law.

*Id. l.* 56. —— awful *men*:] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer would read—*lawful* men—i. e. *legales* homines.

*Id. l.* 61. *Whom, in my* mood,] *Mood* is anger or resentment.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *in our* quality—] Our *quality* means our profession, calling, or condition of life.

*Id. l.* 74. Our company.

### SCENE II.

*P.* 32, *c.* 1, *l.* 24. —— sudden *quips*,] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *you know that love*
*Will* creep *in service where it cannot go*.] Kindness will *creep* where it cannot *gang*, is a *Scottish proverb*.

*Id. l.* 37. "Who?" MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 16. —— *out of all* nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

*Id. l.* 74. *But, since* your falshood *shall become you well*—] Mr. Malone thinks that our author means, however licentious the expression,—But, since your falshood well becomes, or is well suited to, the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, send to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, since, the worshipping of shadows and the adoring of false shapes shall well become *you, false as you are*, send, &c.

*P.* 33, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. —— *most heaviest*.] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 20. —— *your ladyship's* impose,] *Impose* is *injunction, command*. A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition*. A tax likewise is said to be *imposed*.

*Id. l.* 25. —— remorseful,] *Remorseful* is pitiful.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *Upon whose garve th pure* chastity.] It was common in f for widowers and widows to mak chastity in honour of their decease husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquiti wickshire*, page 1013, there is the commission by the bishop of the taking a vow of chastity made by It seems, that besides observing th widow was, for life, to wear a mourning habit. Some such distinct suppose to have been made in respe votarists; and, therefore, this cir might inform the players how sir should be drest; and will account having chosen him as a person in could confide without injury to her racter. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *grievances*;] Sorrows, affections.

*Id. l.* 52. Recking as *little*—] To *reck*, for. Chaucer and Spenser use this the same signification.

### SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 74. —— keep *himself*—] i. e. res self.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *a* pissing while;] A expression.

*Id. l.* 11. *The fellow that* whips *the do* appears to have been part of the c *usher of the table*.

*Id. l.* 16. "his servant?"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *the other* squirrel, &c speaks of his master's present as a animal, more resembling a *squirrel* a dog.

*Id. l.* 50. —— an end,] *Still an end*, an *end*, are vulgar expressions, and a monly, generally.

*Id. l.* 59. "know thee,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 62. *She loved me well, deliver'd* e. She *who* delivered it to me, love MALONE.

*Id. l.* 63. *It seems, you loved her* not, to *token* Johnson, not recollecting t the word *leave*, proposes an amendm passage, which is unnecessary; for, guage of the time, *to leave*, mean *with*, or *give away*.

*P.* 34, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. *To carry that, whic have refus'd*;] The sense is, to g sent that which I wish not to be ac praise him whom wish to be JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 50. "have"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 71. *How tall* was *she*?] We sho "How tall *is* she?"

*Id. l.* 79. *weep* a-good,] i. e. in goo *Tout de bon*, Fr.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *'twas Ariadne*, pa *To passion* is used as a verb, by w temporary with Shakspeare.

—— *'twas Ariadne*, passioning— being deserted by Theseus in the left on the island of Naxos.

*Id l.* 18. my mistress' *love so much* in her preceding speech called Julia *tress*: but it is odd enough that thus describe herself, when she is a T. Hanmer reads—"*his* mistress;" b necessity. Our author knew that ence considered the disguised Julia i sent scene as a page to Proteus, a believe, and the love of antithesis, the expression. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 27. *I'll get me such a colour'd per* should be remembered, that false

the ladies, long before *wigs* were in These false coverings, however, were *riwigs*.

*l.* 28. *Her eyes are* grey as glass;] ıcer, in the character of his Prioress: semely hire wimple y-pinched was; nose tretis; hire *eyen grey as glass*" THEOBALD.

— *her forehead's low*,] A high fore- s in our author's time accounted a minently beautiful.

— respective—] i. e. *respectable*.

*y substance should be* statue *in thy* It appears from hence, and a passage inger, that the word *statue* was for- ed to express a *portrait*.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I

riar Patrick's"—MALONE.

— sure *enough*.] *Sure*, is safe, out of

### SCENE II.

ack *men are* pearls, &c.] "A black jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one proverbial sentences.

*l.* 14. *That they are* out by lease.] Thurio's folly has let them on disad- ous terms; or, because they are let to nd are not in his own dear hands; or, by *possessions*, he himself understands and estate. But Proteus chooses to word likewise in a figurative sense, as g his *mental endowments*: and when they are *out by lease*, he means they nger enjoyed by their master (who is but are leased out to another.

— *a* peevish *girl*,] i. e. in ancient , *foolish*.

— reckless *Silvia*.] i. e. careless, heed-

### SCENE IV.

— record *my woes*.] To *record* an- ignified to *sing*. To *record* is a term l by bird-fanciers, to express the first f a bird in singing.

*thou that dost*, &c.] It is hardly pos- point out four lines in any of the plays speare, more remarkable for ease and . STEEVENS.

l. —— *my* meed,] i. e. *reward*.

— *and still* approv'd,] *Approv'd*, is *erienced*.

Who should be trusted, when one's own nd"—MALONE.

*The private wound*, &c.] *Deepest*, and other similar words, were some- ed by the poets of Shakspeare's age as lables. Mr. Malone reads *most ac-*

*Id. l.* 77. *All that was mine in* Silvia, *I give thee*.] This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. HANMER.

Valentine, from seeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive she had escaped with him from her father's court, for purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretence of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my predecessors STEEVENS.

—— *I give thee*.] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech; and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Proteus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's (which I cannot doubt), it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE.

*P.* 36, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. *To* deliver *a ring to madam Silvia*;] Surely our author wrote—"*Deliver* a ring, &c. A verse so rugged as that in the text must be corrupted by the players, or transcriber. Mr. Malone arranges the speech as prose.

*Id. l.* 18. *Behold her that* gave aim *to all thy oaths*,] Gave encouragement, a phrase in archery.

*Id. l.* 20. *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the* root?] i. e. of her heart. An allusion to *cleaving the pin* in archery.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *if* shame live—] that is, *if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love*.

*Id. l.* 38. "And I nine."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *the measure*—] The reach of my anger.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. Milan *shall not behold thee*.] Mr. Malone and other editors read—*Verona shall not hold thee*. But from every circumstance, the poet must have intended,—Milan, *thy country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither*.

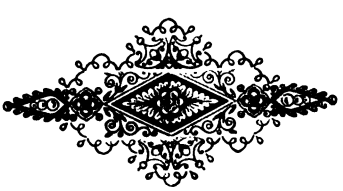
*Id. l.* 10. *To* make such means *for her as thou hast done*,] i. e. to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *all former* griefs,] *Griefs* in old language frequently signified *grievances*, *wrongs*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 34. —— include *all jars*—] i. e. *shut up*, or *conclude*.

*Id. l.* 39. *With* triumphs,] *Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels, &c.





ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

*Evans.* . . . . . What is *fair*, William?
*Will Pulcher.*
*Quick* Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.
*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

# Merry Wives of Windsor.

## Historical Notes.

A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from an old translation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the desired, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it was published in 1632, quarto. A somewhat similar story occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott.4, Fav. 4.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Busby. STEEVENS.

This play should be read between *K. Henry IV.* and *K. Henry V.* in Johnson's opinion. But Mr. Malone says, it ought rather to be read between *the First* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says,

"Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?
Sblood the fairies hath made a ghost of me.
What, hunting at this time of night!
I'e lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
Is stealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page discountenances the addresses of Fenton to his daughter, because "he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins."

*The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford* in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakspeare seems to have read (having borrowed from it a part of the fable of *Cymbeline*), probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor. It begins thus: "In *Windsor* not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something *jealous;* yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy." MALONE.

The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of *The Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece, called *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*. Mr. *Warton* observes, in a note to the last *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written as we now have it, before 1607, at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive. *Slender* observes to Master *Page*, that his *greyhound was out-run at Cotsale (Cotswold Hills* in *Gloucestershire);* and Mr. *Warton* thinks that the *games* established there by Captain *Dover* in the beginning of *K. James's* reign, are alluded to. But, perhaps, though the captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrensia* as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* 1600, Justice *Shallow* reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele, a Cotsole man.*"

In the first edition of the imperfect play, *Sir Hugh Evans* is called, on the title-page, the *Welsh Knight;* and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by *himself.* FARMER.

Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and show him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* which, Mr. Gildon says (*Remarks* on Shakspeare's Plays, 8vo. 1710), he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. He quotes no authority. The circumstance was

first mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," says he, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *The Comical Gallant* (an alteration of the present play), 1702, "was written at her (Queen Elizabeth's) command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days;* and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant, had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author

At what period Shakspeare new-n *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is unka believe it was enlarged in 1603. Malo

It is not generally known, that the firs of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its state, is in the valuable folio printed 16 whence the quarto of the same play, dat was evidently copied. The two earlier 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this com was originally written, and are so far as they contain Shakspeare's first conce forming a drama, which is the most specimen of his comic powers. T. Wa

Act III.—Scene 3.

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

ANNE PAGE & SLENDER

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes sir John.

*Enter Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king!

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—that is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

*Fal.* Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol,—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ears?* Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red for though I cannot remember what I d made me drunk, yet I am not altogethe

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and Joh

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, man had drunk himself out of his five s

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the

*Bard.* And being fap, sir, was, as t shier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the c

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then t no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst but in honest, civil, godly company, f if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with tho the fear of God, and not with drunken

*Eva.* So God 'udge me, that is a vi

*Fal.* You hear all these matters den men; you hear it.

*Enter Mistress* ANNE PAGE, *with win* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE *follo*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wi drink within. [*Exit*.

*Slen.* O heaven! this is mistress An

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford?

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you s met: by your leave, good mistress. (*Kis*

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen Come, we have a hot venison pasty to di gentlemen, I hope we shall drink dow ness. [*Exeunt all but Shal. Slen.*

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shilling book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

*Enter* SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you be wait on myself, must I? You have no *of Riddles* about you, have you?

*Sim.* *Book of Riddles!* why, did you to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas night afore Michaelmas?

*Shal.* Come, cos; come, cos; we s A word with you, cos: marry, this, cos as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, m by sir Hugh here;—do you understand

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reaso be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, master will description the matter to you, if you of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Sh I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But this is not the question; t is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oma command to know that of your mouth, lips; for divers philosophers hold, that parcel of the mouth;—therefore, pre you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can yo

*Slen.* I hope, sir,—I will do, as it sh one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies speak possitable, if you can carry her y towards her.

*Shal.* That you must: will you, dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive cos; what I do, is to pleasure you, cos love the maid?

ANNE PAGE & SLENDER

BIBLIOTHECA

ll marry her, sir, at your request; but
great love in the beginning, yet hea-
rease it upon better acquaintance, when
ed, and have more occasion to know one
ope, upon familiarity will grow more
ut if you say, *marry her*, I will marry
n freely dissolved, and dissolutely.
a fery discretion answer; save, the
'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according
ng, resolutely;—his meaning is good.
I think my cousin meant well.
or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Re-enter* ANNE PAGE.

e comes fair mistress Anne:—Would
g, for your sake, mistress Anne!
e dinner is on the table; my father
worships' company.
ill wait on him, fair mistress Anne.
s pleased will! I will not be absence at
[*Exeunt Shal. and Sir H. Evans.*
ill't please your worship to come in, sir?
I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am
e dinner attends you, sir. [very well.
a not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.
or all you are my man, go, wait upon
Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of
ime may be beholden to his friend for
eep but three men and a boy yet, till
be dead: but what though? yet I live
entleman born.
may not go in without your worship:
not sit till you come.
ith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as
ugh I did.
ray you, sir, walk in.
ad rather walk here, I thank you; I
hin the other day with playing at sword
with a master of fence, three veneys
f stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I
the smell of hot meat since. Why do
rk so? be there bears i' the town? [of.
ink there are, sir; I heard them talked
ve the sport well: but I shall as soon
it, as any man in England:—you are
see the bear loose, are you not?
, indeed, sir.
t's meat and drink to me now: I have
son loose, twenty times; and have taken
chain: but, I warrant you, the women
d and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but
ed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-
igh things.

*Re-enter* PAGE.

me, gentle master Slender, come; we

eat nothing, I thank you, sir.
cock and pye, you shall not choose,
ome.
, pray you, lead the way.
me on, sir.
tress Anne, yourself shall go first.
t I, sir; pray you, keep on.
ly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will
hat wrong.
ray you, sir.
rather be unmannerly than troublesome;
self wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*r Sir* HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius'
h is the way: and there dwells one mis-
ly, which is in the manner of his nurse,
nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his
his wringer.
'ell, sir.
y, it is petter yet:—give her this letter;
man that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—
*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely. [of my followers.
*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some
*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.
*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.
*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?
*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.
*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow: let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*
*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster go; adieu.
*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*
*Pist.* O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?
*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.
*Fal.* I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time. [rest.
*Nym.* The good humour is, to steal at a minute's
*Pis.* Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!
*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.
*Pist.* Why then, let kibes ensue.
*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.
*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.
*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?
*Pist.* I ken the wight; he is of substance good.
*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
*Pist.* Two yards, and more. [about.
*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*
*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English. [pass?
*Nym.* The anchor is deep: will that humour
*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels
*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I. [me the angels.
*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good: humour
*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyelids: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
*Pist.* Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.
*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.
*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear

thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, sirrah, (*to Rob.*) bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt Fal. and Robin.*

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*A Room in Dr. Caius' House.*

*Enter Mistress* Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

*Quick.* What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you?—O, I should remember him? Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter* Rugby.

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent: run in here, good young man; go into this closet. (*Shuts Simple in the closet.*) He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a,* &c. (*Sings.*)

*Enter Doctor* Caius.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. (*Aside.*)

*Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius. Ouy: mette le au mon* pocket; *dépêche* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié!* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

*Caius. O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* (*Pulling Simple out.*) Rugby, my rapier.

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. (*Writes.*)

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear: I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat;—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

*Caius.* Rugby, come to de court vit me:—By gar if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.
[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

*Quick.* You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* (*Within.*) Who's within there, ho?

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter* FENTON.

*Fen.* How now, good woman; how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask. [Anne?

*Fen.* What news? how does pretty mistress

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly, and musing: but for you—Well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.
[*Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.*

*Enter Mistress* PAGE, *with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: (*Reads.*)

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,*
*By day or night,*
*Or any kind of light,*
*With all his might*
*For thee to fight,* JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Mistress* FORD.

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill. [show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to

*Mrs. Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: what is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one, that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight: come hither. [*They retire.*

*Enter* FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

*Ford.* Well, I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young. [poor,
*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-maufry; Ford, perpend.
*Ford.* Love my wife? [thou,
*Pist.* With liver burning hot: prevent, or go
Like sir Acteon, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!
*Ford.* What name, sir?
*Pist.* The horn, I say: farewell. [night:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do
Away, sir corporal Nym.—— [sing.—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*
*Ford.* I will be patient; I will find out this.
*Nym.* And this is true; (*to Page.*) I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*
*Page. The humour of it,* quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.
*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff. [rogue.
*Page.* I never heard such a drawling, affecting
*Ford.* If I do find it, well.
*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.
*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.
*Page.* How now, Meg? [you.
*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark
*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?
*Ford.* I melancholy? I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.
*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?
*Mrs. Page* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. (*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*)

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY.

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.
*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne? [good mistress Anne?
*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does
*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.
(*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Quickly.*
*Page.* How now, master Ford?
*Ford.* You have heard what this knave told me; did you not? [me?
*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told
*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?
*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of
*Ford.* Were they his men? [service.
*Page.* Marry, were they.
*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?
*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.
*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife: but I would be loath to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.
*Page.* Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

*Enter Host and* SHALLOW.

*Host.* How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.
*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand. [rook.
*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-
*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor. [you.
*Ford.* Good mine host o'the Garter, a word with
*Host.* What say'st thou, bully-rook? (*They go aside.*)
*Shal.* Will you (*to Page*) go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [guest-cavalier?
*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my
*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.
*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: it is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?
*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.
*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.
*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.
*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?
*Page.* Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*
*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.
*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.
*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.
*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?
*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul, *gratis!* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch: and yet you, rogue, will esconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

lo relent; What would'st thou more of
*Enter* ROBIN. [man?

, here's a woman would speak with you.
: her approach.

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY.

ive your worship good-morrow.
od-morrow, good wife.
Not so, an't please your worship.
d maid, then.
'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first
born.
believe the swearer: what with me?
hall I vouchsafe your worship a word

o thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouch-
e hearing.
here is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray,
le nearer this ways:—I myself dwell
r doctor Caius.
ll, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——
our worship says very true: I pray
ip, come a little nearer this ways.
arrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own
e own people.
re they so? Heaven bless them, and
his servants!
ll: Mistress Ford;—what of her?
Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord,
worship's a wanton: well, heaven for-
d all of us, I pray!
stress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—
Iarry, this is the short and the long of
e brought her into such a canaries, as
ful. The best courtier of them all, when
y at Windsor, could never have brought
a canary. Yet there has been knights,
and gentlemen, with their coaches; I
n, coach after coach, letter after letter,
ft; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and
. I warrant you, in silk and gold; and
rant terms; and in such wine and sugar
and the fairest, that would have won
's heart; and, I warrant you, they could
n eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty
n me this morning: but I defy all an-
y such sort, as they say,) but in the way
—and, I warrant you, they could never
much as sip on a cup with the proudest
: and yet there has been earls, nay,
ore, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all
her. [good she Mercury.
: what says she to me? be brief, my
Iarry, she hath received your letter; for
she thanks you a thousand times: and
ou to notify, that her husband will be
n his house between ten and eleven.
and eleven?
ay, forsooth; and then you may come
picture, she says, that you wot of;—
d, her husband, will be from home.
weet woman leads an ill life with him;
jealousy man: she leads a very fram-
h him, good heart.
and eleven: woman, commend me to
not fail her.
Why, you say well: but I have another
to your worship: Mistress Page hath
commendations to you too;—and let
in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil
, and one (I tell you) that will not miss
g nor evening prayer, as any is in
whoe'er be the other: and she bade me
orship, that her husband is seldom from
she hopes, there will come a time. I
a woman so dote upon a man; surely,
have charms, la; yes, in truth.
: I, I assure thee; setting the attraction
parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so then: and look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.——This news distracts me! [*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit Pistol.*

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's [draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir: would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome: what's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. [hearing.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I

shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own: that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith, you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this: [*sues;*

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pur-*
*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it. [me?

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: what say you to't, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O, good sir!

*Fal.* Master Brook, I say you shall. [none.

*Ford.* Want no money, sir John, you shall want

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you), by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her betwe eleven; for at that time the jealous rasc her husband, will be forth. Come yo night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintanc know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knav him not:—yet I wrong him to call him say, the jealous wittolly knave hath ma ney: for the which his wife seems to voured. I will use her as the key of th rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-h

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, si might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-bu I will stare him out of his wits; I wi with my cudgel: it shall hang like o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook know, I will predominate o'er the pease shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his master Brook, shalt know him for a cuckold:—come to me soon at night.

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean ra —My heart is ready to crack with im Who says, this is improvident jealousy hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, th made. Would any man have thought the hell of having a false woman! my b abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputa at; and I shall not only receive this wrong, but stand under the adoption of terms, and by him that does me t Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds fer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are ditions, the names of fiends: but cuck cuckold! the devil himself hath not so Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will tr he will not be jealous: I will rather trus with my butter, parson Hugh the Wele my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua- or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, th with herself: then she plots, then she then she devises: and what they thi hearts they may effect, they will break but they will effect. Heaven be prais jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;— vent this, detect my wife, be revenged and laugh at Page. I will about it; b hours too soon, than a minute too late. F cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

SCENE III.—*Windsor Park.*

*Enter* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

*Caius.* Jack Rugby.

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir mised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, d come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he i by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your won kill him if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, s kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vil how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter Host,* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and*

*Host.* 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius.

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, f for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee fo

, to see thee here, to see thee there; to
s thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy
montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian?
y Francisco? ha, bully! What says my
my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is
y Stale? is he dead?
gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the
not show his face.
u art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector
y boy!
ray you, bear vitness dat me have stay
two or tree hours for him, and he is no

is the wiser man, master doctor: he is
als, and you a curer of bodies; if you
you go against the hair of your profes-
true, master Page?
ster Shallow, you have yourself been a
though now a man of peace.
yhins, master Page, though I now be
e peace, if I see a sword out, my finger
ke one: though we are justices, and
churchmen, master Page, we have some
ith in us; we are the sons of women,

true, master Shallow.
ill be found so, master Page. Master
I am come to fetch you home. I am
peace; you have showed yourself a
a, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a
ient churchman: you must go with me,
.
lon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur

ck-vather! vat is dat?
k-water, in our English tongue, is

gar, then I have as much muck-vater
nan.——Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar,
s ears.
vill clapper-claw thee, tightly, bully.
pper-de-claw? vat is dat?
is, he will make thee amends.
gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-
by gar, me vill have it.
I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.
tank you for dat.
moreover, bully, — But first, master
ster Page, and eke cavalero Slender,
h the town to Frogmore. (*Aside to*

Hugh is there, is he?
s there: see what humour he is in; and
he doctor about by the fields: will it

will do it.
*and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.
*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*
gar, me vill kill de priest: for he
k-an-ape to Anne Page.
him die: but, first, sheath thy impa-
cold water on thy choler: go about
h me through Frogmore; I will bring
istress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse,
d thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game,

gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I
I shall procure-a you de good guest,
knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my

the which I will be thy adversary
Page; said I well?
gar, tis good; vell said.
us wag then.
se at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### L—*A Field near Frogmore.*

*Sir* HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

y you now, good master Slender's ser-
ving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic?*

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Eva.* I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

*Eva.* 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me: — how melancolies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork — 'pless my soul! (*Sings.*)

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls*
*Melodious birds sing madrigals;*
*There will we make our peds of roses,*
*And a thousand vagram posies.*
*To shallow—*

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals:*
*When as I sat in Pabylon,—*
*And a thousand vagram posies.*
*To shallow—*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome:—

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir: there comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good sir Hugh!

*Eva.* 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson?

*Eva.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years, and upwards; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter Host,* CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius. Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Christian's soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

*Host.* Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs, and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page and Host.*

*Caius.* Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

*Eva.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter Mistress* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page: whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weathercock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed, she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will car twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will sh blank twelve score. He pieces out his v nation; he gives her folly motion, and a and now she's going to my wife, and Fal with her. A man may hear this shower wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Go —they are laid; and our revolted wives s nation together. Well; I will take him, t my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of mod the so seeming Mrs. Page, divulge Page a secure and wilful Actæon; and to the proceedings all my neighbours shall cry a *strikes.*) The clock gives me my cue, a surance bids me search; there I shall find I shall be rather praised for this, than m it is as positive as the earth is firm, that there: I will go.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, master Fo

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have g at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Fo

*Slen.* And so must I, sir; we have ap dine with mistress Anne, and I would with her for more money than I'll speak o

*Shal.* We have lingered about a meta Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and t shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope, I have your good will, fa

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I st for you:—but my wife, master doctor, altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master F capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in hi he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise gentleman is of no having: he kept com the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too gion, he knows too much. No, he shall knot in his fortunes with the finger of my if he take her, let him take her simply; th have waits on my consent, and my conse that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some home with me to dinner; besides your shall have sport; I will shew you a Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall y Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shal freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow an*

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come [*Ex*

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to knight Falstaff, and drink canary with hi [*J*

*Ford.* (*Aside.*) I think, I shall drink i first with him; I'll make him dance. W gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monste

SCENE III.—*A Room in Ford's h*

*Enter Mistress* FORD *and Mistress*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Rober

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly! Is the ket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant:—What, Robin,

*Enter Servants, with a basket*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you befo

nd Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-ouse; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, nd (without any pause, or staggering), take this asket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it n all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in atchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy itch, close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they ack no direction: be gone, and come when you are alled. [*Exeunt Servants.*

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket? what ews with you?

*Rob.* My master, sir John, is come in at your back-loor, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mrs. Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him how to know turtles from jays.

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal. Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it. [me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time: I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee: and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* (*within.*) Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. [behind the arras.

*Fal.* She shall not see me; I will ensconce me

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— (*Falstaff hides himself.*)

*Enter Mistress* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

*Mrs. Page.* O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever. [Page?

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone. [so, I hope.

*Mrs. Ford.* Speak louder.—(*Aside.*)—'Tis not

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you; if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead. [shall I do?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

(*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*)

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too; it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentle-

men, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, Gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter* Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Ay, ay, peace:—you use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so. [thoughts!

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your

*Ford.* Amen. [ter Ford.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, mas-

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford, are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing. [company.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I shall make-a de

*Eva.* In your teeth: for shame. [turd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good · by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave: to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in Page's House.*

*Enter* Fenton *and Mistress* Anne Page.

*Fent.* I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyse
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expen
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to com
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.
(*They converse apa*

*Enter* Shallow, Slender, *and* Mrs. Quickly

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly; m
kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis b
venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismay'd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care n
for that,—but that I am afeard.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak
word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choi
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!
(*Asid*

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pa
you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, cos. O boy, th
hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my un
can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, unc
tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole tw
geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any wom
in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewom

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, u
der the degree of a 'squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fif
pounds jointure. [himse

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo f

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you f
that good comfort.—She calls you, cos: I'll leave yo

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good Mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pret
jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank
heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give
heaven praise. [with me

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would yo

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little o
nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have
made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy
man be his dole! They can tell you how things go
better than I can: you may ask your father; here
he comes.

*Enter* Page *and Mistress* Page.

*Page.* Now, master Slender:—Love him, daugh-
ter Anne.—
Why, how now! What does master Fenton here?

ng me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
u, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Nay, master Page, be not impatient.
*Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my
She is no match for you. [child.
Sir, will you hear me?
No, good master Fenton.
aster Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*
Speak to mistress Page. [daughter
Good mistress Page, for that I love your
righteous fashion as I do,
against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
dvance the colours of my love,
retire: let me have your good will.
Good mother, do not marry me to yond'
fool. [husband.
*Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better
That's my master, master doctor.
Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
d'd to death with turnips.
*Page.* Come, trouble not yourself: good
master Fenton,
t be your friend, nor enemy:
hter will I question how she loves you,
find her, so am I affected;
, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
er will be angry.
[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*
Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.
This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will
away your child on a fool, and a physician?
aster Fenton:—this is my doing.
I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*
Now heaven send thee good fortune! A
t he hath: a woman would run through fire
r for such a kind heart. But yet, I would
r had mistress Anne; or I would master
ad her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton
I will do what I can for them all three; for
promised, and I'll be as good as my word;
ously for master Fenton. Well, I must of
rrand to sir John Falstaff from my two mis-
what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

NE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

ardolph, I say,—
Here, sir.
o fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.
rd.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket,
rrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown
hames? Well, if I be served such another
have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and
to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues
ne into the river with as little remorse as
ld have drowned a bitch's blind puppies,
he litter: and you may know by my size,
e a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bot-
as deep as hell, I should down. I had
wned, but that the shore was shelvy and
a death that I abhor; for the water swells
nd what a thing should I have been, when
n swelled! I should have been a mountain
y.

*e-enter* BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with

ome, let me pour in some sack to the
water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had
d snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call
Come in, woman. [her in.

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY.

By your leave; I cry you mercy: give
ship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit Bardolph.*]—How now?

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. [man's promise.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir!

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And how sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-

*Ford.* A buck-basket! [basket.

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next,

to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes, that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—*The Street.*

*Enter Mistress* Page, *Mistress* Quickly, *and* William.

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

*Quick.* Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter Sir* Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day? [play.

*Eva.* No; master Slender is let the boys leave to

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, Wil-

*Will.* *Pulcher.* [liam?

*Quick.* Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble. [y

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis;* I pray you rem

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is good, William. What is liam, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pro be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominat hæc, hoc.*

*Eva.* *Nominative, hig, hag, hog;*—p mark; *genetivo hujus:* well, what is your *tive case?*

*Will.* *Accusativo, hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. Wh focative case, William?

*Will.* O—*vocativo*, O.

*Eva.* Remember, William, focative is ca

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural*, W

*Will.* *Genitive case?*

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*

*Quick.* 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie —never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such he teaches him to hick and to hack, which do fast enough of themselves, and to call h fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast understandings for thy cases, and the no the genders? Thou art as foolish christi tures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Shew me now, William, some de of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *ki, kæ, cod;* if you forget y your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be p Go your ways, and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar, than I

*Eva.* He is a good sprag memory. F mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good sir Hugh. [ *Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we long. [

### Scene II.—*A Room in Ford's Hous*

*Enter* Falstaff *and Mistress* Ford

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eat sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in y and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; n mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, I the accoutrement, complement, and ceremo But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a-birding, sweet sir Joh

*Mrs. Page.* (*Within.*) What hoa, gossi what hoa!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, sir J [*Exit*

*Enter Mistress* Page

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart? w home beside yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own pe

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly:—speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you hav

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband old lunes again: he so takes on yonder husband; so rails against all married mank curses all Eve's daughters, of what co soever; and so buffets himself on the f crying *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness

ld, seemed but tameness, civility, and pa-
this his distemper he is in now: I am glad
ight is not here.
*Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?
*Page.* Of none but him; and swears, he
ied out, the last time he searched for him,
et: protests to my husband, he is now here;
drawn him and the rest of their company
r sport, to make another experiment of his
; but I am glad the knight is not here; now
see his own foolery.
*Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page?
*Page.* Hard by; at street end; he will be
n.
*Ford.* I am undone!—the knight is here.
*Page.* Why, then you are utterly shamed,
but a dead man. What a woman are you?
with him, away with him; better shame
der.
*Ford.* Which way should he go? how should
him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

o, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I
t, ere he come?
*Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers
e door with pistols, that none shall issue
rwise you might slip away ere he came.
make you here? [chimney.
What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the
*Ford.* There they always used to discharge
ling-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.
Where is it?
*Ford.* He will seek there, on my word.
ress, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but
n abstract for the remembrance of such
nd goes to them by his note: there is no
n in the house.
ll go out then.
*Page.* If you go out in your own semblance,
ir John. Unless you go out disguised,—
*Ford.* How might we disguise him?
*Page.* Alas the day, I know not. There is
a's gown big enough for him; otherwise,
put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and
.
ood hearts, devise something: any extre-
er than a mischief.
*Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of
l, has a gown above.
*Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she's
he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her
o: run up, sir John.
*Ford.* Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page
l look some linen for your head.
*Page.* Quick, quick; we'll come dress you
put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*
*Ford.* I would, my husband would meet
s shape: he cannot abide the old woman of
; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her
, and hath threatened to beat her.
*Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's
nd the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!
*Ford.* But is my husband coming?
*Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and
he basket too, howsoever he hath had in-
.
*Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my
rry the basket again, to meet him at the
it, as they did last time.
*Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently:
ess him like the witch of Brentford.
*Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they
with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen
raight. [*Exit.*
*Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we can-
him enough.
save a proof, by that which we will do,
may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Mistress* FORD, *with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*
1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. [again.
2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight
1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to the bleaching.
*Page.* Why, this passes; Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.
*Eva.* Why this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! [deed.
*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; in-

*Enter Mistress* FORD.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?
*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.
*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.——Come forth, sirrah.
[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*
*Page.* This passes! [alone.
*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes
*Ford.* I shall find you anon.
*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.
*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.
*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why—
*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: pluck me out all the linen.
*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.
*Page.* Here's no man.
*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.
*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.
*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.
*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.
*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.
*Mrs. Ford.* What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.
*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman's that?
*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.
*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mistress* PAGE.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *prat* her:———Out of my door, you witch (*beats him*), you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again. [come, gentlemen.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further:

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.*

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, *Mistress* PAGE, *Mistress* FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon. [an instant?

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife: henceforth do what thou
I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [wilt;
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour
In him, that was of late an heretic, [stand,
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too. [he comes,

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [chain
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: [fear
But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so secret paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-a-napes also, to burn the knight with my taber. [vizards.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the
Finely attired in a robe of white. [fairies,

*Page.* That silk will I go buy:—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, (*Aside.*)
And marry her at Eton.——Go, send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that: go, get us properties
And tricking for our fairies. [parties,

*Eva.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans*

*age.* Go, Mrs. Ford,
kly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
doctor; he hath my good will,
but he, to marry with Nan Page.
ader, though well landed, is an idiot;
y husband best of all affects:
or is well money'd, and his friends
court; he, none but he, shall have her.
wenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

NE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and* SIMPLE.

What would'st thou have, boor? what, n? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, ap.

Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John from my master Slender.

There's his chamber, his house, his castle, ding-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted h the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: k and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropo-n* unto thee: knock, I say.

There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, come down: I come to speak with her.

Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! m thy lungs military: art thou there? it ost, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Above.*) How now, mine host?

Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the com- of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, scend; my chambers are honourable: fye! fye!

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

here was, mine host, an old fat woman even me; but she's gone. [Brentford?

Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of y, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would her?

My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to g her go through the streets, to know, her one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a d the chain, or no.

spake with the old woman about it.

nd what says she, I pray, sir?

Marry, she says, that the very same man, iled master Slender of his chain, cozened

would I could have spoken with the wo- elf; I had other things to have spoken with rom him.

What are they? let us know.

Ay, come; quick.

may not conceal them, sir.

onceal them, or thou diest.

Why, sir, they were nothing but about mis- a Page: to know if it were my master's have her, or no.

'is, 'tis his fortune.

What, sir? [told me so.

o have her,—or no: go; I say the woman lay I be so bold to say so, sir?

y, sir Tike; who more bold?

I thank your worship: I shall make my ad with these tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John. e a wise woman with thee?

Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that ht me more wit than ever I learned before e: and I paid nothing for it neither, but for my learning.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Where be my horses? speak well of them,

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire: and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DR. CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mine *host de Jarterre?*

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*, by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain, I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

*Enter* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what a do here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FENTON *and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak: assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pounds in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
(*Showing the letter.*)
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen:
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him to Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor;—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony. [vicar;

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I ever more be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.—Scene I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* Falstaff *and* Mrs. Quickly.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more pratt'ling;—go——I'll hold: this is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

*Enter* Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plack'd geese, play'd truant, and whip'd top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.—*Windsor Park.*

*Enter* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

*Page.* Come, come: we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark: light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III.—*The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter* Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Dr. Caius.

*Mrs Page.* Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the park; we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do; adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*
My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscure lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will all at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely. [lechery.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters, and their
Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV.—*Windsor Park.*

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans, *and Fairies.*

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you: follow me into the pit; and when I give you the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene V.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* Falstaff *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love, how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose.—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O, Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do. For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.

Sir John? art thou there, my deer,
?
e with the black scut?—Let the sky
let it thunder to the tune of *Green*
tissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let
empest of provocation, I will shelter
(*Embracing her.*)
Mistress Page is come with me,

me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch:
r sides to myself, my shoulders for the
walk, and my horns I bequeath to your
n I a woodman? ha! Speak I like
ter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of
s makes restitution. As I am a true
s! (*Noise within.*)
Alas! what noise?
Heaven forgive our sins!
should this be?
} Away, away. (*They run off.*)
the devil will not have me damned,
t is in me should set hell on fire; he
lse cross me thus.

UGH EVANS, *like a satyr;* MRS.
*ed* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy*
*ended by her brother and others,*
*fairies, with waxen tapers on their*

ies, black, grey, green, and white,
e travellers, and shades of night,
irs of fixed destiny,
fice, and your quality.—
in, make the fairy o-yes. [toys.
, list your names; silence, you airy
indsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
ou find'st unrak'd, and hearts unswept,
e maids as blue as bilberry:
een hates sluts and sluttery.
are fairies; he that speaks to them,
die:
ouch: no man their works must eye.
(*Lies down upon his face.*)
e's *Pede!*—Go you, and where you
maid,
sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
rgans of her fantasy,
ound as careless infancy;
leep, and think not on their sins,
ms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
ut, about; [shins.
or-castle, elves, within and out:
k, ouphes, on every sacred room;
and till the perpetual doom,
olesome, as in state 'tis fit;
wner, and the owner it.
airs of order look you scour
balm, and every precious flower:
ilment, coat, and several crest,
oon, evermore be blest!
meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
arter's compass, in a ring:
e that it bears, green let it be,
resh than all the field to see;
*it qui mal y pense*, write,
fts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
, pearl, and rich embroidery,
w fair knighthood's bending knee:
wers for their charactery.
se: but, till 'tis one o'clock,
custom, round about the oak
hunter, let us not forget.
you, look hand in hand; yourselves in
r set:
low-worms shall our lanterns be,
measure round about the tree.
mell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.
*Quick.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
*Pist.* A trial, come.
*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?
(*They burn him with their tapers.*)
*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!
*Quick.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.
*Eva.* It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

*Fie on sinful fantasy!*
*Fie on lust and luxury!*
*Lust is but a bloody fire,*
*Kindled with unchaste desire,*
*Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,*
*As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher*
*Pinch him, fairies, mutually;*
*Pinch him for his villany;*
*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,*
*Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.*

*During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, *and* MRS. FORD.
*They lay hold of him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?
*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook; and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.
*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.
*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.
*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.
*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!
*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.
*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh. [you.
*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray
*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.
*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Sense is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Sense and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man? [trails?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable en-

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles, and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

*Ford.* Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. (*Aside.*)

*Enter* SLENDER.

*Slen.* Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

*Slen.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in white, and cry'd
she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had
yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's

*Eva.* Jesu! Master Slender, cannot
marry boys?

*Page.* O, I am vexed at heart: what

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not
of your purpose; turned my daughter
and, indeed, she is now with the doc
deanery, and there married.

*Enter* CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page? By
cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy
*sen*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page:
am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be ga
all Windsor. [E

*Ford.* This is strange: who hath got
Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: here co
Fenton.

*Enter* FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE

How now, master Fenton?

*Anne.* Pardon, good father! good

*Page.* Now, mistress! how chance yo
with master Slender?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with
tor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: hear the tru
You would have married her most shame
Where there was no proportion held in
The truth is, She and I, long since contra
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolv
The offence is holy, that she hath commi
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title:
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have bro

*Ford.* Stand not amazed: here is no r
In love, the heavens themselves do guide
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'e
stand to strike at me, that your arrow hat

*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, h
thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embr

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts o
chas'd.

*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at you

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no
Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days
Good husband, let us every one go home.
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fir
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mrs. Ford.

*Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

*Act V.—Scene 5.*

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

5. *Sir Hugh*,] This is the first. of tances in our poet, where a *parson* ir. Anciently it was the common both of one in holy orders and a ir is the designation of a bachelor the universities of Cambridge and ut is there always annexed to the — Sir Evans, &c. In consequence. f this, all the inferior clergy in Eng- distinguished by this title affixed to tian names for many centuries. author's *Sir* Hugh in the present ir Topas in *Twelfth Night*, *Sir* *s You Like It*, &c.

*who writes himself* armigero ;] d seen the justice's attestations, jurat, coram me, Roberto Shallow,

*luce is the* fresh fish ; *the* salt fish *oat*.] Our author here alludes to f sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to cuted him in the younger part of a misdemeanor, and who is suppo- pointed at under the character of low. The text, however, has been d, that the passage, as it stands at ms inexplicable.

ouncil *shall hear it ; it is a riot*.] *cil* is only meant the court of star- mposed chiefly of the king's council *amerâ stellatâ*, which took cog- atrocious riots.

*your* vizaments *in that*.] *Advise-* solete word.

nk you" — MALONE.

2. *How does your fallow grey-* *I heard say, he was outrun on* *tswold, in Gloucestershire*, where an annual celebration of games, f rural sports and exercises.

*worts! good cabbage*.] *Worts* was name of all the cabbage kind.

oney-catching *rascals*,] A *coney-* , in the time of Elizabeth, a com- or a cheat or a sharper.

*anbury cheese!*] You are like a ese,—nothing but paring.

*ow*, Mephostophilus ?] This is the spirit or familiar, in the old story *John Faustus*.

*Edward* shovel-boards,] were the Edward VI.; the game of shovel-board, or shuffle-board, was played with them in Shadwell's time.

*Id. l.* 74. *I combat challenge of this* latten *bilbo* :] A *latten bilbo* means, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *labras* —] i. e. lips

*Id. l.* 79. —— *marry, trap*,] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was — *marry, trap!* JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 1. —— nuthook's *humour*—] i. e. *if you say, I am a thief*.

*Id. l.* 5. —— *Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions ; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's *red face*.

*Id. l.* 9 *And being* fap,] i. e. drunk.

*Id. l.* 10. ——*careires* ] i. e. " and so in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, *passing a carier*."

*Id. l.* 32 —— *my book of* Songs and Sonnets *here* :] " *Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others." Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his addresses to Anne Page. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *The Book of Riddles* —] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman*.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight* afore *Michaelmas?*] An intended blunder of Shakspeare's.

*P.* 41, *c.* 1, *l.* 38. —— *a* master of fence,] *Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his *master's degree* in it ; in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *master's*, a provost's and a scholar's.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *three* veneys *for a dish*, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different set-to's, *bouts*, (or *hits*, as Mr. Malone, perhaps more properly explains the word,) a technical term. Slender means to say, that the wager for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *Sackerson* —] *Sackerson*, or *Sacarson*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited, in our author's time, at Paris-Garden in Southwark.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *that* it pass'd :] i. e. all expression.

*Id l.* 57. *By cock and pye*,] This was a very po-

*P.* 65, *c.* 2, *l.* 47. —— *whiting-time,*] Bleaching time; spring.

*Id. l.* 63. —— *the cowl-staff?*] Is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for a tub.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *how you* drumble;] To *drumble*, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice; but Mrs. Page may mean—how lazy and stupid you are! be more alert.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *it shall appear.*] Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. *Of the season* is a phrase of the forest. MALONE.

*P.* 66, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. —— *so, now* unscape.] A term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earthed.

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 30. *I'll make a* shaft *or a* bolt *on't:*] *To make a bolt or a shaft of a thing* is enumerated by Ray, amongst others, in his collection of proverbial phrases. The *bolt* in this proverb means the *fool*'s bolt.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *come* cut *and* long-tail,] i. e. come *poor* or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The origin of the phrase is not decided.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *happy man be his dole!*] i. e. his lot, a proverbial expression.

*P.* 67, *c.* 1, 21. —— *be set quick i'the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.*] This is a common proverb in the southern counties.

*Id. l.* 35. —— once *to-night* —] i. e. *sometime* to-night.

*Id. l.* 45. —— speciously —] She means to say *specially*.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *to* slack *it?*] i. e. *neglect*.

SCENE V.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 79. —— *detected* with —] *With* was sometimes used for *of*, or *by*.

*P.* 68, *c.* 1, *l* 1. —— *bilbo,*] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibleness and elasticity, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *address me* —] i. e. make myself ready.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 32 —— *to hick and to hack,*] Perhaps, *to do mischief*.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *you must be* preeches,] must be *breeched*, i. e. flogged.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *sprag* —] Or *spackt, apt to learn, ingenious*. REED.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *your* sorrow *hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are* obsequious *in your love,*] The epithet *obsequious* refers to the seriousness with which *obsequies*, or *funeral ceremonies*, are performed.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *lunes* —] i. e. lunacy, frenzy.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *he so* takes on —] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *Peer out!*] That is, *appear horns*.

*P.* 69, *c.* 1, *l.* 26. —— *watch the door with* pistols.] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *her* thrum'd *hat, and her* muffler *too:*] The *muffler* was a thin piece of covered the lips and chin. A was made of very coarse woollen

*Id c.* 2, *l.* 9. "of knight,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *a* ging,] *Ging* was for *gang*.

*Id. l.* 22. —— *this* passes!] This is bounds.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *this* wrongs you.] Th your character.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *his wife's* leman.] *Leman*, is derived from *leof*, Dutch, *man*.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *such* daubery—] Such *hood*, and *imposition*.

*P.* 70, *c.* 1, *l.* 8. —— *you* rag,] This term is again used in *Timon*.

*Id. l.* 9. —— *ronyon!*] *Ronyon*, appli man, means, as far as can be trac same with *scal* or *scab* spoken From *rogneux*, Fr.

*Id. l.* 21. —— cry *out thus* upon no expression is taken from the hunt the scent left by the passage of the *cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *if the devil have him* simple, *with* fine *and* recovery,] is the *largest estate*, and *fine* a the *strongest assurance*, known law.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *in the way of* waste, *again.*] Make further attempts to corrupting our virtue.

*Id l* 45. —— *no* period—] i. e. perh *per catastrophe*.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *they must* come off;] is, *to pay*.

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 22. —— *and* takes *the take*, in Shakspeare, signifies to with a disease, to blast.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *idle-headed* eld —] be used here for — the *olden time*; for *old persons*.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *urchins, ouphes,*] signification of *urchin* is a hedge- it comes to signify any thing little *Ouph* is the Teutonic word for *goblin*.

*Id. l.* 48 *With some* diffused *song;*] irregular, discordant

*Id. l* 51. *And. fairy-like*, to-pinch *knight;*] This use of *to* in comp verbs, very common in Gower was not quite antiquated in the speare.

*Id l.* 56 —— *pinch him* sound,] i. e.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *properties,*] are little cessaries to a theatre, exclusive of dresses.

*Id. l.* 77. —— tricking *for our fairies*. is to dress out.

SCENE V.

*P.* 71, *c.* 1, *l.* 22. —— *anthropophag* e. a cannibal.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *thine* Ephesian,] This term of the time, the meaning of known.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *clerkly,*] i. e. scholar-li

*Id. l.* 74. —— I paid *nothing for it*, *was* paid *for my learning.*] He all

beating which he had just received. To *pay*, in our author's time, often signified to *beat*.

P. 71, *c.* 2, *l.* 40. —— *primero.*] A game at cards.

*Id. l.* 65. *Sure one of you does not serve heaven well*, &c.] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism. JOHNSON.

It is more to be regretted, that many of these expressions, omitted in the folio edition, on account of the stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. have been restored by the illaudable industry of subsequent editors. C.

SCENE VI.

P. 72, *c.* , *l.* 18. *While other jests are something rank on foot,*] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own.

*Id. l.* 37. —— quaint *in green,*] —— may mean fantastically drest in green. *Quaintness*, however, was anciently used to signify *gracefulness*.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *I'll* hold :] I'll *keep* the appointment.

*Id. l.* 63. —— *hold up your head, and* mince.] To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *Since I* plucked geese,] To strip a living goose of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 15 —— *a nay-word,*] i. e. watch-word.

*Id. l.* 16. —— mum; *she cries* budget;] These words appear to have been in common use before the time of our author. "And now if a man call them to accomptes, and aske the cause of al these their tragical and cruel doings, he shall have a short answer with *mum budget*, except they will peradventure allege this." &c. *Oration against the unlawful insurrections of the Protestants*, bl. l. 8vo. 1615, sign. C. 8. REED.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *in a* pit *hard by* Herne's oak,] An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a *pit* in Windsor forest. It is yet shown as the *oak of Herne*. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

P. 73, *c.* 2, *l.* 12. —— *my* shoulders *for the* fellow *of this* walk,] A *walk* is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends. To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *a woodman?*] A *woodman* was an attendant on the officer, called *forrester*. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game as the objects of his pursuit.

*Id. l.* 33. *You* orphan-*heirs of fixed destiny,*] Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen;* and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now oly dependent on *destiny* herself. FARMER.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *as* bilberry:] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *Go you, and where you find a maid,*

Raise *up the organs of her phantasy,*] Mr. Malone supposes the sense of the passage, collectively taken, to be as follows: — "Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep, that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, *though*, in consequence of her innocence, she sleeps as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision; but those whom you find asleep, without having previously thought on their sins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveness, pinch, &c."

*Id. l.* 70. —— *charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *of* middle earth.] *Earth* or *world*, from its imaginary situation in the *midst*, or *middle* of the Ptolemaic system.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— o'erlook'd *even in thy birth.*] i. e. *slighted* as soon as born.

*Id. l.* 44. *See you these, husband? do not these fair* yokes

*Become the forest better than the town?*] Mrs. Page's meaning is this: Seeing the horns (the types of cuckoldom) in Falstaff's hands, she asks her husband, whether those yokes are not more proper in the *forest* than in the *town;* i. e. than in his own family. THEOBALD.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *a coxcomb of* frize?] i. e. fool's-cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

P. 74, *c.* 1, *l.* 23. Ignorance *itself is a* plummet o'er me:] i. e. serves to point out my obliquities. This is said in consequence of Evans's last speech. The allusion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line sir Hugh is here represented as the lead. HENLEY.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 30. —— amaze *her:*] i. e. confound her by your questions.

## Specimens of Fans,

FROM THE DRAWINGS OF TITIAN AND CÆSAR VECELLI, AS REFERRED TO THE NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Act. II, Scene 2, Pag. 77.

# Historical Notes.

eat reason to believe, that the
this Comedy is founded on some
of the seventh history in the fourth
leforest's *Histoires Tragiques*.
k the story, as usual, from Ban-
mic scenes appear to have been
duction of Shakspeare. It is not
vever, that the circumstances of
ling his Page to plead his cause
and of the Lady's falling in love
&c. might be borrowed from the
Barnaby Googe, published with
al poems, in 1563.

· *Knyght* dyd love her longe,
· her sake dyd feale
s of love, that happen styl
ming fortune's wheale.
*Page*, Valerius named,
so muche he dyd truste,
the secrets of his hart
declare he muste.
hym all the onely meanes
for his redresse,
treate for grace to her
aused his distresse.
*as first she saw his page*
*raight with hym in love,*
*iynge coulde Valerius' face*
*Claudia's mynde remove.*
vas Faustus often harde,
his sutes toke place,
e often dyd aspyre
his Ladyes face.
ed well, tyll at the length
s sore dyd sewe,
ny teares besechynge her
yster's gryefe to rewe.
her that yf she wolde not
e his mayster's payne,

"*He never wolde attempte her more*
"*Nor se her ones agayne*," &c.

Thus also concludes the first scene of the third act of the play before us:

"And so adieu, good madam; never more
"Will I my master's tears to you deplore."

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken being so uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own possession, has hitherto occurred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Googe's P oetry.

August 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you will* (which is the second title of this play), was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben. Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1607. Ben Jonson unquestionably could not have ridiculed this play in *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was written many years before it.

MALONE.

ACT. III.—SCENE 4.

*Oli.* What is the matter with thee?
*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.

# TWELFTH NIGHT:

## OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Agueith great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is thereer prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by narriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the dibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just

*Johnson.*

### *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*f Illyria.*
*young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*
*a Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
*Friend to Viola.*
*Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CH, *Uncle of Olivia.*
AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*
*Clown,* }
OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*
*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*A City in Illyria; and the Sea coast near it.*

### ACT I.

*Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

URIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

ic be the food of love, play on,
of it; that, surfeiting,
y sicken, and so die.——
in;—it had a dying fall:
my ear like the sweet south,
pon a bank of violets,
ving odour.—Enough: no more,
t now, as it was before.
how quick and fresh art thou!
anding thy capacity
e sea, nought enters there,
and pitch soever,
atement and low price,
te so full of shapes is fancy,
high-fantastical.
u go hunt, my lord?
What, Curio?
The hart.
so I do, the noblest that I have:
yes did see Olivia first,
purged the air of pestilence;
s I turn'd into a hart;
, like fell and cruel hounds,
e me.—How now? what news from

*Enter* VALENTINE.

se my lord, I might not be admitted,
ndmaid do return this answer:
elf, till seven years heat,
I her face at ample view;
tress, she will veiled walk,
a-day her chamber round
ling brine: all this, to season
d love, which she would keep fresh,
er sad remembrance.
that hath a heart of that fine frame,
t of love but to a brother,
ve, when the rich golden shaft
flock of all affections else
! when liver, brain, and heart,
thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
fections) with one self king!—
to sweet beds of flowers;
e rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

E II.—*The Sea-coast.*

OLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

untry, friends, is this?

*Cap.* Illyria, lady
*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium. [sailors?
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you,
*Cap.* It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be. [chance.
*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
*Vio.* Who governs here?
*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.
*Vio.* What is his name?
*Cap.* Orsino.
*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
*Cap.* And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
*Vio.* What's she?
*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count,
That died some twelve month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
*Vio.* O, that I served that lady.
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
*Cap.* That were hard to compass:
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits

With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

*Sir T.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too! an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

*Mar.* Ay; but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top. What, wench? Castillano vulgo; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

*Enter Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir A.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

*Sir To.* Sweet sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Mary Accost——

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight; accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, sir A
thou might'st never draw sword agai
*Sir And.* An you part so, mistre
might never draw sword again. Fa
think you have fools in hand?
*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the ha
*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall ha
my hand.
*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I
your hand to the buttery-bar, and let
*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart
*Mar.* It's dry, sir.
*Sir And.* Why, I think so; I am n
but I can keep my hand dry. But wh
*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.
*Sir And.* Are you full of them?
*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my
marry, now I let go your hand, I am

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a
when did I see thee so put down?
*Sir And.* Never in your life, I thi
see canary put me down: methinks,
have no more wit than a Christian,
man has: but I am a great eater of b
lieve, that does harm to my wit.
*Sir To.* No question.
*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd fo
ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.
*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knigh
*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy?* do
would I had bestowed that time in th
I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-b
I but followed the arts!
*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an
*Sir And.* Why, would that have me
*Sir To.* Past question; for thou se
curl by nature.
*Sir And.* But it becomes me well
*Sir To.* Excellent! it hangs like fla
and I hope to see a housewife take th
legs, and spin it off.
*Sir And.* 'Faith, I'll home to-morr
your niece will not be seen; or, if sh
to one she'll none of me: the count
hard by, wooes her.
*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count; sh
above her degree, neither in estate, y
I have heard her swear it. Tut, there'
*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer.
o' the strangest mind i' the world
masques and revels sometimes altoget
*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kicks
*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria,
be, under the degree of my betters; a
not compare with an old man.
*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a g
*Sir And.* 'Faith, I can cut a caper.
*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton
*Sir And.* And, I think, I have th
simply as strong as any man in Illyria
*Sir To.* Wherefore are these thing
fore have these gifts a curtain befo
they like to take dust, like mistre
ture? why dost thou not go to church
and come home in a coranto? My ver
be a jig! I would not so much as ma
in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou
world to hide virtues in? I did think,
lent constitution of thy leg, it was for
star of a galliard.
*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it do
well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall
some revels?
*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were
*Sir And.* Taurus? that's sides and
*Sir To.* No sir; it is legs and thi
see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—

*V.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

LENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

e duke continue these favours towards
, you are like to be much advanced:
en you but three days, and already you
ger.
either fear his humour, or my negli-
you call in question the continuance of
e inconstant, sir, in his favours?
believe me.

*Duke,* CURIO, *and Attendants.*

ak you. Here comes the count.
no saw Cesario, ho?
our attendance, my lord; here.
nd you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
t no less but all; I have unclasp'd
book even of my secret soul:
ood youth, address thy gait unto her;
d access, stand at her doors,
m, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
e audience.
Sure, my noble lord,
abandon'd to her sorrow
e, she never will admit me.
clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
make unprofited return.
do speak with her, my lord; what then?
hen unfold the passion of my love,
with discourse of my dear faith:
me thee well to act my woes;
nd it better in thy youth,
acio of more grave aspect.
k not so, my lord.
Dear lad, believe it;
ll yet belie thy happy years,
u art a man: Diana's lip
mooth and rubious; thy small pipe
iden's organ, shrill, and sound,
mblative a woman's part.
constellation is right apt
r:—Some four, or five, attend him;
ill; for I myself am best,
n company:—Prosper well in this,
alt live as freely as thy lord,
ortunes thine.
I'll do my best,
lady: yet (*Aside.*) a barful strife!
oo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

*V.—A Room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter* MARIA *and Clown.*

, either tell me where thou hast been,
open my lips so wide as a bristle may
of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee
ce.
er hang me! he, that is well hanged in
eeds to fear no colours.
e that good.
all see none to fear.
od lenten answer. I can tell thee where
as born, of *I fear no colours.*
e, good mistress Mary?
e wars; and that may you be bold to say
.
God give them wisdom, that have it;
it are fools, let them use their talents.
you will be hanged, for being so long
be turned away, is not that as good as
you?
a good hanging prevents a bad mar-
turning away, let summer bear it out.
are resolute then?
o neither; but I am resolved on two

, if one break, the other will hold; or, if
our gaskins fall.
n good faith; very apt! Well, go thy
way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.——God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away. [lady.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monacum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechise you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir* Toby Belch.

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman? What gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby,——

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy? [the gate.

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery: there's one at

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my cos; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

*Re-enter* Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage, and years, is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peas-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Maria.

*Oliv.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; we'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* Viola.

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she? [will?

*Oli.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her; your

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no s very comptible, even to the least sinister

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I ha and that question's out of my part. ( one, give me modest assurance, if you be the house, that I may proceed in my spe

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, yo yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is reserve. But this is from my commission with my speech in your praise, and the the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned; keep it in. I heard you were saucy at m allowed your approach, rather to wonder to hear you. If you be not mad, be g have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time o me, to make one in so skipping a dialogu

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lie

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull l longer.—Some mollification for your g

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous ma liver, when the courtesy of it is so fear your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. overture of war, no taxation of homage; olive in my hand; my words are as full matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness, that hath appear have I learn'd from my entertainment. and what I would, are as secret as maid your ears, divinity; to any other's, profan

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we wil divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,——

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and mo said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom? In what chapter of

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the heart. [m

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresy. H

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your fac

*Oli.* Have you any commission from y negociate with my face? you are now o text: but we will draw the curtain, and the picture. Look you, sir, such a one this present: is't not well done? (*Unveili*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lai
Lady, your are the cruel'st she alive,
If you lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-heart give out divers schedules of my beauty be inventoried; and every particle, an labelled to my will: as, item, two lips red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to th one neck, one chin, and so forth. Wer hither to 'praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are: you are t
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such lo
Could be but recompens'd, though you wer
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he lo

adorations, with fertile tears,
hat thunder love, with sighs of fire.
ord does know my mind, I cannot love

: him virtuous, know him noble,
e, of fresh and stainless youth;
. divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
sion, and the shape of nature,
rson: but yet I cannot love him;
e took his answer long ago.
d love you in my master's flame,
uffering, such a deadly life,
I would find no sense,
nderstand it.
Why, what would you?
me a willow cabin at your gate,
my soul within the house;
antons of contemned love;
a loud even in the dead of night;
me to the reverberate hills,
babbling gossip of the air
a! O, you should not rest
lements of air and earth,
d pity me. [age?
ight do much: what is your parent-
my fortunes, yet my state is well:
nan.
Get you to your lord;
him: let him send no more;
ance, you come to me again,
w he takes it. Fare you well:
r your pains: spend this for me.
o fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
ot myself, lacks recompense.
s heart of flint, that you shall love;
fervour, like my master's, be
empt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
is your parentage?
*tunes, yet my state is well;*
*man.*——I'll be sworn thou art;
hy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
ive-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft!

ster were the man.—How now?
ly may one catch the plague?
el this youth's perfections,
ible and subtle stealth,
t mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
lvolio!

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

Here, madam, at your service.
ter that same peevish messenger,
man: he left this ring behind him,
ot; tell him, I'll none of it.
t to flatter with his lord,
up with hopes; I am not for him:
ath will come this way to-morrow,
easons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
m, I will. [*Exit.*
know not what; and fear to find
great a flatterer for my mind.
y force: ourselves we do not owe;
eed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

*er* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

you stay no longer? nor will you not
you?
ar patience, no: my stars shine darkly
malignancy of my fate might, per-
er yours; therefore I shall crave of you
at I may bear my evils alone: it were
ense for your love, to lay any of them
[bound.
se yet know of you, whither you are
ooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
pancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister [drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

### SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—if it be so (as 'tis),
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

*Sir To.* Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—— [good life?

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
*O, stay, and hear; your true love's coming,*
*That can sing both high and low:*
*Trip no further, pretty sweeting;*
*Journeys end in lovers' meeting,*
*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith!

*Sir To.* Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
*Present mirth hath present laughter;*
*What's to come, is still unsure:*
*In delay there lies no plenty;*
*Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,*
*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? [a catch.

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave*, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith. Come, begin. (T
*a catch.*)

*Enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* What a catterwauling do you ha
If my lady have not called up her steward
volio, and bid him turn you out of doo
trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Catalan, we are po
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three m*
*be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I n
blood? Tilly-vally, lady! *There dwelt a*
*Babylon, lady, lady!* (*Singing.*)

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in a

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if h
posed, and so do I too; he does it with
grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To. O, the twelfth day of Dec*
(

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace.

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what
Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but
like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye
alehouse of my lady's house, that ye sq
your coziers' catches without any mitig
remorse of voice? Is there no respect
persons, nor time, in you? [S

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with y
lady bade me tell you, that, though she hat
as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your d
If you can separate yourself and your misde
you are welcome to the house; if not, an
please you to take leave of her, she is ver
to bid you farewell. [sneak

*Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since*

*Mar.* Nay, good sir Toby.

*Clo. His eyes do show his days are alm*

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To. But I will never die*

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To. Shall I bid him go?* (*Singing.*

*Clo. What an if you do?*

*Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare n*

*Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

*Sir To.* Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art
than a steward? Dost thou think, because
virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger sh
i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir,
chain with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prix'd my l
vour at any thing more than contempt, y
not give means for this uncivil rule; she sh
of it, by this hand.

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to dri
a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the fi
then to break promise with him, and mak
of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight; I'll write thee a ch
or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by
mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet sir Toby, be patient for
since the youth of the count's was to-day
lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsi
volio, let me alone with him: if I do not
into a nayword, and make him a common re
do not think I have wit enough to lie straig
bed: I know, I can do't.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us; tell us s
of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind
ritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat hi

SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

SCÈNE TIRÉE DE LA DOUZIÈME NUIT.

ser being a Puritan? thy exqui-
ght?
no exquisite reason for't, but I
ough.
a Puritan that he is, or any
: a time pleaser; an affectioned
without book, and utters it by
best persuaded of himself, so
aks, with excellencies, that it is
that all, that look on him, love
ice in him will my revenge find
rk.
ilt thou do?
in his way some obscure epistles
y the colour of his beard, the
e manner of his gait, the expres-
head, and complexion, he shall
eelingly personated: I can write
our niece; on a forgotten matter
distinction of our hands.
t! I smell a device.
t in my nose too.
I think, by the letters that thou
come from my niece, and that
him. [colour.
se is, indeed, a horse of that
our horse now could make him
bt not. [an ass.
ll be admirable.
l, I warrant you: I know, my
ith him. I will plant you two,
e a third, where he shall find the
construction of it. For this night,
on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*
ght, Penthesilea.
me, she's a good wench.
beagle, true-bred, and one that
'that?
adored once too.
bed, knight.—Thou hadst need
y.
annot recover your niece, I am a

r money, knight; if thou hast her
me Cut. [you will.
not, never trust me, take it how
come; I'll go burn some sack,
bed now: come, knight; come,
[*Exeunt.*

*Room in the Duke's Palace.*

VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

some music:—Now, good mor-
nds:——
, but that piece of song,
e song we heard last night;
lieve my passion much;
s and recollected terms,
t and giddy-paced times:——
se. [should sing it.
ere, so please your lordship, that
it?
jester, my lord; a fool that the
r took much delight in: he is

out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio.—Music.*
if ever thou shalt love,
of it remember me:
all true natures are;
h in all motions else,
nt image of the creature
How dost thou like this tune?
ery echo to the seat
n'd.
t speak masterly:
ng though thou art, thine eye
some favour that it loves;

A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?
*Vio.* Of your complexion.
*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years,
*Vio.* About your years, my lord. [i'faith?
*Duke.* Too old, by heaven: let still the woman
An elder than herself; so wears she to him, [take
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.
*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter* CURIO, *and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we had last
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: [night:—
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth, [bones,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?
*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing. (*Music.*)

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
*And in sad cypress let me be laid;*
*Fly away, fly away, breath;*
*I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*
*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,*
*O, prepare it;*
*My part of death no one so true*
*Did share it.*
*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,*
*On my black coffin let there be strown;*
*Not a friend, not a friend greet* [*thrown;*
*My poor corpse, where my bones shall be*
*A thousand thousand sighs to save,*
*Lay me, O, where*
*Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,*
*To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.
*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.
*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.
*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*
*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.——
[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.
*Vio.* But, if she cannot love you, sir?
*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.
*Vio.* 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not then be answer'd?
*Duke.* There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know,—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter* MARIA.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! (*The men hide themselves.*) Lie thou there; (*throws down a letter*) for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an over-weening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio!—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the strachy married the yeoman of the wa

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply i imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months m sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow, to hit hi

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in velvet gown; having come from a d I left Olivia sleeping.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour after a demure travel of regard,—telling my place, as I would they should do t for my kinsman Toby:

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now,

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an o make out for him: I frown the whi chance, wind up my watch, or play w jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies th

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn cars, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him, th my familiar smile with an austere regn

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take yo lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, *Cousin Toby, my for cast me on your niece, give me this p speech:*—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* *You must amend your drunk*

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break t our plot.

*Mal.* *Besides, you waste the trea time with a foolish knight;*

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* *One Sir Andrew:*

*Sir And.* I knew, 'twas I; for many

*Mal.* What employment have we h *ing up the letter.*)

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of timate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her T makes she her great *P's*. It is, in question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C's*, her *U's* and h that?

*Mal.* (*reads.*) *To the unknown belov my good wishes:* her very phrases leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impress crece, with which she uses to seal: T to whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* (*reads.*) *Jove knows I love:*
*But who?*
*Lips do not move,*
*No man must know.*
*No man must know.*—What follows? altered!—*No man must know*:—If th thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* *I may command, where I ador*
*But silence, like a Lucrece k*
*With bloodless stroke my heart*
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life*

*Fab.* A Fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.* first, let me see,—let me see,—let me se

*Fab.* What a dish of poison hath she d

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stan at it.

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore.*

nand me; I serve her, she is my lady.
is evident to any formal capacity. There
raction in this:—And the end,—What
at alphabetical position portend? if I
ke that resemble something in me,—
*M, O, A, I.*—
O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a
.
rter will cry upon't, for all this, though
ak as a fox.
,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my

d not I say, he would word it out? the
ellent at faults.
,—But then there is no consonancy in the
at suffers under probation: *A* should
: *O* does.
d *O* shall end, I hope.
Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him

d then *I* comes behind.
r, an you had an eye behind you, you
more detraction at your heels, than for-
re you.
*O, A, I;*—This simulation is not as the
nd yet, to crush this a little, it would
for every one of these letters are in my
! here follows prose.—*If this fall into*
*revolve. In my stars I am above thee;*
*afraid of greatness: some are born*
*e achieve greatness, and some have*
*thrust upon them. Thy fates open their*
*thy blood and spirit embrace them.*
*ure thyself to what thou art like to be,*
*umble slough, and appear fresh. Be*
*ith a kinsman, surly with servants:*
*que tang arguments of state; put thy-*
*e trick of singularity: she thus advises*
*sighs for thee. Remember who com-*
*y yellow stockings; and wished to see*
*ross-gartered: I say, remember. Go*
*rt made, if thou desirest to be so; if*
*see thee a steward still, the fellow of*
*and not worthy to touch fortune's*
*rewell. She, that would alter services*

*The fortunate-unhappy.*

nd champian discovers not more: this
will be proud, I will read politic au-
l baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross
:e, I will be point-de-vice, the very man.
w fool myself, to let imagination jade
ery reason excites to this, that my lady
She did commend my yellow stockings
did praise my leg being cross-gartered;
she manifests herself to my love, and,
of injunction, drives me to these habits
g. I thank my stars, I am happy. I
ange, stout, in yellow stockings, and
ed, even with the swiftness of putting
nd my stars be praised!—Here is yet
. *Thou canst not choose but know who*
*hou entertainest my love, let it appear*
*iling; thy smiles become thee well:*
*n my presence still smile, dear my*
*r'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will
ll do every thing that thou wilt have me.
[*Exit.*
ill not give my part of this sport for a
housands to be paid from the Sophy.
could marry this wench for this device:
So could I too.
And ask no other dowry with her, but
r jest.

*Enter* Maria.

. Nor I neither.
re comes my noble gull-catcher.
Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
. Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?
*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.
*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.
*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
*Sir And.* I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT. III.

### Scene I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter* Viola, *and Clown with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.
*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?
*Clo.* No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.
*Clo.* You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.
*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no [name, sir.
*Vio.* Why, man?
*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.
*Vio.* Thy reason, man?
*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
*Vio.* I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.
*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.
*Vio.* Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?
*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.
*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.
*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.
*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.
*Clo.* I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.
*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*
*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch *and* Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.
*Vio.* And you, sir.
*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*
*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*
*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.
*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste [my legs.
*Sir To.* I mean to go, sir, to enter.
*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

*Enter* Olivia *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! [*odours!* well.
*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier: *Rain*
*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
*Sir And.* *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready. [to my hearing.
*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

Give me your hand, sir.
*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.
*Oli.* What is your name?
*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.
*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, [me!
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with
*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
*Vio.* Dear lady,——
*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
Have you not set mine honour at the stake, think?
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts,
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
*Vio.* I pity you.
*Oli.* That's a degree to love.
*Vio.* No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
*Oli.* Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to sm
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! [sq
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf? (*Clock strik*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
*Vio.* Then westward-h
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
*Oli.* Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
*Vio.* That you do think, you are not what you
*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.
*Vio.* Then think you right; I am not what I a
*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be
*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is no
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is b
*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
*Oli.* Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may
move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Ex*

Scene II.—*A Room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy re
*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, sir A
drew.
*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favo
to the count's serving man, than ever she bestow
upon me; I saw't i'the orchard. [me
*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy?
*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.
*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in h
toward you.
*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the
of judgment and reason.
*Sir To.* And they have been grand jurymen, si
before Noah was a sailor.
*Fab.* She did shew favour to the youth in y
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and b
stone in your liver: you should then have acc
her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new
the mint, you should have banged the youth
dumbness. This was looked for at your hand,
this was baulked: the double gilt of this op
nity you let time wash off, and you are now
into the north of my lady's opinion; where you
hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, u
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either
of valour, or policy.
*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with v

r I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist

ıy then, build me thy fortunes upon
iour. Challenge me the count's youth
ıim; hurt him in eleven places; my
a note of it; and assure thyself, there is
in the world can more prevail in man's
with woman, than report of valour.
is no way but this, sir Andrew.
Vill either of you bear me a challenge

, write it in a martial hand; be curst
is no matter how witty, so it be elo-
l of invention: taunt him with the
: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it
miss; and as many lies as will lie in
paper, although the sheet were big
s bed of Ware in England, set 'em
out it. Let there be gall enough in
gh thou write with a goose-pen, no
it.
here shall I find you?
e'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* go.
[*Exit Sir Andrew.*
s a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.
ıve been dear to him, lad; some two
g, or so.
hall have a rare letter from him: but
ver it.
ver trust me then; and by all means
uth to an answer. I think, oxen and
not hale them together. For Andrew,
ened, and you find so much blood in
vill clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the
tomy.
his opposite, the youth, bears in his
t presage of cruelty.

*Enter* MARIA.

ok where the youngest wren of nine

u desire the spleen, and will laugh
o stitches, follow me: you' gull Mal-
l heathen, a very renegado; for there
ı that means to be saved by believing
ver believe such impossible passages
He's in yellow stockings.
l cross-gartered?
villanously; like a pedant that keeps
church.—I have dogged him, like his
: does obey every point of the letter
l to betray him. He does smile his
ı lines, than are in the new map, with
tion of the Indies: you have not seen
as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling
I know, my lady will strike him; if
smile, and take't for a great favour.
ome, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

r ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ld not, by my will, have troubled you;
ı make your pleasure of your pains,
ver chide you.
ld not stay behind you; my desire,
ıan filed steel, did spur me forth;
ve to see you, (though so much,
e drawn one to a longer voyage,)
what might befal your travel,
ı in these parts; which to a stranger,
d unfriended, often prove
hospitable: my willing love,
r these arguments of fear,
our pursuit.
My kind Antonio,
r answer make, but, thanks,
ınd ever thanks. Often good turns
off with such uncurrent pay:
r worth, as is my conscience, firm,
ind better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
*Ant.* To-morrow, sir; best, first go see your lodging.
*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
*Ant.* 'Would, you'd pardon me,
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd
*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.
*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature:
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.
*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
*Seb.* Why I your purse?
*Ant.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.
*Ant.* To the Elephant.—
*Seb.* I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says, he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
*Mar.* He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
*Mar.* No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.
*Oli.* Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?
*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho. (*Smiles fantastically.*)
*Oli.* Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*
*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.
*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? [to thee.
*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come
*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?
*Mal.* At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.
*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
*Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
*Mal. Some are born great,—*
*Oli.* Ha?
*Mal. Some achieve greatness,—*
*Oli.* What say'st thou?
*Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.*
*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!
*Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow*
*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings? [*stockings:—*
*Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*
*Oli.* Cross-gartered? [*so;—*
*Mal. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be*
*Oli.* Am I made?
*Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.*
*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

*Mal.* Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter* Maria, *with* Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ah! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart? Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost [thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. W
'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit
Hang him, foul collier!

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; go
get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx?

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you a
low things: I am not of your element
know more hereafter.

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a st
could condemn it as an improbable fictio

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken th
of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now; lest the
air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, i

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a
and bound. My niece is already in the
he is mad; we may carry it thus, for o
and his penance, till our very pastime,
breath, prompt us to have mercy on him
time, we will bring the device to the bar
thee for a finder of madmen. But see,

*Enter* Sir Andrew Aguecheek

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read
rant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is it, I warrant him: do

*Sir To.* Give me. (*Reads*) *Youth,*
*thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow*

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not i*
*why I do call thee so, for I will show tho*
*for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you fro
of the law.

*Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Oliv*
*my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou*
*throat, that is not the matter I challen*

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good

*Sir To. I will way-lay thee going ho*
*if it be thy chance to kill me,*——

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue an*

*Fab.* Still you keep o'the windy side
good.

*Sir To. Fare thee well; and God h*
*upon one of our souls! He may have*
*mine; but my hope is better, and so look*
*Thy friend, as thou usest him, and*
*enemy,* Andrew A

*Sir To.* If this letter move him no
cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion
now in some commerce with my lady,
and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for
corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailif
as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as tho
swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft,
rible oath, with a swaggering accent sharp
off, gives manhood more approbation
proof itself would have earned him. Aw

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearin

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his lett
behaviour of the young gentleman gives
be of good capacity and breeding; his e
between his lord and my niece confirm
therefore this letter, being so excellently
will breed no terror in the youth, he
comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will
challenge by word of mouth; set upon A
a notable report of valour; and drive the
(as, I know, his youth will aptly receive
most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fur

his will so fright them both, that they another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

he comes with your niece: give them ake leave, and presently after him. will meditate the while upon some horrid a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir To. Fab. & Mar.*

e said too much unto a heart of stone, e honour too unchary out: thing in me, that reproves my fault; eadstrong potent fault it is, ocks reproof. [hears, the same 'haviour that your passion aster's griefs. wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; it hath no tongue to vex you: ch you, come again to-morrow. ou ask of me, that I'll deny; say'd, may upon asking give? [ter. ing but this, your true love for my mas- with mine honour may I give him that, e given to you?

I will acquit you!

come again to-morrow. Fare thee well: thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

*r Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

entleman, God save thee. ou, sir. at defence thou hast, betake thee to't: e the wrongs are thou hast done him, but thy intercepter, full of despight, hunter, attends thee at the orchard nt thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, ant is quick, skilful, and deadly. mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath o me; my remembrance is very free any image of offence done to any man. ou'll find it otherwise, I assure you: ou hold your life at any price, betake uard; for your opposite hath in him strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish you, sir, what is he? [man withal. e is knight, dubbed with unhacked n carpet consideration; but he is a te brawl; souls and bodies hath he e; and his incensement at this moment ble, that satisfaction can be none but death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his or take't. return again into the house, and desire of the lady. I am no fighter. I have e kind of men, that put quarrels pur- ers, to taste their valour: belike this at quirk. , no; his indignation derives itself out petent injury; therefore, get you on, his desire. Back you shall not to the you undertake that with me, which safety you might answer him: there- ip your sword stark naked; for meddle at's certain, or forswear to wear iron

as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, rteous office, as to know of the knight nce to him is; it is something of my thing of my purpose. will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you man till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*

ou, sir, do you know of this matter? w, the knight is incensed against you, rtal arbitrement; but nothing of the more. ech you, what manner of man is he? ng of that wonderful promise, to read m, as you are like to find him in the valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most y, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Sir* TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. (*Aside.*)

*Re-enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse (*to Fab.*) to take up the quarrel;
I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. (*Aside.*)

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath. (*Draws.*)

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will. (*Draws.*)

*Ant.* Put up your sword;—if this young gentle- [man
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. (*Drawing.*)

*Sir To.* You sir? why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. (*Draws.*)

*Enter two Officers.* [ficers.

*Fab.* O good sir Toby, hold; here come the of-

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon. (*To Antonio.*)

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. (*To Sir Andrew.*)

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself. You stand amaz'd:

But be of comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.
*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.
*Vio.* What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.
*Ant.* Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
*Vio.* I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
*Ant.* O heavens themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go. [see here,
*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth, that you
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion. [away.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by;
*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.
*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*
*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from such passion
That he believes himself; so do not I. [fly,
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*
*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. [in it.
*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious
*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
*Sir And.* An I do not,— [*Exit.*
*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.
*Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?
*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.
*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.
*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.
*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard
some great man, and now applies it to
my folly! I am afraid this great lubbe
will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee
strangeness, and tell me what I shall
lady: shall I vent to her, that thou art
*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart
There's money for thee; if you tarry h
I shall give worse payment.
*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an d
These wise men, that give fools mon
selves a good report after fourteen yea
*Enter Sir* ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and*
*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you a
for you. (*Strikin*
*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there
are all the people mad? (*Beating*
*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw you
the house.
*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight
be in some of your coats for two-pence
*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold. (*Holdin*
*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go
to work with him; I'll have an actio
against him, if there be any law in Ill
I struck him first, yet it's no matter f
*Seb.* Let go thy hand.
*Sir To.* Come sir, I will not let you
my young soldier, put up your iron:
fleshed; come on.
*Seb.* I will be free from thee. W
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I s
ounce or two of this malapert blood fro

*Enter* OLIVIA.

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I char
*Sir To.* Madam?
*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracio
Fit for the mountains, and the barbaro
Where manners ne'er were preach'd
Be not offended, dear Cesario!——
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew,*
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, s
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my
And hear thou there how many fruitles
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not ch
Do not deny: beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in t
*Seb.* What relish is in this? how run
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep
If it be thus to dream, still let me slee
*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee: would
*Seb.* Madam, I will.
*Oli.* O, say so, and so b

### SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's*

*Enter* MARIA *and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this go
beard; make him believe thou art s
curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir To

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I w
myself in't; and I would I were the fi
dissembled in such a gown. I am no
to become the function well; nor lea
be thought a good student: but to be
nest man, and a good housekeeper, g
as to say, a careful man, and a great s
competitors enter.

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master par
*Clo.* *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby; for as th

that never saw pen and ink, very wittily
ece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:*
; master parson, am master parson: for
t, but that? and is, but is?
To him, sir Topas.
at, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!
The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
*an inner chamber.*) Who calls there?
Topas, the curate, who comes to visit
e lunatic. [my lady.
Topas, sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to
, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou
talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
Well said, master parson.
Topas, never was man thus wronged;
opas, do not think I am mad; they have
e in hideous darkness.
, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by
modest terms; for I am one of those
s, that will use the devil himself with
ay'st thou, that house is dark?
hell, sir Topas.
y, it hath bay-windows, transparent as
s, and the clear stones towards the
are as lustrous as ebony; and yet
t thou of obstruction?
am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you,
s dark.
dman, thou errest: I say, there is no
but ignorance; in which thou art more
an the Egyptians in their fog.
say, this house is as dark as ignorance,
orance were as dark as hell; and I say,
never man thus abused: I am no more
ou are; make the trial of it in any con-
on.
at is the opinion of Pythagoras, con-
d-fowl? [inhabit a bird.
at the soul of our grandam might haply
at thinkest thou of his opinion?
think nobly of the soul, and no way ap-
pinion.
e thee well: remain thou still in dark-
shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras,
allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a
lest thou dispossess the soul of thy
Fare thee well.
Topas, sir Topas!
My most exquisite sir Topas!
, I am for all waters.
ou might'st have done this without thy
gown; he sees thee not.
To him in thine own voice, and bring
ow thou findest him: I would we were
this knavery. If he may be convenient-
d, I would he were; for I am now so
ce with my niece, that I cannot pursue
fety this sport to the upshot. Come by
y chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*
*Robin, jolly Robin,*
*ell me how thy lady does.* (*Singing.*)
ol,—
*lady is unkind, perdy.*
ol,—
*as, why is she so?*
ol, I say;—
*loves another*—Who calls, ha?
od fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well
l, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and
I am a gentleman, I will live to be thank-
ster Malvolio! [ful to thee for't.
, good fool.
s, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
ol, there was never man so notoriously
am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
as well? then you are mad, indeed, if
etter in your wits than a fool.
ey have here propertied me; keep me
s, send ministers to me, asses, and do
to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy [vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas,——

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Fal.* Fool. I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, sir,*
*And anon, sir,*
*I'll be with you again,*
*In a trice,*
*Like to the old vice,*
*Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,*
*In his rage and his wrath,*
*Cries ah, ha! to the devil:*
*Like a mad lad,*
*Pare thy nails, dad,*
*Adieu, goodman drivel.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, [lowers,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in 't,
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

*Enter Olivia and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father;——And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*The Street before Olivia's house.*

*Enter Clown and* Fabian.

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.
*Fab.* Any thing.
*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.
*Fab.* That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter* Duke, Viola, *and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?
*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? [worse for my friends.
*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.
*Duke.* How can that be?
*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.
*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends. [there's gold.
*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me;
*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.
*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.
*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.
*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

*Enter* Antonio *and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?
1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.
*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew
That most ungrateful boy there, by
From the rude sea's enrag'd and fam
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope h
His life I gave him, and did thereto
My love, without retention, or restrai
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his lo
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was ha
Where being apprehended, his false
(Not meaning to partake with me in
Taught him to face me out of his acq
And grew a twenty-years-removed th
While one would wink; denied me m
Which I had recommended to his us
Not half an hour before.
*Vio.* How can
*Duke.* When came he to this tow
*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for th
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep com

*Enter* Olivia *and Attend*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess
walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy word
Three months this youth hath tended
But more of that anon.——Take him
*Oli.* What would my lord, but th
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceabl
Cesario, you do not keep promise wi
*Vio.* Madam!
*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,——
*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario
*Vio.* My lord would speak, my du
*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
*Duke.* Still a
*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.
*Duke.* What! to perverseness? yo
To whose ingrate and unauspicious alt
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath
That e'er devotion tender'd! What sh
*Oli.* Even what it please my lo
become him.
*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point o
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly?—But
Since you to non-regardance cast my f
And that I partly know the instrumen
That screws me from my true place i
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant,
But this your minion, whom, I know,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I ten
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts ar
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove
*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and
To do you rest, a thousand deaths wou

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?
*Vio.* Aft
More than I love these eyes, more tha
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall l
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love
*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I be
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who d
wrong?
*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it s
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an*
*Duke.* Come away.
*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, hu
*Duke.* Husband?
*Oli.* Ay, husband; can h

er husband, sirrah?
No, my lord, not I.
, it is the baseness of thy fear,
thee strangle thy propriety:
esario, take thy fortunes up;
know'st thou art, and then thou art
that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

*-enter Attendant and Priest.*

harge thee, by thy reverence,
old (though lately we intended
darkness, what occasion now
ore 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
past between this youth and me.
contract of eternal bond of love,
y mutual joinder of your hands,
the holy close of lips,
d by interchangement of your rings;
ceremony of this compact
y function, by my testimony:
, my watch hath told me, toward my
elled but two hours. [grave
thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
else thy craft so quickly grow,
own trip shall be thine overthrow?
nd take her; but direct thy feet,
and I henceforth may never meet.
lord, I do protest,—
O, do not swear;
aith, though thou hast too much fear.

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

For the love of God, a surgeon; send
y to sir Toby.
t's the matter?
He has broke my head across, and has
y a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
help: I had rather than forty pound I
e.
has done this, sir Andrew?
The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
for a coward, but he's the very devil
y gentleman, Cesario! [incardinate.
Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke
nothing; and that that I did, I was set
sir Toby.
y do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
our sword upon me, without cause;
ke you fair, and hurt you not.
If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
e; I think, you set nothing by a bloody

TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the Clown.*

Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more:
not been in drink, he would have tickled
es than he did.
w now, gentleman? how is't with you?
hat's all one; he has hurt me, and there's
—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?
e's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his
t at eight i' the morning.
hen he's a rogue. After a passy-measure,
I hate a drunken rogue.
y with him: who hath made this havock
[be dressed together.
I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll
Will you help an ass-head, and a cox-
knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?
him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
*t Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
been the brother of my blood,
done no less, with wit, and safety.
strange regard upon me, and
perceive it hath offended you;
sweet one, even for the vows
ach other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two
A natural perspective, that is, and is not. [persons;
*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.
*Ant.* Sebastian are you?
*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
*Oli.* Most wonderful!
*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? (*To Viola.*)
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.
*Seb.* And so had mine.
*Vio.* And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that. (*To Olivia.*)
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, (*To Vio.*)
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
*Duke.* Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown, with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?
*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are [delivered.
*Oli.* Open it, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,—*

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits. [allow *vox.*

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. (*To Fabian.*)

*Fab.* (reads.) *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly-used* MALVOLIO.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
To think me as well a sister as a wife. [ou,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; (*To Viola.*) and, for your
service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister?—you are she.

*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, the same:
How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then ca
And in such forms which here were p
Upon thee in the letter. Pry'thee, b
This practice hath most shrewdly pa
But, when we know the grounds and
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and t
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, l
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to c
Taint the condition of this present ho
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope
Most freely I confess, myself, and T
Set this device against Malvolio here
Upon some stubborn and uncourteou
We had conceiv'd against him: Mar
The letter, at sir Toby's great impor
In recompense whereof, he hath mar
How with a sportful malice it was f
May rather pluck on laughter than r
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have th

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, greatness, and some have greatnes them.* I was one, sir, in this inte
Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By t I am not mad;*—But do you remem *why laugh you at such a barren r smile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus t time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whol

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat his
He hath not told us of the captain yet
When that is known, and golden tim
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, swee
We will not part from hence.—Cesa
For so you shall be, while you are a
But, when in other habits you are se
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's qu

SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and a little*
*With hey, ho, the wind a*
*A foolish thing was but a to*
*For the rain it raineth eve*

*But when I came to man's e*
*With hey, ho, the wind a*
*'Gainst knave and thief men s*
*For the rain it raineth eve*

*But when I came, alas! to w*
*With hey, ho, the wind a*
*By swaggering could I never*
*For the rain it raineth eve*

*But when I came unto my be*
*With hey, ho, the wind a*
*With toss-pots still had drun*
*For the rain it raineth eve*

*A great while ago the world*
*With hey, ho, the wind a*
*But that's all one, our play*
*And we'll strive to please*

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 83, *c.* 1, *l.* 15. *Of what* validity *and pitch soever.*] *Validity* is here used for *value*. MALONE, who reads *soe'er*

*Id. l.* 18. *That it alone is* high-fantastical.] High-fantastical, *means* fantastical to the height.

*Id. l.* 32. *The element itself, till seven years heat.*] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c.

*Id. l.* 45. (*Her sweet perfections,*)] *Liver, brain,* and *heart*, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment*, and *sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

### SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. "This is Illyria, lady." MALONE.

*P.* 84, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. *That will* allow *me*—] To *allow* is to *approve*.

### SCENE III

*Id. l.* 36. —— *as* tall *a man*—] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*.

*Id. l.* 42. "Viol-de-gamboys." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *a coystril.*] i. e. a coward cock.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *like a* parish-top.] A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

*Id. l.* 59. —— Castiliano *vulgo;*] a cant term, perhaps expressive of contempt.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 65 —— *mistress* Mall's *picture?*] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby, was Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Pranks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *a* sink-a-pace.] i. e. a *cinque-pace*: the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *flame-coloured* stock.] i. e. stocking.

*Id. l.* 77. Taurus? *that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

### SCENE IV.

*P.* 85, *c.* 1, *l.* 46. —— *a* barful *strife!*] i. e. a contest full of impediments.

### SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 58. —— lenten *answer:*] a *short* and *spare* one.

*Id. l.* 73. —— *if one* (point) *break,*] *Points* were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

*Id c.* 2, *l.* 64. —— *no better than the* fools' zanies.] i. e. *fools' baubles*, which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool*. DOUCE.

*Id. l.* 73 *Now* Mercury *endue thee with* leasing, *for thou speakest well of fools!*] i. e. *May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!*

*P.* 86, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. —— a *most weak* pia mater.] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *above heat*—] i. e. above proper heat.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *stand at your door like a* sheriff's post.] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office: the original of which was, that the king's proclamation, and other public acts might be affixed thereon, by way of publication.

*Id. l.* 58 —— *or a* codling *when 'tis almost an* apple:] A *codling* anciently meant an *immature apple*

*Id. c.* 2, *l* 2. *I am very* comptible,] *Comptible* for submissive.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *I am to* hull *here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.

*P.* 86, *c.* 2, *l.* 29. —— *some mollification for your giant.*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola may likewise allude to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called, on subsequent occasions, *little villain, youngest wren of nine*, &c.

*Id. l.* 60 —— *Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present : Is't not well done?*] The line should perhaps run thus :

Look you, sir, such *as once* I was, this *presents.*"

*Id. l.* 62. *'Tis beauty truly blent.*] i. e. blended, mixed together.

*Id l.* 79. Though your beauty were unparalleled, it would not be more than a just recompense for such love as my master's. MALONE.

*P.* 87, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. *In* voices well divulg'd,] Well spoken by the world.

*Id. l.* 18. *Write loyal* cantons] for *cantos.*

*Id. l.* 53. *The* county's *man :*] *County* for *count.*

*Id l.* 61. *Mine eye*, &c.] I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *Ourselves we do not* owe;] i. e. we are not our own masters. We cannot govern ourselves.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3 —— *To express myself.*] That is, *to reveal myself.*

*Id. l.* 11. —— *the* breach *of the sea.*] i. e. what we now call the *breaking* of the sea.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *with such* estimable wonder,] *wonder* and *esteem.*

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 50. " She took the ring of me!" MALONE.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *the* pregnant *enemy* —] i. e. enemy of mankind.

*Id. l.* 69. *How easy is it for the* proper-false

*In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!*] How easy is it, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful) to make an impress on on the easy hearts of women?

*Id. l.* 72. *How will this* fadge?] To *fadge*, is *to suit, to fit.*

### SCENE III.

*P.* 88, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. —— *diluculo surgere,*] *salubrerinum est :* an adage.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *a* stoop —] A *stoop* seems to have been something more than half a gallon.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *the fool has an excellent* breast.] i. e. voice.

*Id. l.* 31. *I sent thee sixpence for thy* leman :] i e. mistress.

*Id. l.* 34. *I did* impeticos *thy* gratillity; *for Malvolio's nose is no* whipstock :] i. e. I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*, for Malvolio may smell our connection.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *of* good life?] i. e. of a moral, or, perhaps, a jovial turn.

*Id. l.* 65 —— *make the welkin* dance —] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *draw three souls out of one* weaver?] i. e. hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over;* or, in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 12. Tilly-valley, *lady!*] *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt; or as Mr. Douce thinks, is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *coniers' catches* —] A *coniers* is a tailor, or butcher.

*Id. l.* 28. *Sneck up!*] Mr. Malone and other observe, that from the manner in which this cant phrase is employed in our ancient comedies, it seems to have been synonimous to the modern expression — *Go hang yourself.* STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *rub your* chain *with crums* :] Stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. And the best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing *it with crums.*

*Id. l.* 56. —— rule :] *Rule* is method of life.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *a* mayword,] a *byeword.*

*Id. l.* 73. *Possess us.*] This is, *inform us, tell us.*

*P.* 89, *c.* 1, *l.* 6. —— *an* affection'd *ass,*] *Affection'd* means *affected.*

*Id. l.* 8. —— *great* swarthe :] A *swarth* is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *Penthesilea.*] i. e. Amazon.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *call me* Cut.] i. e. call me horse.

### SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *recollected* —] Studied, or perhaps oft repeated.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *favour* —] i. e. countenance.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 23. —— *free* —] Is, perhaps, artless, free from art.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *silly sooth,*] It is plain, simple truth.

*Id. l.* 25. *And* dallies *with the* —] Plays or trifles.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *the* old age.] The *eyes past*, time of simplicity.

*Id. l.* 31. The cypress wood, of which coffins were made.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *a very* opal!] A precious stone of almost all colours.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *That nature* pranks *her in,*] i. e. adorns.

*P.* 90, *c.* 1, *l.* 32. —— *bids no* denay.] *Denay*, is *denial.*

### SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *nettle of India!*] The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by its itching quality.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *how he* jets —] To *jet* is to strut.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *the lady of the* strachy —] The probable meaning has been discovered for the word by the commentators.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *my* state,—] A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it.

*Id. l.* 10. —— *come from a* day-bed,] i. e. couch.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *Though our silence be drawn from us with* cars,] i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *brock!*] i. e. badger; a term of contempt.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *stannyel* —] The *stannyel* is the common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks.

*P.* 91, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *formal capacity.*] i. e. a man whose *capacity* is not out of form.

*Id. l.* 9. *Sowter* —] *Sowter* is here perhaps the name of a hound.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *Be* opposite —] That is, be *adverse, hostile.*

*Id. l.* 48. *Daylight and champian* —] i. e. broad day and an open country.

1, *l.* 51. —— *I will be* point-de-vice, i. e. the utmost possible *exactness*.

—— *a pension of thousands to be paid the Sophy.*] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer ob-s, to *Sir Robert Shirley*, who was just ned in the character of *embassador from Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards d received, and lived in London with the st splendor.

l. 1. —— *tray-trip?*] some kind of game.

—— *aqua-vitæ* —] is the old name of *g waters*.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*a* cheveril *glove* —] i. e. a glove made of leather.

1, *l.* 12. —— *the haggard*,] The hawk d the *haggard*, if not well trained and hed, will fly after every bird without dis-ion.

—— *the list* —] is the *bound, limit, far-point*. JOHNSON.

—— *most* pregnant *and* vouchsafed *ear*.] *nant* for *ready; vouchsafed* for *vouch-g*.

—— "all three all ready." MALONE.

—— "'beseech you." MALONE.

. *To one of your* receiving —] i. e. to one ur *ready apprehension*.

—— *a cyprus*,] is a transparent stuff.

*l.* 3. —— *a grise*;] is a *step*, sometimes ten *greese*, from *degres*, French.

—— *'tis a* vulgar *proof*,] That is, it is a mon proof.

. *And that no woman has*;] And that *t* and *bosom* I have never yielded to any an.

### SCENE II.

. 1, *l.* 1. —— *as lief be a* Brownist,] The *wnists* were so called from Mr. *Robert wne*, a noted separatist in Queen Eliza-'s reign.

12. —— *in a martial hand; be* curst—] *rtial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, h as showed the writer to neglect ceremony. *st* is petulant, crabbed.

. *And his* opposite,] *Opposite* or *adver-y*.

. *He does smile his face into* more *lines*, *n are in the* new map, with the augmen-on of the Indies :] A clear allusion to a Map raved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, a English slation of which was published in 1598. s map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and he first in which the *Eastern Islands* are uded. STEEVENS.

### SCENE III.

. *But, were my* worth,] *Worth*, i. e. *lth* or *fortune*.

### SCENE IV.

*l.* 38. —— *He says, he'll come*;] i. e. I pose *he says*, &c.

. "But in very strange manner. He is sure ess'd, madam." MALONE.

"Some guard"] Malone prints this speech rose.

. —— "I am as mad as he."] MALONE.

*P.* 94, *c.* 1, *l.* 15. —— *midsummer madness*] *'Tis midsummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*; signifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 37. —— *I have limed her*;] I have entangled or caught her.

*Id. l.* 39. *Fellow!*] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— cherry-pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

*Id. l.* 4. —— *Hang him, foul* collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach.

*Id. l.* 27. —— *a finder of madmen.*] *Finders of madmen* must have been those who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*.

*P.* 95, *c.* 1, *l.* 44. *He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration*;] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. Mr. Malone reads *unhatch'd*.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *hob, nob*,] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance; and is, perhaps, the origin of our *hob nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 10. "Firago." — MALONE.] A corruption of *virago*.

*Id. l.* 11. —— *the* stuck —] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

*Id. l.* 13. —— *he* pays *you*—] i. e. hits you, does for you.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *by the* duello—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*.

*Id. l.* 55. *Nay, if you be an* undertaker,] A man who takes upon himself the quarrel of another.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 96, *c.* 2, *l.* 7. *I pr'ythee, foolish* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office.

*Id. l.* 46. *In this uncivil and unjust* extent—] *Extent* in law, is taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 73. *The* competitors *enter*.] That is, the confederates or associates.

*P.* 97, *c.* 1, *l.* 23. —— *it hath* bay-windows—] A *bay-window* is the same as a *bow-window*; a window *in a recess* or *bay*.

*Id. l.* 24. Clear story, a term in architecture, denoting the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or church.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *constant question.*] i. e. *regular conversation*.

*Id. l.* 50. *Nay, I am for all waters.*] Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the sense of the word *water* as used by jewellers, which makes a play of words with Topas.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *propertied me*;] They have taken possession of me, as of me, as of a man unable to look to himself.

*P.* 97. *c.* 2, *l.* 10. *I am shent*, &c.] i. e. *scolded*, *reproved*.

*Id. l.* 30. *Like to the old* vice,] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 45. *Yet there he was, and there I found this* credit,] i. e. account, information.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *all* instance, *all* discourse.] *Discourse*, for reason. *Instance* is *example*.

*Id. l.* 60. —— *deceivable*.] For *deceptions*.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *Whiles*—] is until, and still so used in the northern counties.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*P.* 98, *c.* 1, *l.* 58. —— *scathful*,—] i. e. mischievous, destructive.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 27. —— *as* fat *and fulsome*—] *Fat* means *dull*.

*Id. l.* 48. *Like to the* Egyptian thief, &c.] This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, recorded in Heliodorus' Æthiopics.

*P.* 99, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— strangle *thy propriety* :] *Suppress*, or disown thy property.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *interchangement of your ring*;] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring.

*Id. l.* 23. —— case?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*.

*Id. l.* 63. *Then he's a rogue*. After a passy-measure, or a *pavin*, *I hate a drunken rogue*.] i. e. *next to a passy-measure or a pavin*, &c. It is in character, that sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Malone reads, "and a passy measures pavin."

*Id. l.* 67. —— "Will you help? An ass-head, &c." Malone.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. *A natural* perspective.] A glass used for optical deception.

*Id. l.* 16. *Of charity*,] i. e. out of charity, tell me, &c.

*Id. l.* 78. *A most* extracting *frenzy*—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

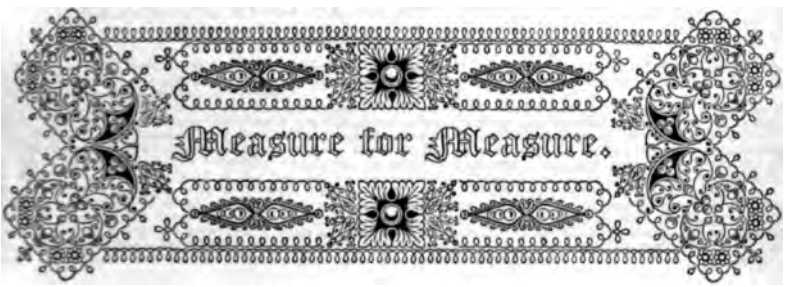
*P.* 100. *c.* 1, *l.* 7. —— *you must allow* vox.] i. e. my tone or voice.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *geck*,] A fool.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 16. —— *at sir Toby's great* importance;] *importunacy*.

*Ib. l.* 26. —— *convents*,] i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient.

# Measure for Measure.



## Historical Notes.

The story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, ...d. 8, Novel 5. POPE.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure* ... *Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment hath ...n attacked for some deviations from him in ... conduct of it, when probably all he knew of ... matter was from Madam *Isabella*, in *The* ...*ptameron of Whetstone*, Lond. 4to. 1582.— ...e *reports*, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the ...e *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A ...ginal note informs us, that *Whetstone* was ... author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which ...wise had probably fallen into the hands of ...kspeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays ...e darkened than this by the peculiarities of ... author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, ...distortions of phrase, or negligence of tran...ption. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's remark is so just respecting the ...ptions of this play, that I shall not attempt ...reformation in its metre, which is too often ...h, redundant, and irregular Additions and omissions (however trifling) cannot be made without constant notice of them; and such notices, in the present instance, would so frequently occur, as to become equally tiresome to the commentator and the reader.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure;* yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

*Measure for Measure* was, I believe, written in 1603. MALONE.

ACT. II.—SCENE I.

*Elbow.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Giraldi Cinthio, from which Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *ustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks which will assist the inquirer to discover how much peare has admitted or avoided.

suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a story which in some mbled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakspeare immediately followed. The emperor med Maximine: the duke, in Shakspeare's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vin- spears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by ould he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, rihously at the head of the list, by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there y of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

the light or comic part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is inde- e, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment e must here learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already rupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*Duke of Vienna.*
*Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
*ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the tion.*
*oung Gentleman.*
*astic.*
*Gentlemen.*
*entleman, Servant to the Duke.*

TER,—*two Friars.*

*pio Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
*Clown, Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
*Mistress* OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Vienna.*

## ACT I.

*Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

ESCALUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

lus,—
lord.
overnment the properties to unfold,
a me to affect speech and discourse;
to know, that your own science
at, the lists of all advice
an give you: then no more remains
ar sufficiency, as your worth is able,
work. The nature of our people,
tutions, and the terms
ustice, you are as pregnant in,
etice hath enriched any
mber: there is our commission,
re would not have you warp.—Call
e before us Angelo.— [hither,
[*Exit an Attendant.*
' us, think you, he will bear?
know, we have with special soul
ar absence to supply;
error, drest him with our love;
deputation all the organs
wer: what think you of it?
y in Vienna be of worth
ch ample grace and hour,
lo.

*Enter* ANGELO.

Look, where he comes.
's obedient to your grace's will,
ow your pleasure.
Angelo,
l of character in thy life,
nserver, doth thy history
thyself and thy belongings
own so proper, as to waste
by virtues, them on thee.
rith us, as we with torches do;
for themselves: for if our virtues
h of us,'twere all alike
nem not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
es: nor nature never lends
crupple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one, that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.* No more evasion:
We have, with a leaven'd and prepared choice,
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes.

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

*Duke.* I thank you: fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw toge-
And we may soon our satisfaction have [ther,
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he raved.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well, that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece. I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not? [tainted or free.

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Bawd.*

1 *Gent.* How now? which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be; he meet me two hours since; and he was in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draw near to the speech we had to such a pu

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing w clamation.

*Lucio.* Away; let's go learn the truth [*Exeunt Lucio and*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, wi sweat, what with the gallows, and wi verty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? news with you?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar ri

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with ch

*Clo.* No; but there is a woman with m you have not heard of the proclamation,

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vie pluck'd down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: the down too, but that a wise burgher put in

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of re suburbs be pull'd down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Bawd.* Why, here's a change, indeed, mouwealth! What shall become of me

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good cou no clients: though you change your plac not change your trade; I'll be your t Courage; there will be pity taken on you have worn your eyes almost out in the s will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tu

*Clo.* Here comes signior Claudio, led vost to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter Provost,* CLAUDIO, JULIET, *an* LUCIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committe

*Pro.* I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authe
Make us pay down for our offence by we
The words of heaven;—on whom it will,
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio? whe this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Luc
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper b
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we di

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely unde
I would send for certain of my creditors
t say the truth, I had as lief have the
freedom, as the morality of imprisonment
thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What, but to speak of would of

*Lucio.* What is it? murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir; you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend:—Lucio
with you. (*Takes hi*

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—Upo

ion of Julietta's bed;
a lady; she is fast my wife,
do the denunciation lack
order: this we came not to,
pagation of a dower
the coffer of her friends;
we thought it meet to hide our love,
I made them for us. But it chances,
of our most mutual entertainment,
ter too gross, is writ on Juliet.
ith child, perhaps?
happily, even so.
deputy now for the duke,—
e the fault and glimpse of newness;
that the body public be
ereon the governor doth ride,
in the seat, that it may know
nand, lets it straight feel the spur:
tyranny be in his place,
nence that fills it up,
—But this new governor
all the enrolled penalties, [wall
, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
them been worn; and, for a name,
e drowsy and neglected act
e:—'tis surely, for a name.
warrant, it is: and thy head stands so
shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
sigh it off. Send after the duke, and
.
ave done so, but he's not to be found.
acio, do me this kind service:
sister should the cloister enter,
ceive her approbation:
with the danger of my state;
in my voice, that she make friends
deputy; bid herself assay him;
hope in that: for in her youth
one and speechless dialect,
s men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
ill play with reason and discourse,
can persuade.
ray, she may as well for the encou-
the like, which else would stand under
ositions; as for the enjoying of thy life,
be sorry should be thus foolishly lost
tick-tack. I'll to her.
hank you, good friend Lucio.
ithin two hours,——
me, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

*er* DUKE *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

holy father; throw away that thought;
that the dribbling dart of love
complete bosom: why I desire thee
ecret harbour, hath a purpose
nd wrinkled than the aims and ends
oth.
May your grace speak of it?
holy sir, none better knows than you
ever lov'd the life remov'd;
dle price to haunt assemblies,
, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
r'd to lord Angelo
icture, and firm abstinence,)
ower and place here in Vienna,
ees me travell'd to Poland;
strew'd it in the common ear,
eceiv'd: now, pious sir,
nand of me, why I do this?
y, my lord. [laws,
have strict statutes, and most biting
bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,)
ese fourteen years we have let sleep;
o'er-grown lion in a cave,
oat to prey: now, as fond fathers
l up the threat'ning twigs of birch
it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
*Fri.* It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.
*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my [father
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges?
*Fran.* Are not these large enough?
*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.
*Lucio.* Ho! Peace be in this place! (*Within.*)
*Isab.* Who's that which calls?
*Fran.* It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with [men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him. [*Exit.*
*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister. [you:
*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
*Isab.* Woe me! For what?
*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.
*Lucio.* It is true.
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expressetb his full tilth and husbandry.
*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
*Lucio.* Is she your cousin? [nunnes,
*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
By vain, though apt affection.
*Lucio.* She it is.
*Isab.* O, let him marry her!
*Lucio.* This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions), hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?
*Lucio.* Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.
*Isab.* My power! Alas! I doubt,—
*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.
*Lucio.* But, speedily.
*Isab.* I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.
*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Angelo's house.*

*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
*Escal.* Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cober'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
*Ang.* Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made
justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very p
nant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.
*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.
*Ang.* Where is the pro
*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.
*Ang.* See that Cl
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Pro*
*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forg
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter* ELBOW, FROTH, *Clown, Officers, &c.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but
their abuses in common houses, I know no
bring them away.
*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name?
what's the matter?
*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor
constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
honour two notorious benefactors.
*Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors
they? are they not malefactors?
*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not
what they are: but precise villains they are, th
am sure of; and void of all profanation in the w
that good christians ought to have.
*Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise of
*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow
your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?
*Clo.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.
*Ang.* What are you, sir?
*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was
they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now
professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
house too.
*Escal.* How know you that?
*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour,—
*Escal.* How! thy wife?
*Elb.* Ay sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an hon
woman,—
*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?
*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?
*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanli-
ness there.
*Escal.* By the woman's means?
*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but
as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this it not so?
*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou hon-
nourable man, prove it.
*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces? (*To Angelo.*)

he came in great with child; and long- your honour's reverence) for stew'd we had but two in the house, which at stant time stood, as it were, in a fruit- of some three-pence; your honours have lishes; they are not China dishes, but ishes.

o to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

ndeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein but, to the point: as I say, this mistress g, as I say, with child, and being great l longing, as I said, for prunes; and two in the dish, as I said, master Froth ry man, having eaten the rest, as I said, , paying for them very honestly;—for, , master Froth, I could not give you again.

o, indeed.

well: you being then, if you be remem- ing the stones of the foresaid prunes.

y, so I did, indeed.

, very well: I telling you then, if you be , that such a one, and such a one, were the thing you wot of, unless they kept iet, as I told you.

ll this is true.

, very well then.

me, you are a tedious fool: to the pur- t was done to Elbow's wife, that he to complain of? Come me to what was

your honour cannot come to that yet.

o, sir, nor I mean it not.

but you shall come to it, by your ho- : and, I beseech you, look into master sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; r died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at master Froth?

ll-hollond eve.

, very well; I hope here be truths: he, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in *f Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a : have you not?

have so; because it is an open room, winter.

, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

s will last out a night in Russia, s are longest there: I'll take my leave, you to the hearing of the cause; 'll find good cause to whip them all.

think no less: good morrow to your ordship. (*Exit Angelo.*

me on: what was done to Elbow's wife,

, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

eech you, sir, ask him what this man wife.

eech your honour, ask me.

ell, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

eech you, sir, look in this gentleman's l master Froth, look upon his honour; d purpose: doth your honour mark his y, sir, very well. [face?

. I beseech you, mark it well.

'ell, I do so.

your honour see any harm in his face?

hy, no.

e supposed upon a book, his face is the about him: good then; if his face be ng about him, how could master Froth table's wife any harm? I would know honour. [to it?

e's in the right: constable, what say you , an it like you, the house is a respected , this is a respected fellow; and his respected woman.

his hand, sir, his wife is a more re- on than any of us all.

et, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? justice, or iniquity?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend? (*To Froth.*)

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

*Froth.* Yes, and't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir? (*To the Clown.*)

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Clo.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth, farewell. [*Exit Froth.*]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youths in the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint

whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven years and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't; are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you, bring me in the name of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house: fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*
What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Provost and a Servant.*

*Ser.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, t
There shall be order for it.

*Enter* LUCIO *and* ISABELL

*Prov.* Save your honour! [*Offer*

*Ang.* Stay a little while.—(*To Isa*
welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your h
Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; wha

*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I d
And most desire should meet the blow
For which I would not plead, but that
For which I must not plead, but that I
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

*Prov.* Heaven give thee m

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not th
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it b
Mine were the very cypher of a functi
To find the faults, whose fine stands in
And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just, bu
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep y

*Lucio.* (*To Isab.*) Giv't not o'er so:
intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his
You are too cold: if you should need a
You could not with more tame a tong
To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maide

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you migh
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve a

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do
wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with tha
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd

*Lucio.* You are too cold. (

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do
May call it back again: well believe t
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judg
Become them with one half so good a
As mercy does. If he had been as y
And you as he, you would have slipt l
But he, like you, would not have been

*Ang.* Pray you, begone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your
And you were Isabel! would it then b
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a j
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* Ay, touch him: there's the v

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* A
Why, all the souls that were, were fo
And He, that might the vantage best h
Found out the remedy. How would y
If he, which is the top of judgment, sho
But judge you as you are? O, think on
And mercy then will breathe within yo
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you conten
It is the law, not I, condemns your bro
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my s
It should be thus with him;—he m
morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for
We kill the fowl of season; shall we s

ıct than we do minister
lves? Good, good my lord, bethink
ıath died for this offence? [you:
ave committed it.
Ay, well said.
r hath not been dead, though it hath
l not dar'd to do that evil, [slept:
that did the edict infringe,
or his deed: now, 'tis awake;
hat is done; and, like a prophet,
, that shows what future evils,
by remissness new-conceiv'd,
ss to be hatch'd and born,)
e no successive degrees,
r live, to end.
Yet, show some pity.
it most of all, when I show justice;
those I do not know,
s'd offence would after gall;
ıt, that, answering one foul wrong,
another. Be satisfied;
es to-morrow: be content.
must be the first, that gives this sen-

fers: O, it is excellent
s strength; but it is tyrannous
giant.
That's well said.
reat men thunder
f does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
g, petty officer,
heaven for thunder: nothing but
ı! [thunder.——
th thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
edgeable and gnarled oak,
yrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
brief authority;
f what he's most assur'd,
ice,—like an angry ape,
astic tricks before high heaven,
gels weep; who, with our spleens,
selves laugh mortal.
him, to him, wench: he will relent;
perceive 't.
Pray heaven, she win him!
anot weigh our brother with ourself:
jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
foul profanation.
rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
the captain's but a cholerick word,
ldier is flat blasphemy.
dvis'd o' that? more on't.
you put these sayings upon me?
authority, though it err like others,
of medicine in itself,
rice o' the top: go to your bosom;
nd ask your heart, what it doth know
brother's fault: if it confess
ness, such as is his,
l a thought upon your tongue
ther's life.
She speaks, and 'tis
t my sense breeds with it.—Fare you
my lord, turn back. [well.
ethink me:—Come again to-morrow.
how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
bribe me? [turn back.
h such gifts, that heaven shall share
ou.
nd marr'd all else.
th fond shekels of the tested gold,
se rates are either rich, or poor,
s them: but with true prayers,
p at heaven, and enter there,
rayers from preserved souls,
aids, whose minds are dedicate
poral.
Well: come to me

; it is well; away. (*Aside to Isabel.*)

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!
*Ang.* Amen; for I
Am that way going to temptation, (*Aside.*)
Where prayers cross.
*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?
*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.
*Isab.* Save your honour!
[*Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.*
*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? O, fy, fy, fy!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue; never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

*Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.
*Prov.* I am the provost: what's your will, good friar?
*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [needful.
*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were

*Enter* JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
*Duke.* When must he die?
*Pro.* As I do think, to morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, (*To Juliet.*)
And you shall be conducted.
*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.
*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?
*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
*Duke.* So, then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
*Juliet.* Mutually.
*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.
*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,

But as we stand in fear,—
*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
*Duke.* There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's house.*

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now, who's there?
*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.—

*Enter* ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?
*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.
*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
*Isab.* Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*
*Ang.* Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
*Isab.* Under your sentence?
*Ang.* Yea.
*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
*Ang.* Ha! Fy, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?
*Isab.* Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
*Ang.* I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.
*Isab.* How say you?
*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
*Isab.* Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul.
It is no sin at all, but charity.
*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
*Ang.* Nay, but hear me;
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as those black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
*Isab.* So.
*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
*Isab.* True.
*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
*Ang.* Then must your brother die.
*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing a-kin to foul redemption.
*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, that I dearly love.
*Ang.* We are all frail.
*Isab.* Else let my brother die
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.
*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.
*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,

nless to false prints.
I think it well:
this testimony of your own sex,
suppose, we are made to be no stronger
ts may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
t your words; be that you are,
woman; if you be more, you're none;
one, (as you are well express'd
ternal warrants,) show it now,
r on the destin'd livery.
have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
treat you speak the former language.
'lainly conceive, I love you.
dy brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
hall die for it.
le shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
ems a little fouler than it is,
on others.
Believe me, on mine honour,
express my purpose.
la! little honour to be much believ'd,
pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!
claim thee, Angelo; look for't:
present pardon for my brother,
m outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
hat man thou art.
Who will believe thee, Isabel?
'd name, the austereness of my life,
against you, and my place i' the state,
our accusation overweigh,
shall stifle in your own report,
l of calumny. I have begun;
I give my sensual race the rein:
ment to my sharp appetite;
l nicety, and prolixious blushes,
sh what they sue for; redeem thy brother
g up thy body to my will;
s most not only die the death,
skindness shall his death draw out
ng sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
affection that now guides me most,
a tyrant to him: as for you,
you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*
o whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
ld believe me? O perilous mouths,
in them one and the self-same tongue,
condemnation or approof!
he law make court'sy to their will;
oth right and wrong to the appetite,
as it draws! I'll to my brother:
s hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
he in him such a mind of honour,
he twenty heads to tender down
r bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
sister should her body stoop
bhorr'd pollution.
el, live chaste, and, brother, die:
our brother is our chastity.
m yet of Angelo's request,
s mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

CENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*ter* DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

So, then you hope of pardon from lord
Angelo?
The miserable have no other medicine,
hope:
pe to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
oby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life—
e thee, I do lose a thing
r but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
all the skiey influences,)
this habitation, where thou keep'st,
fect: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get:
And what thou hast, forget'st: thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor
age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
*Claud.* I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company! [a welcome.
*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves
*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.
*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.
*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior, here's
your sister.
*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.
*Prov.* As many as you please.
*Duke.* Bring them to speak, where I may be con-
ceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?
*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
*Claud.* Is there no remedy?
*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
*Claud.* But is there any?
*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
*Claud.* Perpetual durance?
*Isab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
*Claud.* But in what nature?
*Isab.* In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
*Claud.* Let me know the point.
*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answ would never bring them to light: would h return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condem untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythe for me. The duke, I say to thee again, we mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, tha so. Farewell.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: what king so stro Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

*Enter* Escalus, *Provost, Bawd, and Of*

*Escal.* Go, away with her to prison.

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, an forfeit in the same kind? This would make swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance it please your honour.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's infor against me: mistress Kate Keep-down wa child by him in the duke's time, he promis marriage: his child is a year and a quart come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it mysel see how he goes about to abuse me.

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much lice let him be called before us.—Away with prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let h furnish'd with divines, and have all charitabl paration; if my brother wrought by my pity, it not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been him, and advised him for the entertainment of

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my cha now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fe goodness, that the dissolution of it must c novelty is only in request; and it is as danger be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous constant in any undertaking. There is scarc enough alive, to make societies secure; but se enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. new is old enough, yet it is every day's ne pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke

*Escal.* One, that, above all other strifes, tended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another than merry at any thing which profess'd to him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. leave we him to his events, with a prayer they prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, you find Claudio prepared. I am made to u stand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sin measures from his judge, but most willingly hum himself to the determination of justice: yet had framed to himself, by the instruction of his fri many deceiving promises of life; which I, by good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your functi and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the e tremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justi

so severe, that he hath forced me to
indeed—justice.
is own life answer the straitness of his
t shall become him well; wherein, if
fail, he hath sentenced himself.
m going to visit the prisoner: fare
well.
ce be with you!
[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*
sword of heaven will bear,
holy as severe;
nself to know,
d, and virtue go;
s to others paying,
offences weighing.
, whose cruel striking
ts of his own liking!
shame on Angelo,
vice, and let his grow!
man within him hide,
l on the outward side!
keness, made in crimes,
ice on the times,
le spiders' strings
ss and substantial things!
vice I must apply:
te-night shall lie
thed, but despis'd;
all, by the disguis'd,
hould false exacting,
an old contracting.

## ACT IV.

*—A Room in Mariana's House.*

*Discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

*oh take those lips away,*
*t so sweetly were forsworn;*
*ose eyes, the break of day,*
*its that do mislead the morn:*
*y kisses bring again,*
*bring again,*
*s of love, but seal'd in vain,*
*seal'd in vain.*

k off thy song, and haste thee quick
';
man of comfort, whose advice
ll'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*

*Enter Duke.*

cy, sir; and well could wish,
ound me here so musical:
e me, and believe me so,—
ach displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
good: though music oft hath such a
m,
good, and good provoke to harm.
ll me, hath any body inquired for me
much upon this time have I promis'd

have not been inquired after: I have
y.

*Enter* Isabella.

constantly believe you:—The time is
w. I shall crave your forbearance a
, I will call upon you anon, for some
yourself.
always bound to you. [*Exit.*
well met, and welcome.
ews from this good deputy?
ith a garden circummur'd with brick,
n side is with a vineyard back'd;
neyard is a planched gate,
s opening with this bigger key
h command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night. [way?
*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this
*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.
*Duke.* Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?
*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.
*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter* Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
*Isab.* I do desire the like.
*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself, that I respect
you! [found it.
*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have
*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false
Are struck upon thee! volumes of report [eyes
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How
agreed?

*Re-enter* Mariana *and* Isabella.

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
*Duke.* It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
*Isab.* Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
*Remember now my brother.*
*Mari.* Fear me not.
*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all;
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Provost and Clown.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?
*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.
*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.
*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner. [there?
*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson,

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fy upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ah, sir, a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof.

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter* CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? [labour
*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
*Prov.* Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? (*Knocking within.*)
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night [late?
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of
*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.
*Duke.* Not Isabel?
*Prov.* No.
*Duke.* They will then, ere't be long.
*Prov* What comfort is for Claudio?
*Duke.* There's some in hope.
*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.
*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd [nous;
With that which he corrects, then were he tyran-
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they co
(*Knock within.—Provost goe*
This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's pos
with haste, [int
That wounds the unsisting postern with
*Provost returns, speaking to one at the d*
*Prov.* There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudi
But he must die to-morrow?
*Prov.* None, sir, none.
*Duke.* As near the dawning, Provost, as
You shall hear more ere morning.
*Prov.* Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there co
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.
*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.
*Mess.* My lord hath sent you this note; a
me this further charge, that you swerve not
the smallest article of it, neither in time, matt
other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as
it, it is almost day.
*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Mess*
*Duke.* This is his pardon; purchas'd by su
(*A*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended
That for the fault's love, is the offender frien
Now, sir, what news?
*Prov.* I told you: lord Angelo, belike, th
me remiss in mine office, awakens me wi
unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; f
hath not used it before.
*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.
*Prov.* (*Reads.*) *Whatsoever you may hear t*
*contrary, let Claudio be executed by four c*
*clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: f*
*better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's hea*
*me by five. Let this bedulyperform'd; with a th*
*that more depends on it than we must yet d*
*Thus fail not to do your office, as you will an*
*it at your peril.*—What say you to this, sir?
*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be
cuted in the afternoon?
*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nursed up
bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.
*Duke.* How came it, that the absent duke ha
either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed
I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.
*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for
and, indeed, his fact, till now in the governme
lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.
*Duke.* Is it now apparent?
*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by hims
*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in
How seems he to be touch'd? [
*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no
dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, r
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to co
insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.
*Duke.* He wants advice.
*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to es
hence, he would not: drunk many times a-day, i
many days entirely drunk. We have very o
awaked him, as if to carry him to execution,
showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath
moved him at all.
*Duke.* More of him anon. There is writte
your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy:

[illegible] that this being so, he's [illegible] are they c[illegible]

*Knock* [illegible] *Provost* go[illegible]

*Abhor.* [illegible]

*Pro.* [illegible]

[illegible]

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help [illegible] morrow in your execution. if you think it [illegible] compound with him by the year, and let him [illegible] here with you; if not, use him for the present [illegible] dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fy upon him, [illegible] credit our mystery.

*Prov.* [illegible] you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale [illegible]

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that [illegible] hands [illegible] do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* [illegible] a mystery.

[illegible] hard say, [illegible] mystery; [illegible] members [illegible] my [illegible] there should be in [illegible] I cannot [illegible]

[illegible] apparel fit your [illegible] your [illegible] big for your thief [illegible] so every true [illegible]

[illegible] *Provost.*

[illegible]

But this being so, he's [illegible] *Knock* [illegible] *Provo* [illegible] What [illegible] That spiri [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but
hness of my cunning, I will lay myself in
audio, whom here you have a warrant to
no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo,
sentenced him: to make you understand
manifested effect, I crave but four days
r the which you are to do me both a pre-
dangerous courtesy.
ray, sir, in what?
n the delaying death.
Alack! how may I do it? having the hour
d an express command, under penalty,
his head in the view of Angelo? I may
case as Claudio's, to cross this in the

y the vow of mine order, I warrant you,
ructions may be your guide. Let this
be this morning executed, and his head
ngelo.
Angelo hath seen them both, and will dis-
avour.
), death's a great disguiser: and you may
Shave the head, and tie the beard; and
the desire of the penitent to be so bared
death: you know, the course is com-
y thing fall to you upon this, more than
good fortune, by the saint whom I pro-
plead against it with my life.
'ardon me, good father; it is against my
[deputy?
Were you sworn to the duke, or to the
'o him and to his substitutes.
'ou will think you have made no offence,
avouch the justice of your dealing?
ut what likelihood is in that?
Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet
you fearful, that neither my coat, inte-
ay persuasion, can with ease attempt you,
rther than I meant, to pluck all fears out
ook you, sir, here is the hand and seal of
You know the character, I doubt not;
net is not strange to you.
know them both.
he contents of this is the return of the
shall anon over-read it at your pleasure;
shall find, within these two days he will
This is a thing that Angelo knows not:
very day receives letters of strange tenor;
of the duke's death; perchance, enter-
ome monastery; but, by chance, nothing
writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up
erd: put not yourself into amazement,
things should be: all difficulties are but
they are known. Call your execu-
off with Bernardine's head: I will give
sent shrift, and advise him for a bet-
Yet you are amazed; but this shall ab-
solve you. Come away; it is almost
[*Exeunt.*

## III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Clown.*

m as well acquainted here as I was in
of profession: one would think, it were
ver-done's own house, for here be many
customers. First, here's young master
in for a commodity of brown paper and
, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of
made five marks, ready money: marry,
was not much in request, for the old
re all dead. Then is there here one
per, at the suit of master Three-pile the
some four suits of peach-coloured satin,
peaches him a beggar. Then have we
Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and
per-spur, and master Starve-lackey the
dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that
Pudding, and master Forthright the
brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller,
Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think,
forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are
now for the Lord's sake.

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
*Clo.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be
hang'd, master Barnardine!
*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!
*Barnar.* (*Within.*) A pox o' your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you?
*Clo.* Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must
be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.
*Barnar.* (*Within.*) Away, you rogue, away; I
am sleepy.
*Abhor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly
too.
*Clo.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are
executed, and sleep afterwards.
*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.
*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his
straw rustle.

*Enter* BARNARDINE.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
*Clo.* Very ready, sir.
*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson? what's the news
with you?
*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into
your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.
*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all
night, I am not fitted for't.
*Clo.* O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the
sounder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abhor.* Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly
father: do we jest now, think you?
*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing
how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise
you, comfort you, and pray with you.
*Barnar.* Friar, not I; I have been drinking
hard all night, and I will have more time to pre-
pare me, or they shall beat out my brains with
billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's
certain. [you,
*Duke.* O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech
look forward on the journey you shall go.
*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any
man's persuasion.
*Duke.* But hear you,—
*Barnar.* Not a word; if you have any thing to
say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I
to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart! —
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*
*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.
*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: what if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,

If he were known alive? [holds,
*Duke.* Let this be done;—Put them in secret
Both Barnardine and Claudio: ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
*Prov.* I am your free dependent.
*Duke.* Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,——whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
*Duke.* Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.
*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
*Isab.* (*Within.*) Peace, ho, be here!
*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel:—she's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave.
*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the [world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.
*Duke.* It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.
*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity: [eyes;
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
*Isab.* I am directed by you.
*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?
*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am p
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou
tient: I am fain to dine and sup with
bran; I dare not for my head fill my
fruitful meal would set me to't: but t
duke will be here to-morrow. By my t
I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantasti
dark corners had been at home, he had
[*Ex*
*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous litt
to your reports; but the best is, he lives
*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the d
as I do: he's a better woodman than
him for.
*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one
ye well.
*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with
tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
*Duke.* You have told me too many
ready, sir, if they be true; if not true,
enough.
*Lucio.* I was once before him for getti
with child.
*Duke.* Did you such a thing?
*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I: but was
swear it; they would else have married
rotten medlar.
*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer th
rest you well.
*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with t
lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you,
very little of it: nay, friar, I am a kin
shall stick.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's*
*Enter* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath
other.
*Ang.* In most uneven and distracte
His actions show much like to madness
ven, his wisdom be not tainted! And wh
at the gates, and re-deliver our authoriti
*Escal.* I guess not.
*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it
before his entering, that if any crave red
justice, they should exhibit their petiti
street?
*Escal.* He shows his reason for that
despatch of complaints; and to deliver
vices hereafter, which shall then have
stand against us.
*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be pr
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.
*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you v
*Ang.* Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender
Will not proclaim against her maiden los
How might she tongue me? Yet reason d
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touc
But it confounds the breather. He should
Save that his riotous youth, with dangero
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en r
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would y
Alack, when once our grace we have for
Nothing goes right; we would, and we v

SCENE V.—*Fields without the T*
*Enter Duke in his own habit, an*
*Duke.* These letters at fit time

The provost knows our purpose.
The matter being afoot, kee
And hold you ever to our sp

metimes you do blench from this to that,
loth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
im where I stay: give the like notice
ions, Rowland, and to Crassus,
em bring the trumpets to the gate;
ne Flavius first.
r. It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit Friar.*

*Enter* VARRIUS.

I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
good haste:
will walk: there's other of our friends
: as here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

E VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

o speak so indirectly, I am loath;
y the truth; but to accuse him so,
ar part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
o veil full purpose.
Be rul'd by him.
lesides, he tells me, that, if peradventu.e
against me on the adverse side,
ot think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
ter to sweet end.
I would, friar Peter—
O, peace; the friar is come.

*Enter Friar* PETER.

r. Come, I have found you out a stand
ost fit,
u may have such vantage on the duke,
not pass you: twice have the trumpets
sounded;
ous and gravest citizens
: the gates, and very near upon
is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

(*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a dis-*
*Enter at opposite doors*, DUKE, VARRIUS,
ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *Provost,*
, *and Citizens.*

My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
nd faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
*d Escal.* Happy return be to your royal
race!
Many and hearty thankings to you both.
made inquiry of you; and we hear
ness of your justice, that our soul
t yield you forth to public thanks,
ng more requital.
You make my bonds still greater.
O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
ng it,
in the wards of covert bosom,
eserves with characters of brass
eidence, 'gainst the tooth of time
e of oblivion: give me your hand,
e subject see, to make them know
ard courtesies would fain proclaim
hat keep within.—Come, Escalus;
walk by us on our other hand;—
supporters are you.

E *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

r. Now is your time; speak loud, and
neel before him.
ustice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
rong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
prince, dishonour not your eye
ng it on any other object,
ave heard me in my true complaint,
me, justice, justice, justice, justice!
Relate your wrongs: in what? By whom?
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.
*Isab.* O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me,
here.
*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!
*Isab.* By course of justice
*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and
strange. [speak:
*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?
*Duke.* Nay, ten times strange.
*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
*Duke.* Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not im-
possible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
*Duke.* By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
*Isab.* O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.
*Duke.* Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say?
*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
Was then the messenger;—
*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
*Isab.* That's he, indeed.
*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.
*Lucio.* No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
*Duke.* I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.
*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
*Lucio.* Right.
*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
*Isab.* I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
*Duke.* Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.
*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
*Duke.* This is most likely!
*Isab.* O that it were as like as it is true!
*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: first, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
*Isab.* And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?
*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
*Duke.* Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
*F. Peter.* Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
*Duke.* We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; believe it.
*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
*Duke.* Good friar, let's
(*Isabella is carried off, guarded*
*Mariana comes forward.*)
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.
*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.
*Duke.* What, are you married?
*Mari.* No, my lord.
*Duke.* Are you a maid?
*Mari.* No, my lord.
*Duke.* A widow, then?
*Mari.* Neither, my lord.
*Duke.* Why, you are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife!
*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause To prattle for himself.
*Lucio.* Well, my lord.
*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married; And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
That ever he knew me.
*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord; it is no better.
*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.
*Lucio.* Well, my lord.
*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.
*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.
*Ang.* Charges she more than me?
*Mari.* Not that I know.
*Duke.* No? you say, your husband.
*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my wife;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's face.
*Ang.* This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.
*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
(*Unmasks.*)
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the look:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
*Duke.* Know you this woman?
*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.
*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.
*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.
*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
*Mari.* Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

his man's wife, as strongly
d make up vows: and my good lord,
ight last gone, in his garden-house,
s a wife: as this is true
y raise me from my knees;
r be confixed here,
ment!
I did but smile till now;
lord, give me the scope of justice;
re is touch'd: I do perceive,
rmal women are no more
s of some more mightier member,
on: let me have way, my lord,
ctice out.
Ay, with my heart;
m unto your height of pleasure.—
ar; and thou pernicious woman,
her that's gone! think'st thou, thy [saint,
would swear down each particular
ies against his worth and credit,
approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
sin; lend him your kind pains
abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
er friar that set them on;
for.
Would be were here, my lord: for he,
l,
men on this complaint:
nows the place where he abides,
tch him.
o it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
ble and well-warranted cousin,
rns to hear this matter forth,
juries as seems you best,
ment. I for a while
; but stir not you, till you have well
on these slanderers.
ord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit*
e Lucio, did not you say, you knew
wick to be a dishonest person?
*dlus non facit monachum:* honest in
his clothes; and one that hath spoke
speeches of the duke.
shall entreat you to abide here till he
orce them against him: we shall find
ble fellow.
ay in Vienna, on my word.
that same Isabel here once again;
*lant.*) I would speak with her: pray
give me leave to question; you shall
adle her.
better than he, by her own report.
you?
y, sir, I think, if you handled her
would sooner confess; perchance,
be ashamed.

*ers with* ISABELLA; *the Duke in*
*Friar's habit, and Provost.*

I go darkly to work with her.
's the way; for women are light at

e on, mistress: (*To Isabella.*) here's
denies all that you have said.
lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
the provost.
ry good time:—speak not you to him
n you.
.
e, sir: did you set these women on
l Angelo? they have confess'd you
alse. [did.
! know you where you are?
ect to your great place! and let the

onour'd for his burning throne:—
duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
duke's in us; and we will hear you
k justly. [speak:

*Duke.* Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.
*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of
*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose.—What! unjust?
*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: my business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.
*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?
*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.
*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?
*Duke.* Most notedly, sir.
*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?
*Duke.* I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.
*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.
*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—away with him to prison:—where is the provost?——away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion. (*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*)
*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay awhile.
*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.
*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [*Duke.*)
(*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the*
*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir; (*to Lucio.*) for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.
*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.
*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you down.— (*To Escalus*
We'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave:
(*To Angelo.*,
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it tul my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
*Ang.* O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
*Ang.* I was, my lord.
*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter and Provost.*
*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.
*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
*Isab.* O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.
*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and Provost.*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.
*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
*An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.*
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested:
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;
Away with him.
*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!
*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
*Mari.* O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.
*Mari.* Gentle, my liege,— (*Kneeling.*
*Duke.* You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you.
(*To Lucio.*
*Mari.* O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
*Mari.* Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.
*Isab.* Most bounteous sir,
(*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
*Mari.* Merely, my lord.
*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
*Prov.* It was commanded so.
*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?
*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.
*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
*Duke.* What's he?
*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.
*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost.*
*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterwards.
*Ang.* I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost,* Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?
*Prov.* This, my lord.
*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:——Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?
*Prov.* This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;

e almost to Claudio, as himself.
(*Unmuffles Claudio.*)
e. If he be like your brother, (*To Isabella.*)
for his sake
ardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
ne your hand, and say you will be mine,
ny brother too: but fitter time for that.
s, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
aks, I see a quickening in his eye:—
Angelo, your evil quits you well:
that you love your wife; her worth, worth
an apt remission in myself: [yours.—
et here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
sirrah, (*To Lucio.*) that knew me for a fool,
a coward,
ll of luxury, an ass, a madman;
ein have I so deserv'd of you,
ou extol me thus?
io. 'Faith my lord, I spoke it but according
trick: if you will hang me for it, you may,
had rather it would please you, I might be
'd.
e. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
im it, provost, round about the city;
woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
have heard him swear himself, there's one
a he begot with child,) let her appear,
e shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:-
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good:
Whereto, if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scene 1.

*Isabella.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!—

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

. *Since I am* put *to know,*] may
*compelled to acknowledge.*
*s*] Bounds, limits.
*'hen no more remains,*
*o your* sufficiency, *as your worth*
*ls,*
*nem work.*] Something is wanting
ıge, which the commentators have
ıle to supply. The meaning may
*ill in government is in ability to*
*ual to the integrity of your heart,*
*n co-operate in your future mi-*

*th* special soul
*im* —] By these words the poet
ans *that he was the immediate*
*heart.*
*y belongings* —] i. e. endowments.
*ot thine own so proper,*] i. e. are
thy own property. STEEVENS.
*o fine issues*:] To great conse-

*lo bend my speech;*
*at can my part in him advértise*;]
ure. I believe the meaning is —
to one who is himself already suf-
versant with the nature and duties
MALONE.
delegate to thy tongue the power
ing sentence of death, and to thy
ivilege of exercising mercy."
*it in question,*] that is, first called
ointed.

### SCENE II.

4. —— *There went but a pair of*
*ses us.*] We are both of the same

### SCENE III.

*ike rats that* ravin —] To *ravin*
y used for eagerly or voraciously
y thing.
. —— *this we came not to,*
*ropagation of a dower,*
*g in the coffer of her friends*;]
e speaker means — for the sake of *getting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *the* fault *and* glimpse *of newness*;] The *fault* and *glimpse* is the same as *the faulty glimpse.* And the meaning seems to be — *Whether it be* the fault of newness, *a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a* novel *authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a* glimpse, — *has yet taken only a hasty survey*; *or whether*, &c. Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

*Id. l* 29. —— *so tickle* —] i. e. ticklish.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *her* approbation;] i. e. enter on her *probation.*

*Id. l.* 40. —— prone *and speechless dialect,*] *Prone*, perhaps, may stand for *humble*; as *a prone posture* is *a posture of supplication.*

### SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 55. *Believe not that the* dribbling *dart,*] A *dribbler*, in archery, was a term of contempt.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *the life* remov'd;] i. e. a life of retirement.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *witless* bravery —] *Bravery*, or *showy dress.*

*Id. l.* 64. —— *keeps.*] i. e. dwells, resides.

*Id c.* 2, *l.* 12. *Sith* —] i. e. since.

*Id. l.* 28. *Stands at a guard* —] Stands on his *defence*

### SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 66. —— make *me not your story.*] Perhaps, *Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story*; but Mr. MALONE thinks we ought to read, — "Sir, *mock* me not: — your story. *Luc.* 'Tis true, &c."

*Id. l.* 69. —— *'tis my familiar sin*
*With maids to seem the* lapwing,] The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is, — " — *and to jest.*" [See Ray's *Proverbs.*] "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far* from heart;" i. e. most farthest from the nest.

*P.* 110, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *To teeming* foison;] *Foison* is *plenty.*

*P.* 110, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. Tilth —] *Tilth* is *tillage.*

*Id. l.* 14, *Bore many gentlemen,* ——
*In hand, and hope of action:*] *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance;* but we should read:
—— with *hope of action.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *to give fear to* use —] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom.*

*Id. l.* 36. *Has* censur'd *him*—] i. e. sentenced him.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *would* owe —] To *owe,* in this place, is to have.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 61. Provost,] The *Provost* here is not a *military officer*, but a kind of sheriff or gaoler.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. *That thieves do* pass on *thieves?*] *Pass* or *decide.*

*Id. l.* 9. *'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note.

*Id. l.* 29. —— brakes *of vice,*—] The commentators have not decided the meaning of this word. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a *thicket* of *vices. Brake* was also the name of an engine of torture.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *whom I* detest—] He designed to say *protest.*

*P.* 111, *c.* 1, *l.* 39. —— "All-hallownd eve." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. *I'll be* supposed—] He means *deposed.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. *Justice, or Iniquity?*] i. e. The Constable or the Fool. Escalus calls the latter, *Iniquity*, in allusion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb-shows.

*Id. l.* 8. —— *Hannibal!*] Mistaken by the Constable for *Cannibal.*

*Id. l.* 29. "An't." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. —— take order—] i. e. *take measures.*

*Id. l.* 76. —— *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a* bay:] A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, which perhaps means, the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays.*

### SCENE II.

*P.* 112, *c.* 2, *l.* 17. —— *let it be his fault,*
*And not my brother.*] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *touch'd with that* remorse —] *Remorse*, for *pity.*

*Id. l.* 70 *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
*Like man* new made.] *As amiable as a man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator;* or, as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation.

*P.* 113, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. —— *like a prophet,*
*Looks in a glass,*] This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, a kind of crystal which hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it.

*Id. l.* 15. *But* where *they live, to end.*] i. e. they should *end* WHERE they *began*, i. criminal.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *pelting,*] i. e. paltry.

*Id. l.* 35.—— gnarled *oak*] *Gnarre* is lish word for a *knot in wood.*

*Id. l.* 36. —— "But man, proud man

*Id. l.* 41. —— *who, with our spleens,*
*Would all themselves laugh* *spleens*, Shakspeare means that of the human mind, that always a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. gels *that*, says Shakspeare, they themselves out of their immortalit ing a passion which does not prerogative.

*Id. l.* 71. —— fond *shekels*—] *Fond* frequently in our author, *foolish.* in this place *valued* or *prized by*

*Id. l.* 71. —— tested *gold,*] i. e. br test, or cupelled.

*Id. l* 75. —— preserved *souls,*] i from the corruption of the world

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *I am that way go tation,*
Where prayers cross.] This ap his for the morrow's meeting, be ditated exposure of himself to which it was the general object thwart.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *But lest you do repent,* care *lest you repent* (not so much as it is an evil), *as that the sin you to this shame.*

*Id. l.* 79. *Showing we'd not* spare *h* spare to *offend* heaven.

*P.* 114. *c.* 1, *l.* 4. *There rest.*] Keep y temper.

*Id. l.* 8. —— *O, injurious love,*] pr be *law.*

### SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 17. *Whilst my* invention,] i. e.

*Id. l.* 25 —— *with* boot,] *Boot* is tage, gain.

*Id. l.* 26. *Which the air beats* for va

*Id. l.* 27. —— *case.*] For outside g

*Id. l.* 31. *Let's write good angel o horn,*
*'Tis not the devil's crest.*] Thi sage, as it stands, appears to me place! O form! though you wre fools, and tie even wiser souls seeming, yet you make no alte minds or constitutions of those or assume you. Though we shou angel on the devil's horn, it will nature, so as to give him a right crest." M. MASON.

*Id. l.* 45. *The* general,—] i. e. *gener*

*Id. l.* 65. —— *that hath from natur* i. e. that hath killed a man.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. *I had rather* give m *my soul.*] She means, I think, *I die, than forfeit my eternal h the prostitution of my person.*

*Id. l.* 14 *Pleas'd you to do't, at per* reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, w might *not be a charity in sin brother?* Isabella answers, *that will save him, she will stake he it were charity, not sin.* Angelo if Isabella would *save him at th her soul, it would be not indeed*

*the charity would be equiva-*
.
*'roolaim* an enshield *beauty*—]
y.
*nt to the law upon that* pain.]
y.
ıcribe *not that*,] To *subscribe*
*r to*. Milton uses the word in
.
*he loss of* question.] i. e. *con-*

*s ransom*,] So *ignominy* was
.
feodary, *but only he*, &c.] The
seem to be this: — We are
Angelo. Yes, replies Isabella;
ne associate in his crime, if no
rn and follow the same criminal
you are now pursuing, let my
leath. MALONE.
*ing by them*.] In taking advan-

—*false prints*.] i. e. take any

*a* license *in't*,] an appearance
s.
*seeming!*] Hypocrisy, hypo-

*mpture*—] Suggestion, tempta-
.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*ie but fools would keep*:] i. e.

*Thy best of rest is sleep,*
*hou oft provok'st; yet grossly*
*t*
*which is no more*.] I cannot
ation find Shakspeare saying
*only sleep*, lengthening out his
a sentence which in the Friar is
reasoner is foolish, and in the
vulgar. JOHNSON.
oversight in Shakspeare; for in
ne of the fourth Act, the Pro-
f the desperate Bernardine, as
ls death only as a *drunken sleep*.

Shakspeare means to say no
it the passage from this life to
ısy as sleep; a position in which
neither folly nor impiety. MA-

effects,] read *affects* or *affec-*

*igo*,] The *serpigo* is a kind of

*ried* eld;] *Eld* is here put for
hakspeare declares that man has
*nor age*; for in *youth*, which
*t* time, or which might be the
ommonly wants means to obtain
ld enjoy; he is dependent on
*must beg alms* from the
y avarice; and being very nig-
d, *becomes as aged*, looks, like
happiness which is beyond his
when *he is old and rich*, when
enough for the purchase of all
excited his desires, he has no
vers of enjoyment,
*r heat, affection, limb, nor*
*y*,
*s riches pleasant*.

*Id. l.* 48. "Bring me to hear them speak." MALONE.
*Id. l.* 51. —— *most good* IN deed:] i. e. truly.
*Id. l.* 54. —— *an everlasting* leiger:
*Therefore your best* appointment—] *Leiger* is the same with resident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing.
*Id l.* 66. —— *a restraint* ——
*To a determin'd scope*.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped. JOHNSON.
*P.* 116, *c.* 1, *l.* 13.—— *follies doth* enmew,] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves.
*Id. l.* 14. *As falcon doth the fowl*—] as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.
*Id. l.* 15. *His filth within being* cast,] To *cast* a pond is to empty it of mud.
*Id. l.* 20. —— *princely* guards!] i. e. badges of royalty, or outward appearances. Some would read *priestly* guards, or sanctity.
*Id. l.* 24. —— from *this rank offence*,] *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety.
*Id. l.* 42. *Be* perdurably *fin'd?*] *Perdurably* is lastingly.
*Id. l.* 49. —— *delight spirit*—] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights.
*Id. l.* 52. —— viewless *winds*,] i. e. unseen, invisible.
*Id. l.* 72. —— *a warped slip of* wilderness:] i. e. *wildness*.
*Id l.* 73. *Take my* defiance:] *Defiance* is *refusal*.
*Id. l.* 80. —— *but a* trade:] A custom; an established habit.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 23. *Do not* satisfy *your resolution with hopes that are fallible*:] i. e. Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes that are fallible*.
*Id. l.* 35. *In good time*.] i. e. *à la bonne heure*, so be it, very well.
*Id. l.* 73 —— *and* limit *of the solemnity*,] i. e. appointed time.
*P.* 117, *c* 1, *l.* 4. —— *her* combinate *husband*,] *Combinate* is *betrothed*.
*Id l.* 9. —— bestowed *her on her own lamentation*] i. e. *left* her to her sorrows, or gave her up to them.
*Id. l.* 26. —— *only refer yourself to this advantage*,] i. e. *reserve* to yourself.
*Id. l.* 36. —— *the corrupt deputy* scaled.] i. e. *over-reached*.
*Id. l.* 47. —— *the moated* grange,] A *grange*, in its original signification, meant a farm-house of a monastery, from which it was always at some little distance.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *bastard*.] Bastard was raisin wine.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14. *That we were all, as some would seem to be,*
*Free from our faults, as faults from* seeming *free!*] i. e. as faults are destitute of all comeliness or *seeming*. The first of these lines refers to the deputy's sanctified hypocrisy; the second to the Clown's beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of rhyme. WARBURTON. Mr. Malone omits *Free* at the beginning of the line.
*Id. l.* 17. *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir*,] His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle.

*P.* 11 — *it is not the* wear.] i. e. it is

*P.* — *much* detected *for women;*] ity.

*Id.* k-*dish:*] The beggars, two or ago, used to proclaim their wa den dish, with a moveable cover, whi cked, to show that their vessel was

*Id. l.* 33. —— *an* inward *of his:*] *Inward* is intimate.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *The greater* file —] The greater number.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *the business he hath* helmed,] *The difficulties he hath steer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *opposite.*] i. e. opponent, adversary.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 55. *There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure: but* security *enough, to make fellowships accurs'd:*] The sense is, "There scarcely exists sufficient honesty in the world to make social life secure; but there are occasions enough where a man may be drawn in to become *surety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendships."

*Id. l.* 75. —— *resolved* —] i. e. satisfied.

*P.* 119, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *he is indeed* — justice.] Summum jus, summa injuria.

*Id. l.* 12. *Pattern in himself to know,*] "Pattern in himself to know," is to feel in his own breast that virtue which he makes others practise.

*Id. l.* 24. *How may likeness made in crimes,*
*Making practice on the times,*
*Draw with idle spiders' strings,*
*Most pond'rous and substantial things!*]
*Likeness* is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue. So, before: "O, seeming, seeming!" The sense then of the passage is, — How many persons, assuming the *likeness* or semblance of virtue, *while they are in fact guilty of the grossest crimes, impose with this* counterfeit *sanctity upon the world,* in order *to draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages;* i. e. pleasure, honour, reputation, &c. MALONE. The same critic reads "*Mocking* practice," and "To draw."

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *constantly* —] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *a* planched gate,] i. e. a gate made of boards

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. *In action all of precept,*] i. e. *in direction given not by words, but by mute signs.*

*Id. l.* 12. —— *I have* possess'd *him,*] I have *inform'd* him.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *contrarious quests* —] Different reports, *running counter* to each other.

*d. l.* 36 —— 'scapes *of wit* —] i. e. sallies, irregularities.

*Id. l.* 53. *Doth* flourish *the deceit.*] i. e. *ornament.*

### SCENE II.

*P.* 120, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. —— *a good favour* —] *Favour* is countenance.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *yare:*] i. e. handy, nimble.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *starkly* —] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 77. *To* qualify —] as we say wine is *qualified* with water.

*Id. l.* 77. —— meal'd —] Were he sprinkled; or perhaps mingled.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. —— *the* unsisting poster never at rest, always opening.

*Id. l.* 19. —— siege *of justice,*] i. e. seat *Siège*, French.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *putting on:*] i. e. spur, i

*Id. l.* 55. —— *one that is a prisoner* *old*] i. e. that has been confined years.

*P.* 121, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *in the* boldness ning,] i. e. in *confidence* of my *say*

*Id. l.* 21. —— *the favour,*] i. e. the *co*

### SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *for the Lord's sake* beg for the rest of their lives.

*P.* 122, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— journal —] i. e.

*Id. l.* 5. *The* under *generation,*] i. e *tipodes.*

*Id. l.* 17. —— weal-*balanced form,*] pro *balanced.*

*Id. l.* 59. —— *your bosom* —] your w heart's desire. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 70. *I am* combined, —] i. e. *agreement.*

*Id. l.* 71. Wend *you* —] To *wend* is *to* obsolete word.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 8. —— *duke of dark* corne duke who meets his mistresses in by

*Id. l.* 11. —— *he* lives *not* in *them.*] i. racter depends not on them.

*Id. l.* 13. —— *woodman* —] A *woodm* attendant or servant to the officer *rester*, but is here used in a wanto

### SCENE VI.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *sort and suit,*] Figure an perhaps, his vassals bound to hol *service* to their over-lord.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *Yet reason dares her?* — does not reason *challenge* or *inc* accuse me? — no, (answers the sp my authority, &c. To *dare* in th yet a school-phrase. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *my authority bears a* cre *That no* particular *scandal,* &c.] is *creditable, enforcing credit, not able.* Mr. Malone reads "bears off

### SCENE V.

*P.* 123, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. —— *you do* blench —] is to start off.

### SCENE VI.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *The* generous, &c.] i. e *noble,* &c.

*Id. l.* 35. *Have* hent *the gates.*] Have taken possession of.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 68. —— Vail *your regard* —] i. scend to look, from higher things, u

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 35. —— *as shy*, as grave, *a absolute,*] *As shy;* as reserved, as a *as just;* as nice, as exact: *as ab* complete in all the round of duty.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *do not banish* reason *For* inequality:] *Do not* suppose because I speak passionately and MALONE.

P. 123, c. 2, l. 50. And hide *the false, seems true* ] i. e. which seems true.

P. 124. c. 1, l. 6. *How he* refell'd *me,*] To *refell* is to refute.

Id. l. 12. *My sisterly* remorse —] i. e. *pity.*

Id. l. 18. —— fond *wretch,*] *Fond* wretch is *foolish* wretch.

Id. l. 21. *In hateful* practice:] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem.

Id. l. 33. *In countenance!*] i. e. *false appearance, hypocrisy.*

Id. l. 74. —— *his* mere *request,*] i. e. his *absolute request.*

Id. l. 80. *Whensoever he's* convented,] i. e. *cited, summoned.*

Id. c. 2, l. 2. *So* vulgarly —] i. e. *publicly.*

Id. l. 11. *In this I'll be* impartial;] *Impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial.*

Id. l. 71. —— *her promised* proportions.

*Came short of* composition;] Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

P. 125, c. 1. l. 11. *These poor* informal *women* —] i. e. *out of their senses.*

Id. c. 2. l. 5. —— *to retort your manifest* appeal,] To *refer back* to Angelo the cause in which you *appeal* from Angelo to the Duke.

Id. l. 23. *Nor here* provincial ] Nor here *accountable*, as out of his province.

Id. l. 28. *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,*] These forfeits, which were customary formerly, were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire (printed like King Charles's Rules), though I cannot recollect the contents. HENLEY.

Id. l. 59. —— *those* giglots *too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench.

Id. l. 80. *can do thee* office?] i. e. do thee service. STEEVENS.

P. 126, c. 1, l. 7. —— *my* passes;] i. e. what has past in my administration.

Id. l. 15. *Advertising, and holy* —] Attentive and faithful.

Id. l. 32. —— *be you as* free *to us.*] Be as *generous* to us.

Id. l. 36. *Make rash remonstrance* —] i. e. *a premature discovery.*

Id. l. 61. —— *denies thee* vantage:] The denial of which will avail thee nothing.

Id. c. 2, l. 48. —— *after more advice*:] after more consideration.

P. 127, c. 1, l. 20. —— *according to the* trick:] To the trick of the times.

Id. c. 2, l. 17. —— *that is more* gratulate.] Some other reward in store for him more acceptable than thanks.

# Much Ado About Nothing.

## Historical Notes.

hus story is taken from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* V. Pope.

t is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that ewhat resembling the story of this play is be found in the fifth Book of the *Orlando riioso*. In Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. iv. emote an original may be traced. A novel, ever, of Belleforest, copied from another of ndello, seems to have furnished Shakspeare h his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its ticulars to the play before us, than any other formance known to be extant. I have seen many versions from this once popular collec-s, that I entertain no doubt but that a great jority of the tales it comprehends have made ir appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. Steevens.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado About Nothing;* but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (says Harrington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. Farmer.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. Malone.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.

*Dogb.* This is your charge :—you shall comprehend all vagrom men.

# CH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the ndid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart to atone for the license of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conver- may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when r to risk his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an ar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—the second con- enious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been success- Benedick. *Much Ado About Nothing* (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly itle of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of wenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among nedy.

*Stevens.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*nce of Arragon.*
*astard Brother.*
*ng Lord of Florence, favourite to dro.*
*ng Lord of Padua, favourite likewise Pedro.*
*nor of Messina.*
*other.*
*rvant to Don Pedro.*
*llowers of Don John.*

DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two foolish Officers.*
*A Sexton.*
*A Friar.*
*A Boy.*
HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

*Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Messina.*

### ACT I.

*-Before Leonato's House.*

HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a Messenger.*

in this letter, that Don Pedro of
is night to Messina.
ry near by this; he was not three
I left him.
ny gentlemen have you lost in this

of any sort, and none of name.
r is twice itself, when the achiever
numbers. I find here, that Don
wed much honour on a young Flo-
audio.
leserved on his part, and equally
Don Pedro: he hath borne himself
se of his age; doing, in the figure
eats of a lion: he hath, indeed,
xpectation, than you must expect
how.
an uncle here in Messina will be
f it.
already delivered him letters, and
ch joy in him; even so much, that
w itself modest enough without a
s.
reak out into tears?
measure.
overflow of kindness: there are
n those that are so washed. How
t to weep at joy, than to joy at

you, is signior Montanto returned
no?
one of that name, lady; there was
army of any sort.
he that you ask for, niece?
usin means signior Benedick of
[he was.
returned; and as pleasant as ever
up his bills here in Messina, and
at the flight; and my uncle's fool,
lenge, subscribed for Cupid, and
t the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how
lled and eaten in these wars? But
killed? for, indeed, I promised to
g.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the old man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block. [books.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don* PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others, Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart, that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: but keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other tha were unhandsome; and being no other I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport; tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you i

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a je

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. you this with a sad brow? or do you p ing Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good ha Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in wh a man take you, to go in the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye, she is the sweet ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacl no such matter: there's her cousin, not possessed with a fury, exceeds he beauty, as the first of May doth the la ber. But I hope you have no intent band; have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, sworn the contrary, if Hero would be m

*Bene.* Is it come to this, i'faith? world one man, but he will wear his c picion? Shall I never see a bachelor again? Go to, i'faith: an thou wilt nee neck into a yoke, wear the print of away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is seek you.

*Re-enter Don* PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held yo you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would, your grace would c

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy alle

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I c as a dumb man, I would have you thin my allegiance,—mark you this, on m —he is in love. With who?—now grace's part.—Mark, how short his a with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it ut

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God for be so."

*Claud.* If my passion change not forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; f very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me i

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spok

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and tro I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I kno

*Bene.* That I neither feel how sh loved, nor know how she should be w opinion that fire cannot melt out of me in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstin the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, that she brought me up, I likewise g humble thanks: but that I will hav winded in my forehead, or hang my invisible baldrick, all women shall because I will not do them the wrong any, I will do myself the right to trust n fine is (for the which I may go the finer a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I di

*Bene.* With anger, with sick my lord; not with love: prove, blood with love, than I will gr pick out mine eyes with a b hang me up at the door of a sign of blind Cupid.

ll, if ever thou dost fall from this
ve a notable argument.
ang me in a bottle like a cat, and
e that hits me, let him be clapped
nd called Adam.
l, as time shall try:
*e bull doth bear the yoke.*
ge bull may; but if ever the sen-
ar it, pluck off the bull's horns,
y forehead: and let me be vilely
uch great letters as they write,
*e to hire,* let them signify under
*may see Benedick the married*

hould ever happen, thou would'st

, if Cupid have not spent all his
thou wilt quake for this shortly.
r an earthquake too then.
ll, you will temporize with the
an time, good signior Benedick,
s; commend me to him, and tell
il him at supper; for, indeed, he
reparation.
nost matter enough in me for such
l so I commit you—
tuition of God: from my house,
[Benedick.
sixth of July: your loving friend,
ck not, mock not: the body of
ome time guarded with fragments,
but slightly basted on neither:
ends any further, examine your
I leave you. [*Exit.*
e, your highness now may do me
[how,
love is thine to teach; teach it but
e how apt it is to learn
at may do thee good.
omato any son, my lord?
hild but Hero, she's his only heir:
er, Claudio?
O, my lord,
nward on this ended action,
with a soldier's eye,
l a rougher task in hand
g to the name of love:
rn'd, and that war-thoughts
ces vacant, in their rooms
ft and delicate desires,
how fair young Hero is,
ere I went to wars.
u wilt be like a lover presently,
r with a book of words:
air Hero, cherish it;
with her, and with her father,
e her: Was't not to this end,
to twist so fine a story?
eetly do you minister to love,
grief by his complexion!
might too sudden seem,
d it with a longer treatise.
t need the bridge much broader
lood?
s the necessity:
rve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;
with the remedy.
ave revelling to-night;
art in some disguise,
I am Claudio;
I'll unclasp my heart,
ing prisoner with the force
ter of my amorous tale:
father will I break;
n is, she shall be thine:
nt it presently. [*Exeunt.*
*Room in Leonato's House.*
LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.
r, brother? Where is my cousin,
provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they shew well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. (*Several persons cross the stage.*) Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don* JOHN *and* CONRADE.

*Con.* What the goujere, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And, when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it? [ferance.

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf-

*D. John.* I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad, when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep, when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied, that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only —Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter* BORACHIO.

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he? [Leonato.

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of

*D. John.* A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: you are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith she is too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns;* but to a cow too curst he sends none. [no horns.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen. [no beard.

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband that hath

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shews me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* Well, niece (*to Hero.*) I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a wo over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust an account of her life to a clod of way No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my k

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I t the prince do solicit you in that kind, your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, you be not woo'd in good time: if the too important, tell him, there is measure thing, and so dance out the answer. Fo Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-mod measure full of state and ancientry; and repentance, and, with his bad legs, fall cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sin grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can se by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering; brea good room.

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENED THAZAR; *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, M URSULA, *and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sw say nothing, I am yours for the walk; cially, when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to sa

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for G the lute should be like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's ro the house is Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak lov (*Takes*

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own s have many ill qualities.

*Bene.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Bene.* I love you the better; the bearer

*Marg.* God match me with a good dan

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my s the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words; the clerk is an

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the waggling of yo

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-w you were the very man: here's his dry and down; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come; do you think I do you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hi Go to, mum, you are he: graces will ap there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told yo

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful,—and that good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tale* this was signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well en

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

is the prince's jester: a very dull
s in devising impossible slanders:
s delight in him; and the com-
a his wit, but in his villany; for
men and angers them, and then
, and beat him: I am sure he is
ld he had boarded me.
know the gentleman, I'll tell him

he'll but break a comparison or
h, peradventure, not marked, or
rikes him into melancholy and
rtridge' wing saved, for the fool
that night. (*Music within.*) We
aders.
good thing.
hey lead to any ill, I will leave
rning. (*Dance.*)
*on John, Borachio, and Claudio.*
my brother is amorous on Hero,
wn her father to break with him
es follow her, and but one visor
[bearing.
t is Claudio: I know him by his
ot you signior Benedick?
ow me well; I am he.
r, you are very near my brother
enamour'd on Hero; I pray you,
her, she is no equal for his birth:
rt of an honest man in it.
ow you he loves her?
rd him swear his affection.
I too; and he swore he would
.
, let us to the banquet.
*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*
swer I in name of Benedick,
news with the ears of Claudio.—
the prince wooes for himself.
tant in all other things,
and affairs of love:
rts in love use their own tongues;
otiate for itself,
t: for beauty is a witch,
arms faith melteth into blood.
t of hourly proof,
d not: farewell, therefore, Hero!

*-enter* BENEDICK.

audio?
e same.
ill you go with me?
r?
the next willow, about your own
What fashion will you wear the
t your neck, like an usurer's chain?
u, like a lieutenant's scarf? You
way, for the prince hath got your

him joy of her.
at's spoken like an honest drover;
ks. But did you think the prince
d you thus?
you, leave me.
w you strike like the blind man;
t stole your meat, and you'll beat

ll not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*
oor hurt fowl! Now will he creep
but, that my lady Beatrice should
t know me! The prince's fool!—
I go under that title, because I am
t so: I am apt to do myself
t so reputed: it is the base, the
of Beatrice, that puts the world
nd so gives me out. Well, I'll be
y.

PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.
w, signior, where's the count?
?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: you have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor

can bear them witness: and virtuous,— as I, I
cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me:—

*Urs.*

HERO URSULA & BEATRICE.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says, she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. (*Aside.*)

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they, that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her w great argument of her folly, for I will be love with her.—I may chance have some and remnants of wit broken on me, bec railed so long against marriage: but d appetite alter? A man loves the meat i that he cannot endure in his age: shall sentences, and these paper bullets of the a man from the career of his humour? No must be peopled. When I said, I would chelor, I did not think I should live married.—Here comes Beatrice: by this a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to b in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those t you take pains to thank me; if it had b I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure in the mess

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may a knife's point, and choke a daw withal: no stomach, signior; fare you well.

*Bene.* Ha! *Against my will I am sent to come to dinner*—there's a double meaning *took no more pains for those thanks, th pains to thank me*—that's as much as t pains that I take for you is as easy as th do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Leonato's Garden*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* UR

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee into t
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and U
Walk in the orchard, and our whole dis
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard's
And bid her steal into the pleached bow
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the su
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourite
Made proud by princes, that advance th
Against that power that bred it:—there w
To listen our purpose: this is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant
sently.

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice d
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did s
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this ma
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now be

*Enter* BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing
Close by the ground, to hear our confere

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see t
Cut with her golden oars the silver strea
And greedily devour the treacherous bait
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that he
nothing
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it
(*They advance to t*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you s

can bear them witness : and virtuous ;— [illegible]
cannot reprove it : and wise, but for loving me :—

*Urs.*

HERO, URSULA, & BEATRICE

nedick loves Beatrice so entirely? [lord.
So says the prince, and my new-trothed
And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
rsuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
him wrestle with affection,
er to let Beatrice know of it.
Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
as full, as fortunate a bed,
Beatrice shall couch upon?
O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
as may be yielded to a man:
re never fram'd a woman's heart
ler stuff than that of Beatrice:
and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
ng what they look on; and her wit
tself so highly, that to her
er else seems weak: she cannot love,
no shape nor project of affection,
self-endeared.
Sure, I think so;
refore, certainly, it were not good,
r his love, lest she make sport at it.
Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
e, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
rear, the gentleman should be her sister;
why nature, drawing of an antic,
foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
n agate very vilely cut:
ng, why, a vane blown with all winds;
why a block, moved with none.
she every man the wrong side out;
er gives to truth and virtue, that
impleness and merit purchaseth.
ure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
ice is, cannot be commendable:
dare tell her so? If I should speak,
ck me into air; O, she would laugh me
rself, press me to death with wit.
let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
away in sighs, waste inwardly:
better death than die with mocks;
as bad as die with tickling.
'et tell her of it; hear what she will say.
No; rather I will go to Benedick,
sel him to fight against his passion:
y, I'll devise some honest slanders
ay cousin with: one doth not know,
h an ill word may empoison liking.
, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
t be so much without true judgment,
o swift and excellent a wit,
prix'd to have,) as to refuse
gentleman as signior Benedick.
He is the only man of Italy,
xcepted my dear Claudio.
pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
my fancy; signior Benedick,
, for bearing, argument and valour,
most in report through Italy.
Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
is excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
you married, madam? [in;
Why, every day;—to morrow: come, go
thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
the best to furnish me to-morrow.
he's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
r, madam.
If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
id kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

BEATRICE *advances.*

hat fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
, farewell! and, maiden pride, adieu!
y lives behind the back of such.
nedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay, till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it. [wards.

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it after-

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ach?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love. [that has it.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love. [choly.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melan-

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him. [wards.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face up-

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

*Enter Don* JOHN.

*Don John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak [with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? (*To Claudio.*)

*D. Pedro.* You know, he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know. [discover it.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you,

*D. John.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not, till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and, when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* WATCH.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry. [man to be constable?

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your w reading, let that appear when there is such vanity. You are thought here to be senseless and fit man for the constable of therefore bear you the lantern: this is yo you shall comprehend all vagrom men; bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

3 *Watch.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then, take no note of hi him go; and presently call the rest of together, and thank God you are rid of a

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle but the prince's subjects:—You shall sla noise in the streets; for, for the watch to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endu

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleep offend: only have a care that your bills be —Well, you are to call at all the ale-house those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till sober; if they make you not then the beth you may say, they are not the men you took

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may su by virtue of your office, to be no true man such kind of men, the less you meddle or them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; b they that touch pitch will be defiled: the s able way for you, if you do take a thief, him shew himself what he is, and steal o company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a me

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog b much more a man, who hath any honesty

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep not hear us?

*Dogb* Why then, depart in peace, a child wake her with crying: for the ewe not hear her lamb when it baes, will neve calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. stable, are to present the prince's own per meet the prince in the night, you may sta

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with that knows the statues, he may stay hi not without the prince be willing: for, i watch ought to offend no man; and it is to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, g an there be any matter of weight chance me: keep your fellows' counsels and you good-night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear o let us go sit here upon the church-bench ti then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbo you, watch about signior Leonato's doo wedding being there to-morrow, there is a to-night: adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you
[*Exeunt Dogberry an*

*Enter* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

*Bora.* What! Conrade,—

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

ass, and my elbow itched; I thought,
l a scab follow.
ill owe thee an answer for that; and now
th thy tale.
and thee close then under this pent-
t drizzles rain; and I will, like a true
itter all to thee. [close.
*Aside.*) Some treason, masters; yet stand
herefore know, I have earned of Don
sand ducats. [dear?
t possible that any villainy should be so
ou should'st rather ask, if it were possible
should be so rich; for when rich villains
of poor ones, poor ones may make what
nder at it. [price they will.
hat shews, thou art unconfirmed: thou
at the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a
thing to a man.
s, it is apparel.
mean, the fashion.
s, the fashion is the fashion.
sh! I may as well say, the fool's the fool.
hou not what a deformed thief this fashion

I know that Deformed; he has been a
is seven year; he goes up and down like
n: I remember his name.
idst thou not hear somebody?
; 'twas the vane on the house.
est thou not, I say, what a deformed
ashion is? how giddily he turns about all
ds, between fourteen and five-and-thirty?
fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers
hy painting; sometime, like god Bel's
e old church window; sometime, like the
ules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry,
od-piece seems as massy as his club?
this I see; and see, that the fashion
ore apparel than the man: but art not
f giddy with the fashion too, that thou
l out of thy tale into telling me of the

ot so, neither: but know, that I have to-
d Margaret, the lady Hero's gentle-
the name of Hero; she leans me out at
's chamber-window, bids me a thousand
night.—I tell this tale vilely!—I should
see, how the Prince, Claudio, and my
nted, and placed, and possessed by my
a John, saw afar off in the orchard this
ounter.
I thought they Margaret was Hero?
wo of them did, the Prince and Claudio;
ril my master knew she was Margaret;
y his oaths, which first possessed them,
s dark night, which did deceive them,
by my villainy, which did confirm any
Don John had made, away went Claudio
ere he would meet her, as he was ap-
t morning at the temple, and there, be-
ole congregation, shame her with what
-night, and send her home again without
[stand.
. We charge you in the prince's name,
Call up the right master Constable: we
ecovered the most dangerous piece of
ever was known in the commonwealth.
. And one Deformed is one of them; I
e wears a lock.
ters, masters.
You'll be made bring Deformed forth,
e.
ters,—
Never speak; we charge you, let us
go with us.
e are like to prove a goodly commodity,
up of these men's bills.
ommodity in question, I warrant you.
obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.
*Urs.* I will, lady.
*Hero.* And bid her come hither.
*Urs.* Well. [*Exit Ursula.*
*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.
*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.
*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.
*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.
*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.
*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of your's: cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.
*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy! [man.
*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a
*Hero.* Fy upon thee! art not ashamed?
*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband:* an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an if it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.
*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero. [tune?
*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick
*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.
*Marg.* Clap us into—*Light o' love;* that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' love,* with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns. [with my heels.
*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that
*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!
*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.
*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.
*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?
*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! [an excellent perfume.
*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are
*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.
*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.
*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?
*Marg.* Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?
*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.
*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.
*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.
*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.
*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may

*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not: it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for me.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height of a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear it in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmingled rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I could eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice;—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice;—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat— [dered, she is undone.

*Beat.* Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it:— I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. [hath wrong'd Claudio.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: by this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so farewell.

## SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and Sexton, in gowns, and the Watch, with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down—Borachio. Yea, marry, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

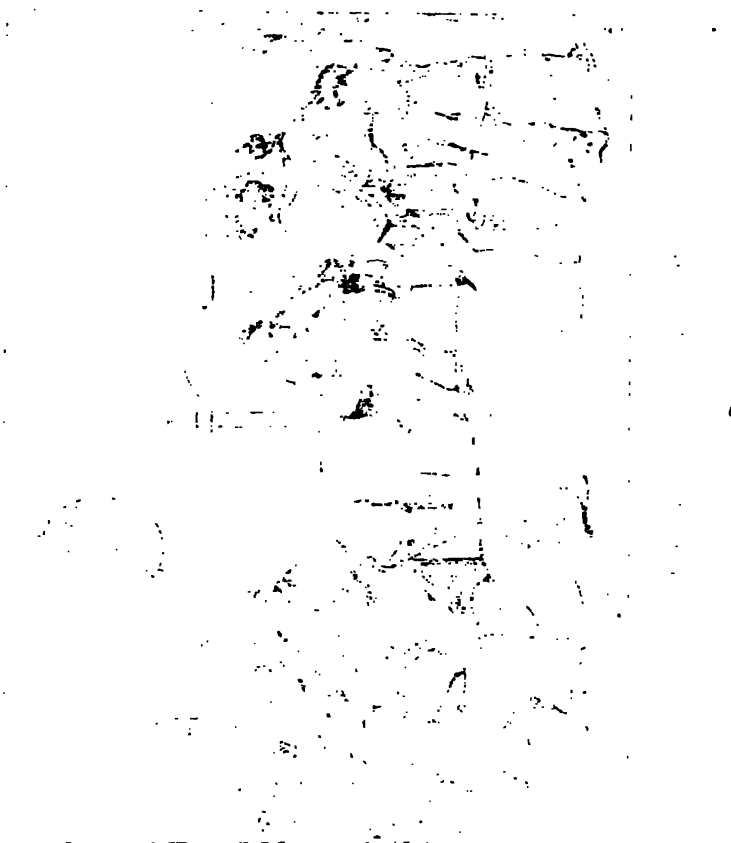
*Dogb.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I warrant you; but I will go about with him.—Come away, come away.



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*Dell.* You have ...
about to protest, I loved you.

but I will go about ...

SCENE FROM MUCHADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN.

[illegible]

[illegible]ut to protest, I loved you.

[illegible] but I will go about [illegible]

SCENE FROM MUCHADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN.

word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is
a are false knaves.
ir, I say to you, we are none.
Vell, stand aside.—Fore God, they are
tale: have you writ down—that they are

Master constable, you go not the way to
rou must call forth the watch, that are
ers.
'ea, marry, that's the eftest way:—Let
come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in
name, accuse these men.
. This man said, sir, that Don John, the
other, was a villain.
Vrite down—prince John a villain:—
flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—
laster constable,— [villain.
'ray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like
promise thee.
What heard you him say else?
. Marry, that he had received a thou-
s of Don John, for accusing lady Hero

lat burglary, as ever was committed.
ea, by the mass, that it is.
What else, fellow?
. And that count Claudio did mean,
rds, to disgrace Hero before the whole
nd not marry her.
villain! thou wilt be condemned into
redemption for this.
What else?
. This is all.
And this is more, masters, than you can
ce John is this morning secretly stolen
o was in this manner accused, in this
r refused, and upon the grief of this,
ied.—Master constable, let these men
and brought to Leonato's; I will go be-
ew him their examination. [*Exit.*
me, let them be opinioned.
t them be in band.
coxcomb!
od's my life! where's the sexton? let
down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—
them:———Thou naughty varlet!
ay! you are an ass, you are an ass.
et thou not suspect my place? Dost
pect my years?—O that he were here
down—an ass! but, masters, remem-
am an ass; though it be not written
forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou
art full of piety, as shall be proved
y good witness. I am a wise fellow;
is more, an officer; and, which is more,
ler; and, which is more, as pretty a
sh as any is in Messina; and one that
law, go to; and a rich fellow enough,
a fellow that hath had losses; and one
wo gowns, and every thing handsome
—Bring him away. O, that I had been
-an ass! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

E I.—*Before Leonato's House.*

*nter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

ou go on thus, you will kill yourself;
wisdom, thus to second grief
rself.
I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
into mine ears as profitless
a sieve: give not me counsel;
comforter delight mine ear,
me, whose wrongs do suit with mine.
father, that so lov'd his child,
of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
speak of patience;
woe the length and breadth of mine,
swer every strain for strain;
thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should
groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing
differ. [blood;
*Leon.* I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.
*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.
*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied; [so:
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.
*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.
*Claud.* Good day to both of you.
*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—
*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.
*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.
*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man.
*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
*Claud.* Who wrongs him?
*Leon.* Marry,
Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; [me:
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies buried with her ancestors: [heart,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.
*Claud.* My villainy!
*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
*Claud.* Away, I will not have to do with you.
*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd
my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man

about to protest, I loved you.

SCENE FROM MUCHADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me;—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
*Leon.* Brother,— [niece;
*Ant.* Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—
*Leon.* Brother Antony,—
*Ant.* Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antically, and shew outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.
*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—
*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—
*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.
*Leon.* No?
Brother, away:—I will be heard;—
*Ant.* And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.
*Claud.* Now, signior! what news?
*Bene.* Good day, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.
*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.
*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?
*Bene.* It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?
*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.
*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?
*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.
*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.
*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?
*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!
*Bene.* You are a villain; I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy
me hear from you.
*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so
*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?
*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he he
a calf's head and a capon, the which
carve most curiously, say my knife's n
I not find a woodcock too?
*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it
*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice
wit the other day: I said, thou hadst
*True*, says she, *a fine little one: No*, s
*wit; Right*, says she, *a great grace one*
I, *a good wit; Just*, said she, *it hurts n*
said I, *the gentleman is wise; Certain*
*wise gentleman: Nay*, said I, *he hath*
*That, I believe*, said she, *for he swore a*
*on Monday night, which he forswore*
*morning; there's a double tongue;*
*tongues.* Thus did she, an hour together
thy particular virtues: yet, at last, sh
with a sigh, thou wast the properest ma
*Claud.* For the which she wept h
said, she cared not.
*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but
that, an if she did not hate him deadly
love him dearly: the old man's daughte
*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, Ge
*when he was hid in the garden.*
*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the s
horn on the sensible Benedick's head?
*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, *H*
*Benedick the married man?*
*Bene.* Fare you well, boy; you know
I will leave you now to your gossip-li
you break jests as braggarts do their bla
God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord
many courtesies I thank you: I must
your company: your brother, the bast
from Messina: you have, among you, kil
and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-b
he and I shall meet; and till then, pe
him. [*Exit*
*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.
*Claud.* In most profound earnest; an
rant you, for the love of Beatrice.
*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee
*Claud.* Most sincerely.
*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man
goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the W*
CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: b
an ape a doctor to such a man.
*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let be; pla
heart, and be sad! Did he not say, m
was fled?
*Dogb.* Come, you, sir; if justice ca
you, she shall ne'er weigh more reas
balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypo
you must be looked to.
*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my bro
bound! Borachio, one!
*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, m
*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have
done?
*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committe
port; moreover, they have spoken unt
condarily, they are slanders; sixth and
have belied a lady; thirdly, they have v
just things, and, to conclude, they are ly
*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they
thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence;
lastly, why they are committed; and, to
what you lay to their charge?
*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his ow
and, by my troth, there's one meaning w
*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended
that you are thus bound to your ans

ustable is too cunning to be understood:
ur offence?
Sweet prince, let me go no further to
er; do you hear me, and let this count
I have deceived even your very eyes:
r wisdoms could not discover, these
ols have brought to light; who, in the
rheard me confessing to this man, how
your brother, incensed me to slander the
; how you were brought into the orchard,
se court Margaret in Hero's garments;
disgraced her, when you should marry
illainy they have upon record; which I
seal with my death, than repeat over to
: the lady is dead upon mine and my
alse accusation: and, briefly, I desire
t the reward of a villain.
*ro.* Runs not this speech like iron through
our blood?
I have drunk poison, whiles he uttered it.
*ro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?
ea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
*ro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of trea-
e is upon this villainy. [chery:—
Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
: semblance that I loved it first.
Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this
exton hath reformed signior Leonato of
: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
and place shall serve, that I am an ass.
lere, here comes master signior Leonato,
xton too.
LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the Sexton.*
Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
en I note another man like him,
id him: Which of these is he?
If you would know your wronger, look
n me.
Art thou the slave, that with thy breath
cent child? [hast kill'd
Yea, even I alone.
No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
d a pair of honourable men,
fled, that had a hand in it:—
ou, princes, for my daughter's death;
with your high and worthy deeds;
vely done, if you bethink you of it.
I know not how to pray your patience,
it speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
s to what penance your invention
pon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
taking.
*ro.* By my soul, nor I;
to satisfy this good old man,
end under any heavy weight,
enjoin me to.
I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
s impossible; but I pray you both,
he people in Messina here
cent she died: and, if your love
r aught in sad invention,
an epitaph upon her tomb,
it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
w morning come you to my house;
you could not be my son-in-law,
r nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
e copy of my child that's dead,
alone is heir to both of us;
the right you should have given her cousin,
es my revenge.
O, noble sir,
r kindness doth wring tears from me!
ace your offer; and dispose
forth of poor Claudio. [ing;
To-morrow then I will expect your com-
I take my leave.—This naughty man
to face be brought to Margaret,
elieve, was pack'd in all this wrong,
t by your brother.
No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation! [I thank thee.

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail. [morrow.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Leonato's Garden.*

*Enter* BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice. [of my beauty?

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches. [which hit, but hurt not.

*Marg.* And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils,

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers. [our own.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* And therefore will come.
*The god of love,* (*Singing.*)
*That sits above,*
*And knows me, and knows me,*
*How pitiful I deserve,*—
I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.
*Bene.* O, stay but till then!
*Beat.* *Then* is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio. [thee.
*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss
*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.
*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?
*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?
*Bene.* *Suffer love;* a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.
*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.
*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.
*Beat.* It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.
*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.
*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?
*Bene.* Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?
*Beat.* Very ill.
*Bene.* And how do you?
*Beat.* Very ill too.
*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd: and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?
*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?
*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?
*Atten.* It is, my lord.
*Claud.* (*Reads from a scroll.*)
*Done to death by slanderous tongues,*
*Was the Hero that here lies:*
*Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,*
*Gives her fame, which never dies:*
*So the life that died with shame,*
*Lives in death with glorious fame.*
*Hang thou there upon the tomb,* (affixing it.)
*Praising her when I am dumb.*—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,*
*Those that slew thy virgin knight;*
*For the which, with songs of woe,*
*Round about her tomb they go.*
*Midnight, assist our moan;*
*Help us to sigh and groan,*
*Heavily, heavily:*
*Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,*
*Till death be uttered,*
*Heavily, heavily.*

*Claud.* Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put your torches out; [day.
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
*Claud.* Good morrow, masters; each his several way. [weds;
*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other
And then to Leonato's we will go.
*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, *Friar, and* HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you, she was innocent?
*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accused
Upon the error that you heard debated: [her,
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
*Friar.* To do what, signior?
*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. [true.
*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most
*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.
*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince; but what's your will?
*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.
*Friar.* And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.
*Leon.* Good morrow, prince;—good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you: are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
*Leon.* Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*
*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick: why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

e would play the noble beast in love.
Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
e such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
a calf in that same noble feat,
e to you, for you have just his bleat.

*nter* ANTONIO, *with the ladies masked.*

. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
s the lady I must seize upon?
This same is she, and I do give you her.
. Why, then she's mine: sweet, let me see your face.
No, that you shall not, till you take her hand his friar, and swear to marry her.
. Give me your hand before this holy friar; ir husband, if you like of me.
And when I lived, I was your other wife: en you loved, you were my other husband.
. Another Hero? [*Unmasking.*
Nothing certainer:
ro died defil'd; but I do live,
rely as I live, I am a maid.
*dro.* The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!
She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
. All this amazement can I qualify;
after that the holy rites are ended,
you largely of fair Hero's death:
e, let wonder seem familiar,
he chapel let us presently.
Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
I answer to that name; (*unmasks.*) What is your will?
Do not you love me?
No, no more than reason.
Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
en deceived; for they swore you did.
Do not you love me?
No, no more than reason.
Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, h deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.
They swore, that you were almost sick for me. [for me.
They swore that you were well-nigh dead
'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?
No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you; But, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth. (*Kissing her.*)

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose, that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.—Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.—SCENE 2.

*Dogberry.* Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

c. 1, *l.* 34. —— *is signior* Montanto *re-*
*ved*—] *Montanto* was one of the ancient
as of the fencing school.
*He set up his bills*, &c.] published a ge-
al challenge like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.
8. —— *challenged Cupid at the* flight:]
*ght* means a sort of shooting called *roving*,
shooting at long lengths. The arrows used
his sport are called *flight*-arrows.
). —— *at the* bird-bolt.] The *bird-bolt* is
ort thick arrow without a point, and spread-
at the extremity so much, as to leave a
surface, about the breadth of a shilling.
, *l.* 2. —— *he'll be* meet *with you.*,] i. e.
*ll be your match.*
5. —— *young* squarer —] A *squarer* I take
be a choleric, quarrelsome fellow, for in
sense Shakspeare uses the word to *square.*
in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, it is
d of Oberon and Titania, that *they never*
*t but they* square. So the sense may be,
*there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep*
*company through all his mad pranks?*
INSON.
, c. 1, *l.* 18. —— *fathers herself:*] This
ase is common in Dorset-shire: "Jack
*here* himself;" i. e. is like his father.
, *l.* 10. —— *the flouting* Jack;] *Jack*, in
author's time, was a term of contempt.
l. —— *wear his* cap *with suspicion?*] that
subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.
. Claud. *If this were so, so were it uttered.*]
. If I had really confided such a secret to
, he would have blabbed it in this manner.
l. These were the words used in a tragic
sery tale, common in Shakspeare's days and
e.
.—— *but that I will have a* recheat *winded*
*my forehead.*] that is, *I will wear a horn*
*my forehead which the huntsman may*
*v.* A *recheate* is the sound by which dogs
called back. Shakspeare had no mercy
n the poor cuckold his *horn* is an inexhaus-
e subject of merriment. JOHNSON.
. The *fine*—] i. e. the conclusion.
*c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— *in a bottle like a cat.*] In
e counties in England, a cat was formerly
ed up with a quantity of soot in a wooden
le (such as that in which shepherds carry
r liquor), and was suspended on a line. He
beat out the bottom as he ran under it,
and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 5. —— *and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called* Adam.] Perhaps Adam Bell, a famous archer.

*Id. l.* 7. *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*] A line from *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c.

*Id. l.* 31. —— guarded *with fragments*,] *Guards* were ornamental lace or borders.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *ere you flout* old ends, &c.] *Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions.*

*Id. l.* 66. ——'tis once, *thou lov'st;*] *Once* may mean "*once* for all,"—"'tis enough to say at *once.*" STEEVENS.

### SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 6. —— *a* thick-pleached *alley*—] i. e. thickly interwoven.

*Id. l.* 23. "Cousin." MALONE.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 27. "good year." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 42. —— claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter.

*P.* 140, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *smoking a musty room*,] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary.

*Id. l.* 3. —— *in* sad *conference:*] *Sad* in this, signifies *serious.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *in the* woolen.] I suppose she means — between blankets, without sheets. STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 11. —— *be too* important,] i. e. *importunate.*

*Id. l.* 31. —— *your* friend?] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover*, and applicable to both sexes.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *his* dry *hand*—] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *Hundred merry Tales:*] Perhaps Boccace's Decameron.

*P.* 141. *c.* 1, *l.* 24. —— *his* bearing.] i. e his carriage, his demeanor.

*P.* 141, *c.* 1, *l.* 55. —— *usurer's* chain ?] *Chains* of gold, of considerable value, were, in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others; and it appears that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 35. —— *such* impossible *conveyance,*] *Impossible* seems to be used in the sense of *incredible*, or *inconceivable.*

*Id. l.* 43. —— *the infernal* Até —] The *Goddess of Revenge*, or *Discord.*

*Id. l.* 67. —— *I gave him use for it.*] *Use*, or *interest.*

*P.* 142, *c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *a* noble *strain,*] i. e. descent, lineage.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *queasy* stomach,] i. e. squeamish.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 47. —— intend *a kind of zeal* —] i. e. *pretend.*

*Id. l.* 56. —— Claudio." MALONE.

SCENE III.

*P.* 143, *c.* 1, *l.* 37. *We'll fit the* kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 19. *Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.*] An allusion to the *stalking-horse;* a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

*Id. l.* 30. —— *but that she loves him with an enraged affection, — it is past the* infinite *of thought.*] The meaning, I think, is, — *but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

*P.* 144, *c.* 1, *l.* 15. —— *have* daff'd —] *To daff* is the same as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aside.

*Id. l.* 26. —— contemptible *spirit.*] i. e. *contemptuous.*

*Id. l.* 27. —— *a very* proper man.] i. e. a very handsome man.

*Id. l.* 53. unworthy *to have* so good, &c." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *was sadly borne.*] i. e. was seriously carried on.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 21. "You take pleasure then in the message." MALONE.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 37. Proposing *with the prince and Claudio:*] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word — *propos*, discourse, talk.

*P.* 145, *c.* 1, *l.* 16. *Misprising* —] Despising, contemning, or *undervaluing.*

*Id. l.* 54. —— *so* swift *and excellent a wit,*] *Swift* means *ready.*

*Id. l.* 61. —— *argument,*] or *conversation.*

*Id. l.* 69. *She's* lim'd —] Entangled with *birdlime.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. *Taming my* wild *to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock;* she therefore says, that *wild* as her *heart* is, she will *tune* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *all* slops;] *Slops* are large loose *breeches* or *trowsers*, worn only by sailors at present.

SCENE III.

*P.* 146, *c.* 1, *l.* 60. —— Dogberry *and* Verges,] The first of these worthies had his name from the *Dog-berry*, i. e. the female cornel, a shrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *Verjuice.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 22 —— bills *be not stolen:*] A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which says, Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *securis falcata.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 51. —— "it bleats." MALONE

*P.* 115, *c.* 1, *l.* 17. —— *thou art* unconfirmed:] i. e unpractised in the ways of the world.

*Id. l.* 35. —— reechy *painting;*] Is painting discoloured by smoke.

*Id. l.* 37. —— *sometime, like the shaven Hercules, in the* smirched, &c.] *Hercules when shaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. *Smirched* is soiled, obscured

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 8. —— *rabato*—] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff.

*Id. l.* 22. —— side-*sleeves.*] *Side*-sleeves mean *long* ones.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *Light o' love;*] This is the name of an old dance tune, which occurs also in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

*Id. l.* 49. —— *no* barns.] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *turned Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *some* moral—] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

*P.* 148, *c.* 1, *l.* 37. —— *palabras,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the tinker says, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *it is a world to see!*] i. e. it is wonderful to see.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *to a* non com:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis;* or, perhaps, to a *non-plus.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *some be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 55. "Not to knit." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *word too* large;] i. e. *licentious.*

*Id. l.* 74. —— *that he doth speak so* wide?] i. e. so remotely from the present business.

*P.* 149, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. —— kindly *power* —] That is, *kindred power.*

*Id. l.* 31. —— liberal *villain,*] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means *frank beyond honesty*, or *decency. Free of tongue.*

*Id. l.* 45. —— *conjecture* —] Conjecture is here used for suspicion.

*Id. l.* 47. *And never shall it more be* gracious.] i. e. lovely, attractive.

*Id. l.* 68. *The story that is printed in her blood?* That is, *the story which her blushes discover to be true.*

*Id. l.* 74. *Chid I for that at frugal nature's* frame?] Grieved I at nature's being so *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child?

*Id. l.* 79. *Who* smirched—] To *smirch* is to *dark*, to sully.

. 2, *l.* 35. —— *of my* book:] i. e. of I have read.

—— bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is used by author for the utmost degree of any pas- or mental quality. In this play before, dick says of Beatrice, *her affection has ill bent.*

c. 1, *l.* 12. —— *we* rack *the value;*] i. e. xaggerate the value. The allusion is to *-rents.*

—— *my* inwardness—] i. e. intimacy.

*l.* 20 —— *bear her in hand*—] i. e. de- her by fair promises.

—— *and* counties!] *Countz* was the nt general term for a *nobleman.*

—— *a goodly* count-confect;] i. e. a ious nobleman made out of sugar.

SCENE II.

c. 1, *l.* 10. *the* eftest *way* :] for *deftest, readiest.*

. "Let them be in in the hands." MA-

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*l.* 6. —— *make misfortune drunk.*

*'ith* candle-wasters;] Perhaps, those who p all night to drink.

—— *than* advertisement ] That is, than *onition.*

*Despite his nice* fence,] i. e. defence or in the science of fencing, or defence.

. *Canst thou so* daff me?] or *doff*, i. e. *me off.*

. 1, *l.* 5. —— foining *fence;*] *Foining* is rm in fencing, and means *thrusting.*

. *Scambling.*] i. e. scrambling.

. "Come, brother, away." — MALONE.

. *Nay, then give him another staff;* &c.] allusion to *tilting.*

—— *to turn his girdle* ] A proverbial ch.

*Id* c. 2, *l.* 8. *Shall I not find a* woodcock *too?*] A *woodcock* means one caught in a springe; alluding to the plot against Benedick.

*Id. l.* 50 *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] Perhaps the meaning is:—What an inconsistent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the same time divests himself of his understanding!

*Id. l.* 55. *But, soft you,* let be;] i. e. *desist.*

*Id. l.* 56, —— *pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*] i. e. rouse thyself, my heart, and be prepared for serious consequences!

Mr. Malone thinks that Dogberry, Verges, &c. should enter here, and not before Claudio's speech.

*P.* 153, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— incensed *me to slander,* &c.] That is, *incited* me.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *was* pack'd—] i. e. combined; an accomplice.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 34. —— lewd—] *Lewd,* in this instance, means *ignorant.*

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 52. *I give thee bucklers.*] *To give the bucklers,* is, perhaps, *to yield,* or *to lay by all thoughts of defence,* so *clypeum abjicere.*

*Id. l.* 75. —— *in* festival terms.] i. e. in splendid phraseology.

*P.* 154, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. —— undergoes *my challenge;*] i. e. is subject to it.

*Id. l.* 51. —— old coil—] *Coil* is bustle, stir.

SCENE III.

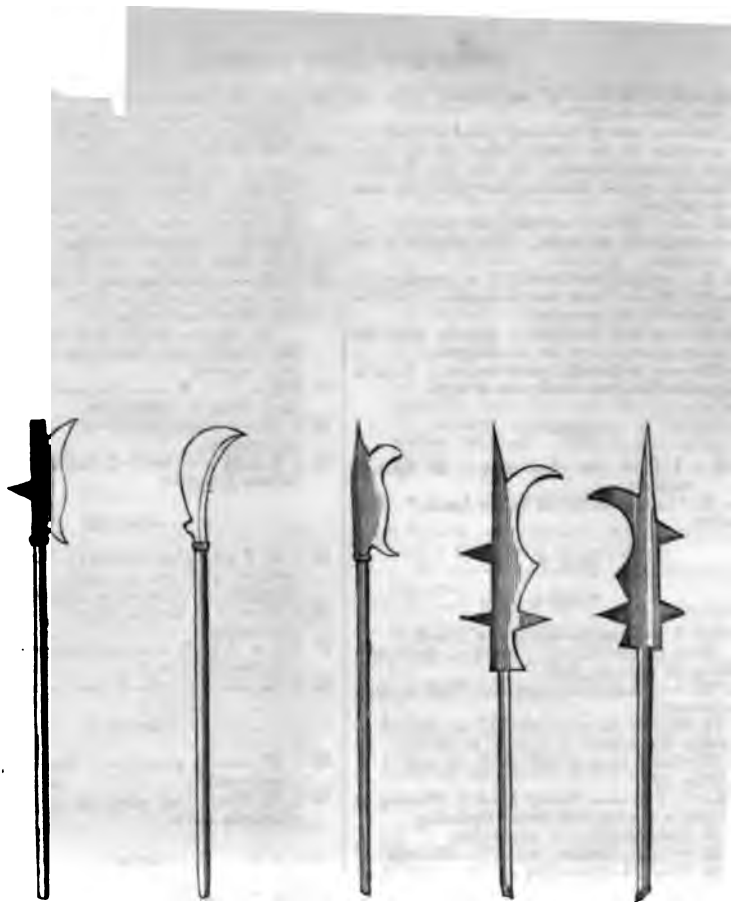
*Id. l.* 67. —— *in* guerdon—] *Guerdon* is reward, remuneration.

*Id. l.* 76. *Those that slew thy virgin* knight;] i. e. *virgin Hero.*

SCENE IV

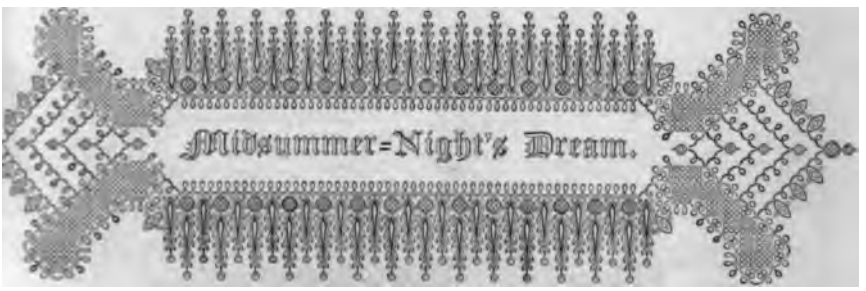
*P.* 155, *c.* 1, *l.* 34. "Why no." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 40. "Troth no, no more than reason." MALONE.



Ancient Bills,

MENTIONED IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act III, Scene 3, AND I
NOTES, Page 158, Col. 2.




# Historical Notes.

his play was entered at Stationers' Hall, 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *ght's Tale*.

here is an old black letter pamphlet by W. ie, called *Titania and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

*The Midsummer-Night's Dream* I suppose to have been written in 1594. MALONE.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

*Theseus.* Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?
*Egeus.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

[illegible], I may dispose of her:

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;

# [IDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

l fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made iar, and Spencer's poem had made them great. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

, *Duke of Athens.*
*ather to Hermia.*
E,—DEMETRIUS,—*in love with Hermia.*
LATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*
*he Carpenter.*
*Joiner.*
*the Weaver.*
*e Bellows-mender.*
*e Tinker.*
ING, *the Tailor.*
TA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
*Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
*in love with Demetrius*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } *Fairies.*
*Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion,* } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*
*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.*

SCENE,—*Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

### ACT I.

*—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

low, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
apace; four happy days bring in
moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
step-dame, or a dowager,
ering out a young man's revenue.
our days will quickly steep themselves in
nights;
ts will quickly dream away the time;
the moon, like to a silver bow
in heaven, shall behold the night
lemnities.
Go, Philostrate,
e Athenian youth to merriments;
e pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
ancholy forth to funerals,
companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit Philostrate.*
, I woo'd thee with my sword,
thy love, doing thee injuries;
l wed thee in another key,
ap, with triumph, and with revelling.

r EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
with thee?
'ull of vexation come I, with complaint
ny child, my daughter Hermia.—
th, Demetrius;—my noble lord,
hath my consent to marry her:—
th, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
u, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
chang'd love-tokens with my child:
t by moon-light at her window sung,
guing voice, verses of feiguing love;
n the impression of her fantasy
celets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
prevailment in unharden'd youth:
ming hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
er obedience, which is due to me,
orn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
he will not here before your grace
to marry with Demetrius,
ancient privilege of Athens;
s mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case. [maid:
*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
*Her.* So is Lysander.
*The.* In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes. [look.
*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment
*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty. [moon,
*The.* Take time to pause; and, by the next new
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.
*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander
Thy crazed title to my certain right. [yield
*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;

And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
I have a widow aunt, a dowager [Hermia.
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: if thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire, which burn'd the Carthage queen
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [Helena

*Lys.* Keep promise, love: Look, here comes

*Enter* Helena.

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair! that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O, happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn-buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit Hermia.*

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lys.*

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you [illegible]

*Puck.*

[illegible]

Are

The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

[illegible]

*Titania.*

[illegible]

thousand

[illegible]

*Puck.* I remember.

[illegible]

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.—
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

ROBIN GOOD FELLOW

ROBIN BON DIABLE

DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

ve thee not, therefore pursue me not
ysander, and fair Hermia?
slay, the other slayeth me.
: me, they were stol'n into this wood,
n I, and wood within this wood,
annot meet with Hermia.
thee gone, and follow me no more.
draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
draw not iron, for my heart
eel: leave you your power to draw,
have no power to follow you.
I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
lo I not in plainest truth
do not, nor I cannot love you?
even for that do I love you the more.
aniel; and, Demetrius,
u beat me, I will fawn on you:
as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
, lose me; only give me leave,
s I am, to follow you.
r place can I beg in your love,
place of high respect with me,)
sed as you use your dog?
apt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
k, when I do look on thee.
I am sick, when I look not on you.
u do impeach your modesty too much,
city, and commit yourself
ds of one, that loves you not;
opportunity of night,
counsel of a desert place,
h worth of your virginity.
r virtue is my privilege for that.
ht, when I do see your face,
think I am not in the night:
is wood lack worlds of company;
my respect, are all the world.
an it be said, I am alone,
e world is here to look on me?
run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
hee to the mercy of wild beasts.
wildest hath not such a heart as you.
ou will, the story shall be chang'd;
and Daphne holds the chase;
rsues the griffin; the mild hind
l to catch the tiger: bootless speed!
rdice pursues, and valour flies.
ill not stay thy questions; let me go:
llow me, do not believe
lo thee mischief in the wood.
in the temple, in the town, the field,
nischief. Fy, Demetrius!
do set a scandal on my sex:
ight for love, as men may do;
e woo'd, and were not made to woo.
ee, and make a heaven of hell,
the hand I love so well.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*
e thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
grove,
y him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter* PUCK.

e flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
, there it is.
I pray thee, give it me.
k whereon the wild thyme blows,
ps and the nodding violet grows;
anopied with lush woodbine,
musk-roses, and with eglantine:
Titania, some time of the night,
se flowers with dances and delight;
e snake throws her enamell'd skin,
enough to wrap a fairy in:
e juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
er full of hateful fantasies.
me of it, and seek through this grove:
enian lady is in love
inful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter* TITANIA, *with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
*Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;*
*Newts, and blind worms, do no wrong;*
*Come not near our fairy queen:*

CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody,*
*Sing in our sweet lullaby:*
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:*
*Never harm, nor spell nor charm,*
*Come our lovely lady nigh;*
*So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here:*
*Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;*
*Beetles black, approach not near;*
*Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily.—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!
*Lys.* Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! (*They sleep.*)

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius. [me thus.
*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt
*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit Demetrius.*
*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, whereso'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. (*Waking.*)
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?
*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
*Her.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*
*Her.* (*Starting.*) Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING.

*Bot.* Are we all met?
*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before [the duke.
*Bot.* Peter Quince,—
*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?
*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?
*Snout.* By'lakin, a parlous fear.
*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.
*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords: and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.
*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.
*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.
*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?
*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.
*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it. [is not a lion.
*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he
*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

'ell, it shall be so. But there is two hard
t is, to bring the moon-light into a cham-
ou know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by
[our play?
oth the moon shine that night we play
:alendar, a calendar! look in the almanack;
on-shine, find out moon-shine.
es, it doth shine that night.
ay, then you may leave a casement of the
ber window, where we play, open; and
ay shine in at the casement.
y; or else one must come in with a bush of
a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure,
at, the person of moon-shine. Then, there
thing: we must have a wall in the great
or Pyramus and Thisby, says the story,
rough the chink of a wall.
ou never can bring in a wall.—What say
n?
ne man or other must present wall: and
ve some plaster, or some loam, or some
about him, to signify wall; or let him hold
thus, and through that cranny shall Py-
Thisby whisper.
that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
ry mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
you begin: when you have spoken your
ter into that brake; and so every one ac-
his cue.

*Enter* PUCK *behind.*

What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
ring here,
cradle of the fairy queen?
ay toward? I'll be an auditor;
o, perhaps, if I see cause.
peak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.
*sby, the flowers of odious savours sweet—*
dours, odours.
*—odours savours sweet:*
*thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—*
*a voice! stay thou but here a while,*
*and by I will to thee appear.* [*Exit.*
stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
(*Aside.*)—[*Exit.*
ust I speak now?
y, marry, must you: for you must under-
es but to see a noise that he heard, and is
ain. [*hue,*
*ost radiant Pyramus, most lily white of*
*r like the red rose on triumphant brier,*
*ly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,*
*s truest horse, that yet would never tire,*
*see, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*
inus' tomb, man: why you must not speak
that you answer to Pyramus: you speak
t at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter;
past; it is, *never tire.*

PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

*—As true as truest horse, that yet would*
*ver tire.*
*I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*
monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
ers! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*
ll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
bog, through bush, through brake, through
ier;
horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
headless bear, sometime a fire;
and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*
y do they run away? this is a knavery of
ake me afeard.

*Re-enter* SNOUT.

Bottom, thou art changed! what do I
?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

*Re-enter* QUINCE.

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. (*Sings.*)

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,*
*With orange-tawny bill,*
*The throstle with his note so true,*
*The wren with little quill;*

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? (*Waking.*)

*Bot.* *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
*The plain-song cuckoo gray,*
*Whose note full many a man doth mark,*
*And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed.

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,

your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech
*Mus.* Mustard-seed. [you, sir?
*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed. [bower.
*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Obe.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter* PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things [catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

*Obe.* Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.
*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. [worse;
*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cru
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as cle
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me
*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my
*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me
bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sak
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awa
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
*Dem.* You spend your passion on a m
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then, that he is
*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get the
*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
*Dem.* There is no following her in this fier
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow o
Which now, in some slight measure it will p
If for his tender here I make some stay. (*Lie*
*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast m
quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's a
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd
*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.
*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
*Puck.* Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should
scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears;
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true
*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

ns are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:
s, to her and me, put in two scales,
weigh; and both as light as tales.
had no judgment, when to her I swore.
r none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
emetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
*Awaking.*) O Helen, goddess, nymph,
erfect, divine!
ny love, shall I compare thine eyne?
muddy. O, how ripe in show
those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
th the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
n hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
ess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
inst me, for your merriment.
e civil, and knew courtesy,
l not do me thus much injury.
ot hate me, as I know you do,
nust join, in souls, to mock me too?
e men, as men you are in show,
l not use a gentle lady so;
nd swear, and superpraise my parts,
m sure, you hate me with your hearts.
are rivals, and love Hermia;
both rivals, to mock Helena:
ploit, a manly enterprize,
tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
derision! none, of noble sort,
offend a virgin; and extort
ll's patience, all to make you sport.
ou are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
ve Hermia; this, you know, I know:
with all good will, with all my heart,
's love I yield you up my part;
of Helena to me bequeath,
lo love, and will do to my death.
ever did mockers waste more idle breath.
ysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
v'd her, all that love is gone.
with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd:
o Helen is it home return'd,
emain.

Helen, it is not so.
Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
y peril, thou aby it dear.—
re thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter* HERMIA.

ark night, that from the eye his function
akes,
ore quick of apprehension makes;
t doth impair the seeing sense,
hearing double recompense;
ot by mine eye, Lysander, found;
I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
nkindly didst thou leave me so?
hy should he stay, whom love doth press
go? [side?
That love could press Lysander from my
ysander's love, that would not let him bide,
a; who more engilds the night
on fiery oes and eyes of light. [know,
st thou me? could not this make thee
bear thee made me leave thee so?
ou speak not as you think; it cannot be.
, she is one of this confederacy!
ceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
this false sport in spite of me.
Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
with this foul derision?
counsel that we two have shar'd,
s' vows, the hours that we have spent,
have chid the hasty-footed time
g us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needs created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat; [prayers.—
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that, which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come,—

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, sir:—he will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love? [is this,

*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, sooth; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [hate?

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm, than
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [left me;
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
*Lys.* Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
*Her.* O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
*Hel.* Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentle-
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; [men;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: you, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
*Her.* Lower! hark, again.
*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia.
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
*Her.* Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
*Hel.* A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
*Her.* What, with Lysander?
*Hel.* With Demetrius.
*Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena. [part.
*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her
*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
*Dem.* You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
*Lys.* Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*
*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
*Hel.* I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit
*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing Helena*
*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport. [fight
*Obe.* Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place t
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace
*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Obe.*
*Puck.* Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

*Enter* Lysander.

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now. [art thou?
*Puck.* Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.
*Puck.* Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

*Enter* Demetrius.

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes, that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child:
I'll whip thee with a rod he is defi'd.

That draws a sword on thee.
*Dem.* Yea: art thou there?

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

sword on thee.
Yea; art thou there?
ow my voice; we'll try manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

oes before me, and still dares me on;
where he calls, then he is gone.
much lighter heel'd than I:
t, but faster he did fly;
n I in dark uneven way,
I rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
(*Lies down.*)
e thou show me thy grey light,
trius, and revenge this spite. (*Sleeps.*)

*enter* PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou
?
le me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
before me, shifting every place;
t stand, nor look me in the face.
ou?
Come hither; I am here.
, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
this dear,
face by day-light see:
way.—Faintness constraineth me
out my length on this cold bed.—
roach look to be visited.
(*Lies down and sleeps.*)

*Enter* HELENA.

eary night, O long and tedious night,
y hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
ack to Athens by day-light,
ese, that my poor company detest:—
that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
hile from mine own company. (*Sleeps.*)
t but three? Come one more;
both kinds make up four.
e comes, curst and sad:—
a knavish lad,
make poor females mad.

*Enter* HERMIA.

er so weary, never so in woe,
led with the dew, and torn with briers;
her crawl, no further go;
can keep no pace with my desires.
rest me, till the break of day.
eld Lysander, if they mean a fray!
(*Lies down.*)
. On the ground
leep sound:
'll apply
'o your eye,
e lover, remedy
*seezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*)
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
'rue delight
n the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
n your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
all have his mare again, and all shall be
ell. [*Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

ANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind, unseen.*

me, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
le I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
ere's Peas-blossom?
ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones. (eat.

*Tita.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. (arms.—

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,— the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! (*They sleep.*)

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

*Obe.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls
Stood now within the pretty flouerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my plesure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking, when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
(*Touching her eyes with an herb.*)
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
*Tita.* Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.
*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
*Obe.* Sound, music. (*Still music.*) Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless 'it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
*Puck.* Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
(*Horns sound within.*)

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [are these?
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
*Ege.* It is, my lord. [horns.
*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their

*Horns and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA *and* HELENA, *wake, and start up.*

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.
(*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*)
*The.* I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast of great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.
[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*
*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.
*Her.* Methings, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
*Hel.* So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
*Dem.* It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
*Her.* Yea; and my father.
*Hel.* And Hippolyta.
*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.
*Dem.* Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

*As they go out,* BOTTOM *awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus.*—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death.

*hens. A Room in Quince's House.*

FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

you sent to Bottom's house? is he
?
[is transported.
not be heard of. Out of doubt, he
ne not, then the play is marred; it
d, doth it?
ot possible: you have not a man in
to discharge Pyramus, but he.
hath simply the best wit of any
in Athens.
nd the best person too: and he is a
for a sweet voice.
t say, paragon: a paramour is, God
of nought.

*Enter* SNUG.

rs, the duke is coming from the
re is two or three lords and ladies
f our sport had gone forward, we
de men.
bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
luring his life; he could not have
a-day: an the duke had not given
-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
d have deserved it: sixpence a-day,
othing.

*Enter* BOTTOM.

e these lads? where are these hearts?
!—O most courageous day! O most

I am to discourse wonders: but
t; for if I tell you, I am no true
ll tell you every thing, right as it

hear, sweet Bottom.
rd of me. All that I will tell you,
hath dined: get your apparel to-
rings to your beards, new ribbons
neet presently at the palace; every
s part; for, the short and the long
eferred. In any case, let Thisby
; and let not him, that plays the
ils, for they shall hang out for the
d, most dear actors, eat no onions,
re are to utter sweet breath; and
ot to hear them say, it is a sweet
re words; away; go away.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*ne. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

US, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
*ds, and Attendants.*

ge, my Theseus, that these lovers
d.
[lieve
ange than true. I never may be-
bles, nor these fairy toys.
men, have such seething brains,
tasies, that apprehend
eason ever comprehends.
lover, and the poet,
n all compact:
evils than vast hell can hold;
man: the lover, all as frantic,
uty in a brow of Egypt:
n a fine frenzy rolling,
n heaven to earth, from earth to
;
ion bodies forth
gs unknown, the poet's pen
apes, and gives to airy nothing
n, and a name.
strong imagination:
but apprehend some joy,
ome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
*Lys.* More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!
*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.
*The.* Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
*Philost.* There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
(*Giving a paper.*)
*The.* (*Reads.*) *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,*
*By an Athenian eunuch, to the harp.*
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
*The riot of the tipsy bacchanals,*
*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
*Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*
*And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all they play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
*The.* What are they that do play it?
*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
*The.* And we will hear it.
*Philost.* No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
*The.* I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
E [illegible] to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
A [illegible] rvice perishing. [thing.
[illegible] ttle sweet, you shall see no such
[illegible] hey can do nothing in this kind.
[illegible] ler we, to give them thanks for

Our sport [illegible] :, to take what they mistake:
And what [illegible] ity cannot do,
Noble re[illegible] es it in might, not merit.
Where I [illegible] ne, great clerks have purposed
To greet t[illegible] premeditated welcomes;
Where I h[illegible] n them shiver and look pale,
Make per[illegible] he midst of sentences,
Throttle t[illegible] :tis'd accent in their fears,
And, in [illegible] , dumbly have broke off,
Not [illegible] welcome: trust me, sweet,
Out o[illegible] , yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And i[illegible] ty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy, and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ti[illegible]
In least, speak most, to my capa[illegible]

*Enter* PHILOSTRATE.

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

*The.* Let him approach. (*Flourish of trumpets.*)

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.*
*That you should think, we come not to offend,*
*But with good will. To show our simple skill,*
*That is the true beginning of our end.*
*Consider then, we come but in despite.*
*We do not come as minding to content you,*
*Our true intent is. All for your delight,* [you,
*We are not here. That you should here repent*
*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,*
*You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
"Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
"Did scare away, or rather did affright:
"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
"Anon comesPyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers [illegible]
"At large discourse, while here they do [illegible]
[*Exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and M*[illegible]

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion [illegible] many asses do.

*Wall.* "In this same interlude, it dot[illegible]
"That I, one Snout by name, present a [illegible]
"And such a wall as I would have you [illegible]
"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chin[illegible]
"Through which the lovers, Pyramus [illegible]
"Did whisper often very secretly.
"This loam, this rough-cast, and this [illegible]
"That I am that same wall; the truth is [illegible]
"And this the cranny is, right and sinist[illegible]
"Through which the fearful lovers are t[illegible]

*The.* Would you desire lime and ha[illegible] better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition, that e[illegible] discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: [illegible]

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* "O grim-look'd night! O nigh[illegible] so black!
"O night, which ever art, when day i[illegible]
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely w[illegible]
"That stand'st between her father's [illegible] mine;
"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovel[illegible]
"Shew me thy chink, to blink through [illegible] eyne. (*Wall holds up h*[illegible]
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield [illegible] for this!
"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
"O wicked wall, through whom I see no [illegible]
"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving [illegible]

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensi[illegible] curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. [illegible] *me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, [illegible] to spy her through the wall. You shall s[illegible] fall pat as I told you:—yonder she comes.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* "O wall, full often hast thou [illegible] moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy [illegible]
"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up [illegible]
*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the [illegible]
"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face [illegible]
"Thisby!"
*This.* "My love! thou art my love, I th[illegible]
*Pyr.* "Think what thou wilt, I am t[illegible] grace;
"And like Limander am I trusty still."
*This.* "And I like Helen, till the fate[illegible]
*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so [illegible]
*This.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to yo[illegible]
*Pyr.* "O, kiss me through the hole o[illegible] wall."
*This.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your l[illegible]
*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb [illegible] straightway?"
*This.* "Tide life, tide death, I com[illegible] delay."
*Wall.* "Thus have I, wall, my part disc[illegible]
"And, being done, thus wall away doth [illegible]
[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus a*[illegible]

*The.* Now is the mural down betwee[illegible] neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when wa[illegible] wilful, to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever [illegible]

*The.* The best in this kind are but sha[illegible] the worst are no worse, if imagination am[illegible]

*Hip.* It must be your imagination the[illegible] theirs.

e imagine no worse of them, than they
s, they may pass for excellent men.
wo noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

*ter Lion and Moon-shine.*

'ou, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
r [floor,
allest monstrous mouse that creeps on
, perchance, both quake and tremble,
e,
ion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
w, that I, one Snug, the joiner, am
, nor else no lion's dam:
ould as lion come in strife
lace, 'twere pity on my life."
y gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
e very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er

s lion is a very fox for his valour.
e; and a goose for his discretion.
ot so, my lord; for his valour cannot
scretion; and the fox carries the goose.
discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
the goose carries not the fox. It is
it to his discretion, and let us listen to

This lantern doth the horned moon

should have worn the horns on his head.
is no crescent, and his horns are invi-
the circumference.
This lantern doth the horned moon
esent;
e man i'th'moon do seem to be."
is is the greatest error of all the rest: the
be put into the lantern: how is it else
he moon?
e dares not come there for the candle:
e, it is already in snuff.
am weary of this moon: would, he would

appears, by his small light of discretion,
n the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all
must stay the time.
oceed, moon.
All that I have to say, is, to tell you that
is the moon; I, the man in the moon;
bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my

Thy, all these should be in the lantern;
e in the moon. But silence; here comes

*Enter Thisbe.*

This is old Ninny's tomb: where is my
ove?"
Oh—."(*The lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*)
Well roared, lion.
Well run, Thisbe.
Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines
d grace.
Well moused, lion. (*The lion tears Thisbe's
nd exit.*)
and so comes Pyramus.
nd then the moon vanishes.

*Enter Pyramus.*

Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
beams;
k thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
t to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark;—Poor knight,
at dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
ainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
"Approach, ye furies fell!
"O fates! come, come;
"Cut thread and thrum;
"Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
"Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
"Come, tears, confound;
"Out, sword, and wound
"The pap of Pyramus:
"Ay, that left pap,
"Where heart doth hop:—
"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
"Now am I dead,
"Now am I fled;
"My soul is in the sky:
"Tongue, lose thy light!
"Moon, take thy flight!
"Now die, die, die, die, die." (*Dies.*)
[*Exit Moonshine.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance moon-shine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet.*—

*This.* "Asleep, my love?
"What, dead, my dove?
"O Pyramus, arise,
"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
"Dead, dead? A tomb
"Must cover thy sweet eyes.
"These lily brows,
"This cherry nose,
"These yellow cowslip cheeks,
"Are gone, are gone:
"Lovers, make moan!
"His eyes were green as leeks.
"O sisters three,
"Come, come to me,
"With hands as pale as milk;
"Lay them in gore,
"Since you have shore
"With shears his thread of silk.
"Tongue, not a word:—
"Come, trusty sword;
"Come, blade, my breast imbrue.
"And farewell, friends;—
"Thus Thisbe ends:
"Adieu, adieu, adieu." (*Dies.*)

*The.* Moon-shine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company.

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have

: and so it is, truly; and very
notably d But come, your Bergomask:
let your ne. (*Here a dance of Clowns.*)
The idnight hath told twelve:—
Lo almost fairy time.
I f leep the coming morn,
As night have overwatch'd.
This pal play hath well beguil'd
The ght.—Sweet friends, to bed.
A this solemnity,
In d new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter* PUCK.

*Pu* ungry lion roars,
behowls the moon;
y ploughman snores,
ry task fordone.
d brands do glow,
ilst th ritch-owl, scritching loud,
I he wre , that lies in woe,
In remen nce of a shroud.
Now it is
That th
Every one fort
In the c we
And we fa
By the t a's team.
From the p o
Following darknes m,
Now are frolic; not
Shall disturb this hall
I am sent, with b
To sweep the dus r.

*Enter* OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their train.*

*Obe.* Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
*Tita.* First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania a*

*Puck. If we shadows have offended,*
*Think but this, (and all is men*
*That you have but slumber'd h*
*While these visions did appear,*
*And this weak and idle theme,*
*No more yielding but a dream,*
*Gentles, do not reprehend;*
*If you pardon, we will mend.*
*And, as I'm an honest Puck,*
*If we have unearned luck*
*Now to 'scape the serpent's ton*
*We will make amends, ere long*
*Else the Puck a liar call.*
*So, good night unto you all.*
*Give me your hands, if we be fri*
*And Robin shall restore amends.*

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 163, *c.* 1, *l.* 44. —— *gawds,*] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. *To* leave *the figure, or* disfigure *it.*] i. e. *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.*

*Id. l.* 28. *Knew of your youth,*] Consider your youth.

*Id. l.* 35. *But* earthlier *happy* —] perhaps, *earlier;* or, *earthly happy.*

*P.* 164, *c.* 1, *l.* 15. —— *spotted*—] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.

*Id. l.* 39. Beteem *them* —] Give them, pour out upon them.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *the* collied *night,*] *Collied,* i. e. black, smutted with coal.

*Id. l.* 63. —— fancy's *followers.*] *Fancy* is *love.*

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 2. —— *by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.

*Id. l.* 12. *Demetrius loves your* fair :] *Fair* is used as a substantive.

*Id. l.* 13. *Your eyes are lode-stars ;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star.

*Id. l.* 16. —— *O, were* favour *so!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.*

*Id. l.* 21. —— *to be to you* translated.] To *translate,* says Mr. Steevens, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change,* to *transform;* but here it obviously means *transferred.* C.

*Id. l.* 35. *Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;*
*Lysander and myself will fly this place.—*
*Before the time I did Lysander see.*] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 38. "Like a paradise." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *when Phœbe doth behold, &c*
—— *deep midnight.*] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from p. 163, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moon-shine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in Act III. sc. i. BLACKSTONE.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *in* game —] *Game* here signifies *sport, jest.*

*Id. l.* 77. —— *Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser.

*P.* 165, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— *it is a* dear expence :] i. e. it will *cost him much* (be a severe constraint on his feelings), to make even so slight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 9. In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 12. —— *the* scrip.] A *scrip,* Fr. *escript,* now written *écrit.*

*Id. l.* 24. —— spread *yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group.

*Id. l.* 40. "And shivering shocks." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *slow of* study.] *Study,* Mr. Steevens says, is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote; but Mr. Malone says it is not more a cant term than any other word of art, nor is it applied necessarily to nonsense. Malone asserts, that Steevens made the above remark to vex Garrick, with whom he had quarrelled.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— an *'twere* —] *An* means *as if.*

*Id. l.* 33. —— properties,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man.*

[illegible] 100, c. [illegible] *At the duke's oak we meet.*
—— [illegible] *r cut* bow-strings.] To meet. *whet* [illegible] *trings hold or are cut*, is to meet [illegible] ents. To cut the bow-string, when [illegible] e in use, was probably a com- [illegible] those who bore enmity to the

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 51. *To dew her* orbs *upon the green;*] These *orbs* are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them.

*Id. l.* 52. *The* cowslips *tall her* pensioners *be;*] This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men, of the best families and fortune, that could be found.

*Id. l.* 58. —— lob *of spirits.*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind, and were used as terms of contempt.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *sheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 72. *But they do* square;] To *square* here is to quarrel.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *in the quern,*] *Quern* is a hand-mill: kuerna, *mola*.

*P.* 166, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. —— *no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, in some parts of England, and universally in Ireland and Scotland.

*Id. l.* 3. —— *sweet Puck,*] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. It seems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare, Titania.

*Id. l.* 12. —— *a roasted* crab;] i. e. a wild applet of that name.

*Id. l.* 18. *And* tailor *cries.*] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips besides his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *hold their hips, and* loffe;] i. e. *laugh*.

*Id. l.* 20. *And* waxen —] And *increase*, as the *moon waxes*.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *the* glimmering *night* —] the night *faintly illuminated* by stars.

*Id. l.* 49. *And never, since the* middle summer's spring, &c.] *The middle summer's spring*, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or, as they are frequently called, their *mid-summer shoots*. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *pelting* —] This word is always used as a word of contempt.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *overborne their* continents:] Borne down the banks that contain them.

*Id. l.* 54. —— murrain *flock:*] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle.

*Id. l.* 55. *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud:*] *Nine men's morris* is a game still played by the shepherds, cowkeepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows: —

A figure is made on the ground by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as [illegible] or draughts. He who can place t[illegible] straight line, may then take off any [illegible] adversary's where he pleases, till on[illegible] lost all his men, loses the game.

*Id. l.* 66. —— *the* quaint mazes *in the green.*] This alludes to a sport still [illegible] by boys: i. e. what is now called *ru[illegible] figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 68 *The* human *mortals* —] Sh[illegible] might have employed this epithet, [illegible] first sight, appears redundant, to [illegible] difference between *men* and *fairies*. [illegible] were not *human*, but they were ye[illegible] *to mortality*.

*Id. l.* 72. *That* rheumatic diseases *do a[illegible]* *Rheumatic diseases* signified in Sha[illegible] time, not what we now call *rheuma[illegible]* distillations from the head, catarrhs,

*Id. l.* 73. —— *this* distemperature,] is e[illegible] *perturbation* of the elements, or the [illegible] state in which the king and queen [illegible] for some time past.

*Id. l.* 79. *The* childing *autumn,*] is the [illegible] autumn, which unseasonably produce[illegible] on those of summer.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. *By their* increase,] that is [illegible] *produce*.

*Id. l.* 9 —— *henchman.*] Page of hono[illegible] office was abolished at court by Que[illegible] beth, but probably remained in the city [illegible] *men* were a certain number of youths [illegible] of gentlemen, who stood or walked [illegible] monarch on all public occasions.

*Id. l.* 33. "Not for thy fairy kingdom."

*Id. l.* 49. *At a fair vestal, throned by t[illegible]* A compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *fancy free.*] i. e. exempt [illegible] power of love.

*P.* 167, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. —— *and* wood *within th[illegible]* Wood, *or* mad, wild.

*Id. l.* 24. "do use" — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 28. —— impeach *your modesty* —] i[illegible] ing it into question.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *for that.*] i. e. for *leaving* [illegible] &c. TYRWHITT.

*Id. l.* 58. "and field," — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 64. *To* die upon *the hand*, &c.] To [illegible] &c. in our author's language, perha[illegible] —"to *die by the* hand."

*Id. l.* 73. "where the, &c." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 74. *Where* ox-lips — ] The *ox-l[illegible]* greater *cowslip*.

*Id. l.* 75. *Quite over-canopied with* lu[illegible] *bine*,] All the old editions read — [illegible] woodbine; which Mr. Malone prefers, [illegible] *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) a[illegible] of the same origin.

### SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— *a* roundel;] *Rounds*, [illegible] *dels*, were like the present country da[illegible]

*Id. l.* 14. —— *with* rear-mice —] A *rere-[illegible]* a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from th[illegible] by the aid of wings.

*Id. l.* 20. —— *with* double tongue,] our [illegible] means — *forked*.

*Id. l.* 22. Newts, *and* blind-worms,] The [illegible] the *eft*, the *blind worm* is the *Ca[illegible]* *slow-worm*.

*Id. l.* 46. *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a sm[illegible] or tiger-cat.

*Id. l.* 53 *O, take the sense, sweet, of m[illegible]* cence;] Understand *the meaning of m[illegible]* *cence*, or *my innocent meaning*.

*Id. l.* 72 *Now much* beshrew, &c.] This [illegible] which the etymology is not exactly kno[illegible]

ter wish, and means the same as
said "now *ill befall* my man-

3. "*this* kill-courtesy." MALONE.
*power this charm doth* owe:]
power it *possesses.*
*ilt thou* darkling—] i. e. in the

*grace.*] My acceptableness, the
can gain.
ire shows her art." MALONE.
I love." MALONE.
*ll now* ripe *not to reason;*] i. e.
to it. *Ripe*, in the present in-
verb.
uching *now the* point *of human*
ny senses being now at the utmost
rfection.
*m becomes the marshal to my*
, my will now follows reason.
*peak*, of all loves;] *Of all loves*
tion more than once used by our

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

e time of Shakspeare there were
nies of players, sometimes five at
ne, contending for the favour of
Of these some were undoubt-
skilful and very poor, and it is
t the design of this scene was to
r ignorance, and the odd expe-
ich they might be driven by the
per decorations. Bottom was per-
ad of a rival house, and is there-
d with an ass's head. JOHNSON.
in, *a* parlous *fear*,] By our *lady-*
*e lady. Parlous* is a word cor-
*verilous*, i. e. dangerous.
*eight and six.*] i. e. in alternate
ht and six syllables.
*am no such thing*, &c.] Shak-
ably meant to allude to a fact
ened in his time, at an entertain-
ed before Queen Elizabeth. It is
a manuscript collection of anec-
s, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages*
MS. *Harl.* 6395:
as a spectacle presented to Queen
on the water, and among others
*lingham* was to represent *Arion*
phin's backe; but finding his voice
hoarse and unpleasant, when he
form it, he tears off his disguise,
*he was none of Arion, not he,*
*nest Harry Goldingham;* which
rie pleased the queene better than
e through in the right way:—
order his voice to an instrument
ell."
28. —— that brake:] *Brake* sig-
*thicket*, or *furze bush.*
th,"—MALONE.
*venal;*] i. e. young man.
es *and all*] A *cue*, in stage cant,
ords of the preceding speech, and
int who is to speak next.
*he* ousel-cock,] The *ouzel-cock*
nderstood to be the cock black-
*ouzel* differs from the *black-bird*
white crescent upon the breast,
es, rather larger.
lain-song *cuckoo*, &c.] That is,
who, having no variety of strains,
*in song*, or in *plano cantu;* by
sion the uniform modulation or
simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note.

*Id. l.* 33 —— *gleek*—] Joke or scoff, deceive, or beguile.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *mistress* Squash,] A *squash* is an immature peascod.

*P.* 170, *c* 1, *l.* 15. "Tie up my lover's tongue." MALONE.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 24. *What* night-rule—] *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what frolic of the night, what revelry is going forward?

*Id. l.* 28. —— patches,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion.*

*Id. l.* 36. *An ass's* now—] a head.

*Id. l.* 40. —— choughs,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *sort*,] company.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *latch'd*—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lécher*, to lick, Fr. In the North, it signifies to *infect.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14 *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*
*And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?*] Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon?

*Id. l.* 15. *O brave* touch!] *Touch* in Shakspeare's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke:* but a *touch* anciently signified a *trick*

*Id. l.* 19. —— on a mispris'd *mood*:] is put for "*in a mispris'd* mood;" i. e. "in *a mistaken* manner."

*Id. l.* 42. —— *pale of* cheer—] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance.

*Id. l.* 76. *Bearing the* badge *of faith, to prove them* true?] In allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers.

*P.* 171, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. —— *Taurus' snow*,] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia.

*Id l* 23. ——*join*, in souls,] i. e. join heartily.

*Id. l.* 66. —— *all yon fiery* oes—] Shakspeare uses O for a circle.

*Id. l.* 79. "O, now, is all forgot?" MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— artificial *gods*,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful.

*Id. l.* 3. *Have with our* neelds, &c.] or *needles.*

*Id. l.* 12. *Two of the first*, like *coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.*] Helena means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much *one* person, as if they were *both of the first* house; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* person (viz. to him of the first house), the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *such an* argument.] Such a *subject* of light merriment.

*Id. l.* 60. *No, no, sir:—he will*, &c.] The only difficulty in this passage arises from the words —*he will, sir*, which are omitted in the second folio. In that edition it runs thus:
"No, no, sir, seeme to breake loose;
"Take on as you would follow.
"But yet come not: you are a tame man, go."
This appears to me the true reading.
M. MASON.
Mr. Malone reads,—"No, no, he'll—sir."

*P.* 172, *c.* 1, *l.* 40. —— *curst;*] i. e. shrewish or mischievous.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *how* fond *I am.*] *Fond*, i. e. foolish.

*Id. l.* 56. *She was a* vixen,] *Vixen* or *fixen*, primitively signifies a *female fox.*

*P.* 1[illegible] —— *of hind'ring* knot-grasse
[illegible]rs that *knot-grass* was ancient-
[illegible] prevent the growth of any ani-
[illegible]
*Id. l.* 6. [illegible]d—] i. e. *pretend.*
*Id. l.* 69. *Th*[illegible] *lt* aby *it*.] To *aby* is to pay
dear fo[illegible] [illegible]er.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* [illegible] — *so did* sort,] So happen in
the iss[illegible]
*Id. l.* 27. —— vi[illegible] ious *property*,] Salutiferous.
*Id. l.* 32. —— [illegible] *l*,] i. e. go.
*Id. l.* [illegible] *ned spirits all,*
[illegible]-ways *and* floods *have burial.*]
[illegible] self-murderers, who are buried
[illegible] and of those who being drown-
[illegible] mned (according to the opinion
[illegible] to wander for a hundred years,
[illegible] epulture had never been regu-
[illegible] on their bodies.
*Id.* [illegible] morning's love *have oft made*
[illegible] *morning's love* I apprehend
[illegible] mighty hunter and paramour of
*Auror*[illegible] [illegible]e
a fore[illegible] [illegible]e
was th[illegible] [illegible]k
with th[illegible]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 173, *c.* 1, *l.* 74. —— *do* coy,] To *coy*, is to sooth, to stroke.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 13. —— *neif*,] i. e. fist.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *the* tongs —] The old rustic music of the *tongs and key.*

*Id. l.* 37. —— *and be* all ways *away*.] i. e. disperse yourselves and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter.

*Id. l.* 38. *So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle*, &c.] What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this — *So the woodbine*, i. e. *the sweet honeysuckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* This passage has given rise to various conjectures.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *the* female *ivy* —] Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to the *ring* of the *marriage rite.* HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *flourets'* eyes,] The *eye* of the flower is the technical term for its center.

*Id. l.* 72. *Dian's bud* o'er *Cupid's flower*—] *Dian's bud* is the bud of *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree. Cupid's flower* is the *Viola Tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness.*

*P.* 174, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. "prosperity:" — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 29, —— *our observation is perform'd*:] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale;* which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midsummer-night." *Twelfth-Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

*Id. l* 30. —— *the* vaward *of the day*,] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *such gallant* chiding;] this instance means only *sound.*

*Id. l.* 45. *So flew'd*,] Sir T. Hanmer just[illegible] that *flews* are the large chaps [illegible] mouth'd hound.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *so sanded*;—] Of a sa[illegible] which is one of the true denotements [illegible] hound.

*Id l.* 58. *The* rite *of* May:] The ri[illegible] month was once so universally obs[illegible] even authors thought their works w[illegible] a more favourable reception, if pu[illegible] *May-Day.*

*Id. l.* 66. *Saint* Valentine *is past*;] [illegible] the old saying, that birds begin to [illegible] St. Valentine's day.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. *Fair Helena in* fancy — [illegible] is for *love* or *affection.*

*Id. l.* 19. —— *an idle* gawd,] i. e. b[illegible] or trifle.

*Id. l.* 46. *And I have found Demet*[illegible]
jewel,
*Mine own, and not mine own.*
means to say, that having *found* [illegible] *unexpectedly*, she considered her [illegible] him as insecure as that which a [illegible] in a jewel that he has *found* by [illegible] which he knows not whether he s[illegible] and which therefore may properly [illegible] called *his own and not his own.* ]

*Id. l.* 47. Mr. Malone begins Demetriu[illegible] thus.
*Dem.* "Are you
'That we are awake? It seems t[illegible]

*Id. l.* 69. —— *patched fool*,] That is [illegible] a parti-colour'd coat.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *at her death.*] He may [illegible] *death of Thisbe*, or, being killed, a[illegible] on the stage, he may mean *after hi*[illegible]

### SCENE II.

*P.* 175, *c.* 1, *l.* 38. —— *gaod strings beards*, —] i. e. to prevent the fal[illegible] which they were to wear, from falli[illegible] perhaps, ornamental strings, employ[illegible] an air of novelty to the countenanc[illegible] performers.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 62. *Are of imagination all compa*[illegible] are made of mere imagination.

*Id. l.* 65 —— *in a* brow of Egypt:] th[illegible] *a gipsy.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 6. —— *constancy*;] Consisten[illegible] lity, certainty.

*Id. l.* 14. "Wait in" — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 24. *Say, what* abridgment, &c.] B[illegible] *ment*, our author may mean a dram[illegible] formance, which crowds the events [illegible] into a few hours. It may be wor[illegible] however, to observe, that in the North [illegible] *abatement* had the same meaning as [illegible] or *amusement.*

*Id. l.* 28. —— *a* brief,] i. e. a short a[illegible] enumeration.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *unbreath'd* — ] Unexer[illegible] practised.

*P.* 176. *c.* 1, *l.* 26. —— *addrest.*] That i[illegible]

*Id. l.* 28. *Flourish of trumpets.*] It app[illegible] the prologue was anciently ushere[illegible] trumpets.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *on a* recorder;] It should s[illegible] the flute and the *recorder* were diff[illegible]

nts, and that the latter in propriety of
 was no other than the flagelet.
1, *l.* 46. —— *but not in government.*]
is, not tunefully.
—— *by name lion hight,*] Hight, English,
es — *is called.*
57. *And like Limander,* &c.] For Le-
and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for
Cephalus and Procris.
1, *l.* 3. *Here come two noble beasts in,*
n *and a* lion.] The old copies read —
, &c. which Mr. Malone adopts.
—— in snuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff*
is both the cinder of a candle, and hasty
JOHNSON.
*Well* moused, *lion.*] To *mouse* signified
mmock, to tear in pieces as a cat tears
se.
3. *Cut thread and* thrum;] *Thrum* is
d or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is
rly used for very coarse yarn. The maids
all a mop of yarn a *thrum mop.*
— *and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther,
troy.
—— *cheer.*] i. e. countenance.
lips,"] — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 73. —— *a Bergomask dance.*] A dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians.

*P.* 178, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— heavy gait—] i. e. *slow passage, progress.*

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *fordone.*] i. e. overcome.

*Id. l.* 33. *I am sent, with broom, before,*
*To sweep the dust behind the door.*] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 12. *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* for *portentous.*

*Id. l.* 16. —— *take his* gait;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *steps.*

*Id. l.* 19. "Ever shall in safety rest,"—] MALONE.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *unearned luck;*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved.

*Id. l.* 35. *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] that is, if we be dismissed without hisses.

*Id. l.* 39. *Give me your hands,*] That is, clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

# Historical Notes.

not hitherto discovered any novel on
comedy appears to have been founded;
ie story of it has most of the features
ent romance. STEEVENS.

ct that there is an error in the title of this play, which I believe should be—"*Love's Labour's Lost.*" M MASON.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, I conjecture to have been written in 1594. MALONE.

Act IV.—Scene 3.

*Dumain.* Once more I'll read the Ode that I have writ.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

y, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar: and some which ought not to have ed. as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many aims; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

D, *King of Navarre.*
LE, { *Lords, attending on the King.*
{ *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*
NO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
NIEL, *a Curate.*
ES, *a Schoolmaster.*
nstable.

COSTARD, *a Clown.*
MOTH, *Page to Armado.*
*A Forester.*
PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
ROSALINE, }
MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE, }
JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*
*Officers and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.*

SCENE,—*Navarre.*

### ACT I.

*Navarre. A Park with a Palace in it.*

*he* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

et fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
r'd upon our brazen tombs,
ace us in the disgrace of death;
e of cormorant devouring time,
our of this present breath may buy
r, which shall bate his scythe's keen
as heirs of all eternity. [edge,
brave conquerors!—for so you are,
ainst your own affections,
ge army of the world's desires,—
ict shall strongly stand in force:
all be the wonder of the world;
hall be a little academe,
atemplative in living art.
Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
a for three years' term to live with me,
cholars, and to keep those statutes,
corded in this schedule here:
are past, and now subscribe your names;
n hand may strike his honour down,
s the smallest branch herein:
rm'd to do, as sworn to do,
o your deep oath, and keep it too.
am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
hall banquet, though the body pine:
es have lean pates; and dainty bits
he ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.
y loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
manner of these world's delights
upon the gross world's baser slaves:
wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
ese living in philosophy.
can but say the protestation over.
ear liege, I have already sworn,
ive and study here three years.
re other strict observances:
ee a woman in that term;
ope well, is not enrolled there:
ay in a week to touch no food;
e meal on every day beside;
I hope, is not enrolled there:
o sleep but three hours in the night,
seen to wink of all the day;
as wont to think no harm all night,
a dark night too of half the day;)
ope well, is not enrolled there:
e barren tasks, too hard to keep;
ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
our oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
et me say no, my liege, an if you please;
e to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.
*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know. [common sense?
*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet he doth not know: }
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }
*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading! [ceeding!
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good pro-
*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding. [a-breeding.
*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are
*Dum.* How follows that?
*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.
*Dum.* In reason nothing.
*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.
*Long.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
*King.* Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!
*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
*Biron.* (*Reads.*) Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*—
And hath this been proclaim'd?
*Long.* Four days ago.
*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.
(*Reads.*)—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—
Who devis'd this?
*Long.* Marry, that did I.
*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?
*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility.
(*Reads.*) Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name:
(*Subscribes.*)
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to others as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last, that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
*King.* Ay, that there is: our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter* DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?
*Biron.* This, fellow; What would'st?
*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
*Biron.* This is he.
*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.
*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.
*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
*Long.* A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!
*Biron.* To hear? or forbear hearing?
*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.
*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
*Biron.* In what manner?
*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manor and form following. Now, sir, for the manor,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.
*Biron.* For the following, sir?
*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!
*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?
*Biron.* As I would hear an oracle.
*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearkening after the flesh.
*King.* (*Reads.*) *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,*—
*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.
*King.* *So it is,*—
*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true, but so, so.
*King.* Peace.
*Cost.*—be to me, and every man that dares not
*King.* No words.
*Cost.*—of other men's secrets. I beseech you.
*King.* *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: now for the ground which; which I mean I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*
*Cost.* Me.
*King.*—*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

*llow vassal,*

*s I remember, hight Costard,*

*and consorted, contrary to thy*
*ised edict and continent canon,*
*ith—but with this I passion to*

*ench.*
*child of our grandmother Eve,*
*thy more sweet understanding,*
*I (as my ever-esteemed duty*
*ve sent to thee, to receive the*
*nt, by thy sweet grace's officer,*
*man of good repute, carriage,*
*nation.*
shall please you; I am Antony

*uenetta, (so is the weaker vessel*
*prehended with the aforesaid*
*er as a vessel of thy law's fury;*
*least of thy sweet notice, bring*
*e, in all compliments of devoted*
*heat of duty,*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.
ot so well as I looked for, but the
ard.
est for the worst.—But, sirrah,
is?
ess the wench.
ear the proclamation?
ss much of the hearing it, but
ng of it.
oclaimed a year's imprisonment,
wench.
en with none, sir; I was taken

vas proclaimed damosel.
no damosel neither, sir; she was

aried too; for it was proclaimed

e, I deny her virginity; I was

I will not serve your turn, sir.
will serve my turn, sir.
pronounce your sentence; You
ith bran and water.
er pray a month with mutton and

Armado shall be your keeper.—
him deliver'd o'er—
, to put in practice that,
other hath so strongly sworn.—
*ing, Longaville, and Dumain.*
y head to any good man's hat,
d laws will prove an idle scorn.—

r the truth, sir: for true it is, I
uenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true
, Welcome the sour cup of pros-
ay one day smile again, and till
, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*
*her of the same. Armado's House.*

ARMADO *and* MOTH.
t sign is it, when a man of great
holy?
gn, sir, that he will look sad.
iness is one and the self-same

O lord, sir, no.
t thou part sadness and melan-
venal?
iliar demonstration of the work-
r.
h senior? why tough senior?
ler juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little. [apt?

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: wherefore

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him. (*Aside.*)

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. (*Aside.*)

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue! assist me! [and pathetical!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty,

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red. [and the Beggar?

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. (*Aside.*)

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light

*Arm.* I say, sing. [wench.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter* Dull, Costard, *and* Jaquenetta.

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: for this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—*Maid.*

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away.
[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast being loose. [shalt to prison.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose; thou

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.
[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sa son was so tempted; and he had an ex strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; ye had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and cause will not serve my turn; the passado he spects not, the duello he regards not: his is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum your manager is in love; yes, he loveth. me, some extemporal god of rhyme; for, sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

## ACT II.

Scene I.—*Another part of the same. A Pa and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the* Princess of France, Ros Maria, Katharine, Boyet, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weig
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world be
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, tho
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and your's is
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the m

*Mar.* I know him, madam; at a marriage
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will st
It should none spare that come within his p

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike;

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his know.

short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
rest?
young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
irtue love, for virtue lov'd: [youth,
o do most harm, least knowing ill;
vit to make an ill shape good,
win grace though he had no wit.
the duke Alençon's once;
o little of that good I saw,
to his great worthiness.
her of these students at that time,
ith him: if I have heard a truth,
ll him: but a merrier man,
mit of becoming mirth,
an hour's talk withal:
ts occasion for his wit;
ject that the one doth catch,
ns to a mirth-moving jest;
ir tongue (conceit's expositor,)
ch apt and gracious words,
rs play truant at his tales,
hearings are quite ravished;
voluble is his discourse.
bless my ladies! are they all in love;
se her own hath garnished
edecking ornaments of praise?
comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* Boyet.

Now, what admittance, lord?
varre had notice of your fair approach;
his competitors in oath,
dress'd to meet you, gentle lady,
e. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
ans to lodge you in the field,
it comes here to besiege his court,)
dispensation for his oath,
ter his unpeopled house.
Navarre. (*The Ladies mask.*)

, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

r princess, welcome to the court of
arre.
, I give you back again; and, welcome
rt: the roof of this court is too high to
d welcome to the wild fields too base

shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
ll be welcome then; conduct me thither.
r me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
for the world, fair madam, by my will.
y, will shall break it; will, and no-
g else.
r ladyship is ignorant what it is.
re my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
his knowledge must prove ignorance.
race hath sworn-out house-keeping:
in to keep that oath, my lord,
eak it:
se, I am too sudden-bold;
acher ill beseemeth me.
read the purpose of my coming,
resolve me in my suit. (*Gives a paper.*)
fam, I will, if suddenly I may.
will the sooner, that I were away;
we perjur'd, if you make me stay.
not I dance with you in Brabant once?
not I dance with you in Brabant once?
now you did.
How needless was it then
estion!
You must not be so quick.
long of you that spur me with such
tions. ['twill tire.
ur wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
ill it leave the rider in the mire.
at time o'day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.
*Biron.* Now fair befal your mask!
*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!
*Biron.* And send you many lovers!
*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.
*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.
*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.
*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you'll prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
*Prin.* We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.
*King.* Satisfy me so.
*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness;
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exeunt King and his train.*
*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart. [be glad to see it.
*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would
*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.
*Ros.* Is the fool sick?
*Biron.* Sick at heart.
*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.
*Biron.* Would that do it good?
*Ros.* My physic says, I.
*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?
*Ros.* No *poynt*, with my knife.
*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!
*Ros.* And yours from long living!
*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. (*Retiring.*)
*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?
*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*
*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white? [the light.
*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in
*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.
*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.
*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.
*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!
*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*
*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?
*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.
*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?
*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.
*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!
*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*
*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word. [board.
*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!
*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?
(*Offering to kiss her.*)
*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.
*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
*Prin.* With what?
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
*Prin.* Your reason? [retire
*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully. [of him.
*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?
*Mar.* No.
*Boyet.* What then, do you see?
*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.
*Boyet.* You are too

## ACT III.

### Scene I.—*Another part of the*

*Enter* Armado *and* Moth

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passion of hearing.
*Moth.* *Concolinel*——
*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of this key, give enlargement to the swain festinately hither: I must employ him i my love.
*Moth.* Master, will you win your French brawl?
*Arm.* How mean'st thou? brawling i
*Moth.* No, my complete master: b tune at the tongue's end, canary to i feet, humour it with turning up your e a note, and sing a note; sometime throat, as if you swallowed love with sometime through the nose, as if you love by smelling love; with your hat pen o'er the shop of your eyes; with your a on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbi or your hands in your pocket, like a m old painting; and keep not too long i but a snip and away: these are complei are humours; these betray nice wenches- be betrayed without these; and make t note, (do you note, men?) that most to these.
*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this
*Moth.* By my penny of observation.
*Arm.* But O,—but O,—
*Moth.* — the hobby-horse is forgot.
*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-h
*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-hor colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. you forgot your love?
*Arm.* Almost I had.
*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her b
*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.
*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all I will prove.
*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?
*Moth.* A man, if I live: and this, without, upon the instant: by heart yo because your heart cannot come by he you love her, because your heart is in lo and out of heart you love her, being out you cannot enjoy her.
*Arm.* I am all these three.
*Moth.* And three times as much mo nothing at all.
*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he m
*Moth.* A message well sympathised be ambassador for an ass!
*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I
*Arm.* The way is but short; away.
*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.
*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow
*Moth.* *Minime*, honest master; or rat
*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.
*Moth.* You are too swift, sir Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gu
*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetorick! He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, I shoot thee at the swain.
*Moth.* Thump then,

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh i

holy, valour gives thee place.
arn'd.

er MOTH *and* COSTARD.

r, master; here's a Costard broken
.

nigma, some riddle: come,—thy
—begin.

, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve
), sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
*voy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!
e, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
en; the heaving of my lungs pro-
ulous smiling: O, pardon me, my
considerate take salve for *l'envoy*,
*voy*, for a salve?
wise think them other? is not
[make plain
: it is an epilogue or discourse, to
cedence, that hath tofore been sain.
:
ape, and the humble-bee,
odds, being but three.
: now the *l'envoy*.
d the *l'envoy:* say the moral again.
the ape, and the humble-bee,
odds, being but three.
e goose came out of door,
lds by adding four.
your moral, and do you follow

ape, and the humble-bee,
odds, being but three:
e goose came our of door,
dds by adding four.
l *l'envoy*, ending in the goose:
s more?
hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
t:—
orth is good, an your goose be fat.—
well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
*l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.
ither, come hither: how did this
t begin?
ng that *a Costard* was broken in a

or the *l'envoy*.
d I for a plantain: thus came your
t in;
*l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
e market.
me; how was there a Costard
ll you sensibly.
t no feeling of it, Moth! I will speak

g out, that was safely within,
shold, and broke my shin.
l talk no more of this matter.
e be more matter in the shin.
Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
y me to one Frances;—I smell
ne goose, in this.
weet soul, I mean, setting thee at
ming thy person; thou wert im-
l, captivated, bound.
ne; and now you will be my pur-
e loose.
ee thy liberty, set thee from dur-
a thereof, impose on thee nothing
is significant to the country maid
e is remuneration; (*giving him*
best ward of mine honour is, re-
endents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*
sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.
et ounce of man's flesh! my incony
[*Exit Moth.*
k to his remuneration. Remune-
the Latin word for three farthings:
remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*Biron.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
(*Gives him money.*)

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O, sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent;
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors, O my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague,
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And therenpon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
(*Giving him money.*)
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereingty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter* COSTARD.

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth. [the head lady?
*Cost.* God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is
*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.
*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit. [here.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?
*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline. [of mine:
*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
*Prin.* We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
*Boyet (Reads). By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king* Cophetua *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly say,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomise in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar)! videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: I one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who c king; Why did he come? to see; Why di to overcome: To whom came he? to the What saw he? the beggar; Who overc the beggar: The conclusion is victo whose side? the king's: the captive is o On whose side? the beggar's; The contes a nuptial; On whose side? The king's: both in one, or one in both. I am the kin stands the comparison: thou the begga witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I comm love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? Shall I entreat thy love? I will. W thou exchange for rags? robes; For title For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on ture, and my heart on thy every part.*
*Thine, in the dearest design of im*
DON ADRIANO DE.
Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.
*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, th this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you
*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remem style. [
*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, goin
*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, th here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that mak
To the prince, and his book-mates.
*Prin.* Thou fellow, a
Who gave thee this letter?
*Cost.* I told you;
*Prin.* To whom should'st thou give it?
*Cost.* From my lord to
*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?
*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosalin
*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter.- lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine anot
[*Exit Princess an*
*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the su
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?
*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.
*Ros.* Why, she that bears t
Finely put off!
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year m
Finely put on!
*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.
*Boyet.* And who is you
*Ros.* If we chuse by the horns, yourse
Finely put on, indeed!—
*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, strikes at the brow. [h
*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: ha
*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old that was a man when king Pepin of Franc little boy, as touching the hit it?
*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one that was a woman when queen Guinever of was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
*Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* (S
*Thou canst not hit it, my good man*
*Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
*An I cannot, another can.*
[*Exeunt Ros. an*
*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how b fit it! [both di
*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; f
*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that m mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if

[illegible] the carriage.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without

*lar.* Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith your hand is out. [hit the clout.
*'ost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
*loyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in. [the pin.
*'ost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
*lar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
*'ost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.
*loyet.* I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*
*'ost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
rd, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit! [were, so fit.
hen it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
matho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
d his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
*louting within.*) Sola, sola! [*Exit Costard, running.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*nter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*Nath.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the timony of a good conscience.
*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis,*—od; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like ewel in the ear of *cœlo,*—the sky, the welkin, heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face *terra,*—the soil, the land, the earth.
*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are eetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, sure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*
*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.
*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via,* in way of explica-n; *facere,* as it were, replication, or rather *xplare,* to show, as it were, his inclination,—after undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, trained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* a deer. [a pricket.
*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas
*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou ster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it re he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not denished; he is only an animal, only sensible in duller parts;
d such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
hich we of taste and feeling are) for those parts, that do fructify in us more than he.
r, as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, [a school:
, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in
t, *omne bene,* say I; being of an old father's mind,
*any can brook the weather, that love not the wind.* [your wit,
*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell by hat was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not ive weeks old as yet? [man Dull.
*Hol.* Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good
*Dull.* What is Dictynna?
*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.
*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more; [fivescore.
d naught not to five weeks, when he came to e allusion holds in the exchange.
*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.
*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-n holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.
*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.
*Nath. Perge,* good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.
*Hol.* I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*
*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*
*The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;* [*hooting.*
*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-*
*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;* [*more L.*
*O sore L!*
*Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one*

*Nath.* A rare talent!
*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.
*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater;* and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.
*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.
*Hol. Mehercle,* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur:* a soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.
*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?
*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.
*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.
*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as ead me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.
*Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
*Ruminat,*—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?
*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.
*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*
*Nath.* If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! [prove;
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed. [eyes;
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend: [suffice;
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend: [wonder;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;) [ful thunder,
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dread-
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party written unto.

*Your ladyship's in all desired employment,* Biron. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society (saith the text), is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, (*to Dull*) I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.*—Away; the gentles are at game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter* Biron, *with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye, —by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. (*Gets up into a tree.*)

*Enter the* King, *with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* (*Aside.*) Shot by heaven!—Proceed! sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

*King.* (*Reads.*) *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,*
*As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote*
*The night of dew that on my cheeks down flow:*
*Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright*
*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;*
*Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*
*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*
*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;*
*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*
*And they thy glory through my grief will show:*
*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep*
*My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*
*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!*
*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
(*Steps aside.*)

*Enter* Longaville, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! (*Aside.*)

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. (*Aside.*)

*King.* In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame! (*Aside.*)

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name. (*Aside.*)

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Biron.* (*Aside.*) I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [society.
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of
The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity. [more:

*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

*Biron.* (*Aside.*) O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

*Long.* This same shall go.—
(*He reads the sonnet,*)
*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye*
(*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*)
*Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*
*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.*
*A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,*
*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:*
*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*
*Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*
*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:*
*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*
*Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:*
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine;*
*If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,*
*To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

*Biron.* (*Aside.*) This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter* Dumain, *with a paper.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. (*Stepping aside.*

*Biron.* (*Aside.*) All hid, all hid, an old infant play
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

re sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!
main transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
*Dum.* O most divine Kate!
*Biron.* O most profane coxcomb! (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
*Biron.* By heart, she is but corporal; there you (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.
*Biron.* Stoop, I say;
r shoulder is with child. (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* As fair as day.
*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
ne. (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* O that I had my wish!
*Long.* And I had mine! (*Aside.*)
*King.* And I mine too, good lord! (*Aside.*)
*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good
rd? (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
ignes in my blood, and will remember'd be.
*Biron.* A fever in your blood, why, then incision
ould let her out in saucers; sweet misprision! (*Aside.*)
*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have
writ.
*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary
wit. (*Aside.*)

*m. On a day, (alack the day!)*
*Love, whose month is ever May,*
*Spied a blossom, passing fair,*
*Playing in the wanton air:*
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*
*All unseen, 'gan passage find:*
*That the lover, sick to death,*
*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*
*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;*
*Air, would I might triumph so!*
*But alack, my hand is sworn,*
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:*
*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;*
*Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.*
*Do not call it sin in me,*
*That I am forsworn for thee:*
*Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,*
*Juno but an Ethiop were;*
*And deny himself for Jove,*
*Turning mortal for thy love.—*

is will I send; and something else more plain,
at shall express my true love's fasting pain.
would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
ere lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
ould from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
r none offend, where all alike do dote.
*Long.* Dumain, (*advancing*) thy love is far from charity,
at in love's grief desir'st society:
u may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
*King.* Come, sir, (*advancing*) you blush; as his your case is such;
u chide at him, offending twice as much;
u do not love Maria; Longaville
d never sonnet for her sake compile;
r never lay his wreathed arms athwart
s loving bosom, to keep down his heart!
ave been closely shrouded in this bush,
d mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
eard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
w sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
e, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
u would for paradise break faith and troth; (*To Long.*)
d Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. (*To Dumain.*)
hat will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me. (*Descends from the tree.*)
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain,
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!
*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
*King.* Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God bless the king!
*King.* What present hast thou there?
*Cost.* Some certain treason.
*King.* What makes treason here?
*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
*King.* Biron, read it over. (*Giving him the letter.*)
—Where hadst thou it?
*Jaq.* Of Costard.
*King.* Where hadst thou it?
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
*King* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? [not fear it.
*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. (*Picks up the pieces.*)
*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, (*to Costard*) you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
*King.* What?
*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
*Dum.* Now the number is even.
*Biron.* True, true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?
*King.* Hence, sirs; away.
*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaquenet.*
*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? [heavenly Rosaline,
*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty? [now?
*King.* What seal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen alight.
*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fy, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs; [blot.
She passes praise; then praise too short doth
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black. [bright.
*Long.* And since her time, are colliers counted
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack. [light.
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
*King.* 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here. [she.
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. (*Showing his shoe.*)
*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.
*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?
*Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn. [now you
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. [for
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this
*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.
*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need!
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent;
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

ien's sake, the authors of these women;
en's sake, by whom we men are men;
nce lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths:
gion to be thus forsworn;
ity itself fulfils the law;
can sever love from charity?
Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field! [lords;
. Advance your standards, and upon them,
l, down with them! but be first advis'd,
ct that you get the sun of them.
Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by:
resolve to woo these girls of France?
And win them too; therefore let us devise
tertainment for them in their tents.
. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
meward, every man attach the hand
ir mistress: in the afternoon
with some strange pastime solace them,
the shortness of the time can shape;
ls, dances, masks, and merry hours,
fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
l be time, and may by us be fitted.
*Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
justice always whirls in equal measure:
nches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

ENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

OLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*latis quod sufficit.*

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at ave been sharp and sententious; pleasant currility, witty without affection, audacious impudency, learned without opinion, and vithout heresy. I did converse this *quon-* with a companion of the king's, who is nominated, or called, Don Adriano de

*Vovi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, mbitious, his gait majestical, and his ge- aviour vain, ridiculous, and Thrasonical. picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, , too peregrinate, as I may call it.

A most singular and choice epithet.
(*Takes out his table-book.*)

le draweth out the thread of his verbosity the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantasms, such insociable and point-devise ns, such rackers of orthography, as to ut, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not e clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neigh- *catur,* nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: hominable, (which he would call abomin- sinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, do-* make frantic, lunatic.

*Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

*bone?*——*bone,* for *bene:* Priscian a little ; 'twill serve.

*ter* ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

*Videsne quis venit?*

*Video, et gaudeo.*

Chirra! (*To Moth.*)

*uare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Men of peace, well encounter'd.

lost military sir, salutation.

They have been at a great feast of lan- nd stolen the scraps. (*To Costard, aside.*) , they have lived long in the alms-basket I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, (*to Hol.*) are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

*Hol. Quis, quis,* thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit. [wit-old.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns. [gig.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà;* a gig of a cuckold's horn!

*Cos.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very renumeration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill,* at thy fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *mons,* the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—for what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies?

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via,* goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark. [out.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light. [for me.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would, you knew;
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

*Kath.* A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows.

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity. [villa

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Long-
The letter is too long by half a mile. [ficent,

*Prin.* I think no less: dost thou not wish in
The chain were longer, and the letter short? [jest.

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might sent

*Prin.* We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such
excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where is
her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear.*
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
*For,* quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see:*
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
shoulder;

ld wag by their praises bolder.
elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
h was never spoke before:
his finger and his thumb,
*will do't, come what will come:*
aper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
a'd on the toe, and down he fell.
y all did tumble on the ground,
ealous laughter, so profound,
leen ridiculous appears,
folly, passion's solemn tears.
hat, but what, come they to visit us?
y do, they do; and are apparel'd
—
es, or Russians: as I guess,
is, to parle, to court, and dance:
his love-feat will advance
al mistress; which they'll know
eral, which they did bestow.
will they so? the gallants shall be
l:
will every one be mask'd:
of them shall have the grace,
it, to see a lady's face.
this favour thou shalt wear;
ing will court thee for his dear;
n this, my sweet, and give me thine;
take me for Rosaline.—
ou favours too; so shall your loves
deceiv'd by these removes.
on then; wear the favours most in

in this changing, what is your intent?
effect of my intent is, to cross theirs;
in mocking merriment;
mock is only my intent.
counsels they unbosom shall
ok; and so be mock'd withal,
occasion that we meet,
display'd, to talk, and greet.
all we dance, if they desire us to't?
o the death, we will not move a foot;
ean'd speech render we no grace;
spoke, each turn away her face.
r, that contempt will kill the speaker's

rce his memory from his part.
fore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
e'er come in, if he be out.
h sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
s ours, and ours none but our own:
y, mocking intended game;
l mock'd, depart away with shame.
(*Trumpets sound within.*)
trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the
ers come. (*The Ladies mask.*)

G, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Mu- l Attendants.*

*ail the richest beauties on the earth!*
sties no richer than rich taffeta.
*dy parcel of the fairest dames,*
(The ladies turn their backs to him.)
*e'd their—backs—to mortal views!*
*ir eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*
*t ever turn'd their eyes to mortal*
.
; *out,* indeed.
*of your favours, heavenly spirits,*
— [*vouchsafe*
*s to behold,* rogue.
*to behold with your sun-beamed*
*your sun-beamed eyes—*
will not answer to that epithet,
t call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
do not mark me, and that brings me

is your perfectness? be gone, you
.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?
*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
*Ros.* What would they, say they?
*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone. [gone.
*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be
*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
*Boyet.* They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
*Ros.* It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
*Boyet.* If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
*Boyet.* She hears herself.
*Ros.* How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite, [you;
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.
*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
*King.* Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
*Ros.* Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. (*Music play.*)
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
*Ros.* You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legs should do it.
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
*King.* Why take we hands then?
*Ros.* Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
*King.* Prize you yourselves; what buys your company?
*Ros.* Your absence only.
*King.* That can never be.
*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
*Ros.* In private, then.
*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.
(*They converse apart.*)
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. [three.
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is
*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!
*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?
*Hol.* We attend.
*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not,
I beseech you, follow.
*Hol.* *Via*, goodman Dull! thou has
word all this while.
*Dull.* Nor understood none neithe
*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ th
*Dull.* I'll make one in a dan
play on the tabor to the worthies
the hay.
*Hol.* Most dull, honest D

SCENE II.—*Another par*
*Prince*

*Enter the* PRINCESS

*Prin.* Sweet he
If fairings come
A lady wall'd
Look you, w
*Ros.* Ma
*Prin.* N

As woul
Writ or
That h
*Ros*
For l
*K*
*I*

... these
... grow.
... I die.
... you cry.
... *apart.*)
... are as
... have wings,
... thought, swifter
... ds; break off,
... with pure scoff!
... you have simple
... *Music, and Atten-*
... Muscovites.—
... wonder'd at?
... your sweet breaths
... have; gross, gross;
... poor flout!
... themselves to night?
... their faces?
... sentenance quite.
... mentable cases!
... good word.
... full suit.

... wonder, what they were, ...
Their shallow shows, and prologue
And their rough carriage so ridicul
Should be presented at our tent to
*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gal
*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roe
[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. I*

*Enter the* KING, BIRON, LO
DUMAIN, *in their prop*

*King.* Fair sir, God save yo
princess?
*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Ple
Command me any service to her
*King.* That she vouchsafe m
word.
*Boyet.* I will; and so will s

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up
And utters it again, when God
He is wit's pedlar; and retails
At wakes, and wassels, meetin
And we that sell by gross, th
Have not the grace to grace i
This gallant pins the wenche
Had he been Adam, he had
He can carve too and lisp: w
That kiss'd away his hand in
This is the ape of form, mon
That, when he plays at tabl
In honourable terms; nay,
A mean most meanly; and
Mend him who can: the la
The stairs, as he treads on
This is the flower that smi
To show his teeth as whit
And consciences, that wil
Pay him the due of honey
*King.* A blister on h
heart.
That put Armado's page

*Enter the* PRINCESS, *usl*
MARIA, KATHARI

*Biron.* See where it
wert thou,
... how'd th

nick-name virtue: vice you should
spoke;
e's office never breaks men's troth.
maiden honour, yet as pure
mullied lily, I protest,
rments though I should endure,
not yield to be your house's guest:
e a breaking cause to be
aths, vow'd with integrity.
ou have liv'd in desolation here,
unvisited, much to our shame.
so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
ssians left us but of late.
, madam? Russians?
Ay, in truth, my lord;
, full of courtship and of state.
m, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
he manner of the days,)
ives undeserving praise.
ed, confronted here with four
bit; here they stay'd an hour,
ace; and in that hour, my lord,
bless us with one happy word.
them fools; but this I think,
are thirsty, fools would fain have
.
jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle
t,
es wise things foolish: when we greet
it seeing heaven's fiery eye,
se light: your capacity
re, that to your huge store
eem foolish, and rich things but poor.
proves you wise and rich, for in my
—
a a fool, and full of poverty.
at you take what doth to you belong,
: to snatch words from my tongue.
am yours, and all that I possess.
e fool mine?
I cannot give you less.
h of the visors was it that you wore?
re? when? what visor? why demand
his?
then, that visor; that superfluous case,
orse, and show'd the better face.
are descried: they'll mock us now
right.
s confess, and turn it to a jest.
t'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
nd?
hold his brows! he'll swoon? Why
you pale?—
ak, coming from Muscovy.
s pour the stars down plagues for
y.
ace of brass hold longer out?—
lady; dart thy skill at me;
with scorn, confound me with a flout;
rp wit quite through my ignorance;
pieces with thy keen conceit;
h thee never more to dance,
more in Russian habit wait.
I trust to speeches penn'd,
motion of a school-boy's tongue;
e in visor to my friend;
n rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
s, silken terms precise,
d hyperboles, spruce affectation,
ical: these summer-flies
m me full of maggot ostentation:
hem: and I here protest,
hite glove, (how white the hand, God
s!)
wooing mind shall be express'd
reas, and honest kersey noes:
wench,—so God help me, la!—
e is sound, sans crack or flaw.
ANS, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
*Biron.* Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
*Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
*King.* Madam, I was.
*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?
*King.* I was, fair madam.
*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.
*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
*King.* Upon mine honour, no.
*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
*Ros.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you,
(*To Boyet.*)
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Bir* is tilting straight! Peace; I have

*Enter* COSTARD.

Welcon rit! thou partest a fair fray.
*Cost.* sir, they would know,
Whethe. e worthies shall come in, or no.
*Biron.* are there but three?
*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For e sents three.
*Bi* And three times thrice is nine.
*Cos.* sir; under correction, sir; I hope so:
You ca. s, sir, I can assure you, sir; we hat we know:
times thrice, sir,—
Is not nine.
orrection, sir, we know whereuntil [nine.
e, I always took three threes for
sir, it were pity you should get
koning, sir.
much is it?
sir, par themselves, the
actors, s how ount:
for my o , I a , par-
fect one n,—e'en one n the
great, sir.
*Biron.* Art thou one of the ine?
*Cost.* It pleased them to orthy of
Pompion the great: for mi I know
not the degree of the worthy; b to stand
for him.
*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.
*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care. [*Exit Costard.*
*King.* Biron, they will shame us, let them not
approach.
*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis
some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his
company.
*King.* I say, they shall not come. [now;
*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.
(*Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*)
*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?
*Biron.* Why ask you?
*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.
*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement! [*Exit Armado.*
*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.
*Biron.* There is five in the first show.
*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.
*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again, [vein.
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his
*King.* The ship is under sail, and her amain.
(*Seats brought for the King, Princ*
*Pageant of the Nine Worthi*
*Enter* COSTARD *armed, for Pom*
*Cost. I Pompey am,——*
*Boyet.* You lie, you
*Cost. I Pompey am,——*
*Boyet.* With libbard's h
*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I mu friends with thee.
*Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey su big;—*
*Dum.* The great.
*Cost.* It is great, sir;—*Pompey su great;*
*That oft in field, with targe and shield my foe to sweat:*
*And travelling along this coast, I her by chance;*
*And lay my arms before the legs of lass of France.*
If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Po*
*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.
*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth: but, I perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*
*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pom the best worthy.

*Enter* NATHANIEL *armed, for Ale*
*Nath. When in the world I liv'd, world's commander;*
*By east, west, north, and south, I conquering might;*
*My 'scutcheon plain declares, that sander.*
*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are stands too right.
*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this smelling knight.
*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd: pr Alexander.
*Nath. When in the world I liv'd, world's commander:—*
*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you we sander.
*Biron.* Pompey the great,—
*Cost.* Your servant, a
*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, tak sander.
*Cost.* O, sir, (*to Nath.*) you have Alisander the conqueror! You will be of the painted cloth for this: your lion, his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A and afeard to speak! run away for shame, (*Nath. retires.*) There, an't shall please ish mild man; an honest man, look yo dash'd! He is a marvellous good ne sooth; and a very good bowler: but for alas you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erpa there are worthies a-coming will speak th some other sort.
*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.
*Enter* HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas, armed, for Hercules.*
*Hol. Great Hercules is presented b Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that th* canus;
*And, when he was a babe, a child, a sh Thus did he strangle serpents in h*
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.—*
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [
*Hol. Judas I am,—*
*Dum.* A Judas!
*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir,—
*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*
*Dum.* Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain

ing traitor:—How art thou prov'd

*arm*,—
re shame for you, Judas.
can you, sir?
ke Judas hang himself.
r; you are my elder.
follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an

t be put out of countenance.
se thou hast no face.
this?
rn head.
ad of a bodkin.
th's face in a ring.
e of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
ammel of Cæsar's faulchion.
rved-bone face on a flask.
orge's half-cheek in a brooch.
l in a brooch of lead.
d worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
rd; for we have put thee in coun-
.
e put me out of countenance.
; we have given thee faces.
have outfac'd them all.
u wert a lion, we would do so.
ore, as he is, an ass, let him go.
reet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
latter end of his name.
e ass to the Jude; give it him:—
away.
ot generous, not gentle, not humble.
ht for monsieur Judas: it grows
e may stumble. [baited!
oor Machabæus, how hath he been

RMADO *armed, for Hector.*

thy head, Achilles; here comes
in arms.
my mocks come home by me, I
w be merry.
was but a Trojan in respect of this.
this Hector?
Hector was not so clean timbered.
is too big for Hector.
alf, certain.
e is best endued in the small.
annot be Hector.
ood or a painter; for he makes faces.
*nipotent Mars, of lances the al-*
,
*gift.*—
nutmeg.
on.
with cloves.
ven.

*Mars, of lances the almighty,*
*r a gift, the heir of Ilion;* [*yea*
*th'd, that certain he would fight,*
*till night, out of his pavilion.*
r,—
That mint.
That columbine.
ord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
rather give it the rein; for it runs

l Hector's a greyhound.
reet war-man is dead and rotten:
eat not the bones of the buried;
d, he was a man—But I will for-
evice: sweet royalty, (*to the Prin-*
me the sense of hearing.
(*Biron whispers Costard.*)
brave Hector; we are much de-

ore thy sweet grace's slipper.
her by the foot.
r not by the yard.

*Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.*—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great, Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

*Enter* MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told. [cloud.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath:
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.
[*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit, which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not; my griefs are double. [grief;—

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those, that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time;
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness: and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer, made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love, and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife!

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-face'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation. [hall

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will;
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. (*To the King.*

*King.* No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter* Armado.

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*ter* HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the oo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

*ng. When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
*And lady-smocks all silver-white,*
*And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,*
*Do paint the meadows with delight,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,*
*And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,*
*When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,*
*And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

*Wint. When icicles hang by the wall,*
*And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*
*And Tom bears logs into the hall,*
*And milk comes frozen home in pail,*
*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,*
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*To-who;*
*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
*And coughing drowns the parson's saw,*
*And birds sit brooding in the snow,*
*And Marian's nose looks red and raw,*
*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,*
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*To-who;*
*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

*Princess.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*l.* 36 *With all these* —] i. e. the
on, &c.
—— *while truth the while,*
lsely *blind.*] *Falsely* is here, and in
r places, the same as *dishonestly* or
*usly.*
*dazzling so, that eye shall be his*
eed.
*e him light that* was *it blinded by.*]
ge is unnecessarily obscure; the mean-
it when he *dazzles*, that is, has his
weak, *by fixing his eye upon a*
*, that* fairer *eye shall be his heed,*
*ion* or *lode-star, and give him light*
*blinded by it.* JOHNSON. Mr. Ma-
"*it was.*"
sneaping *frost,*] To *sneap* is to
*rebuke.*
. 6. —— *May's new fangled* shows;]
*hows* the poet means *May-games* at
*mow* would be very unwelcome and
d. It is only a periphrasis for *May.*
*ous* out,] To *sit out:* is a term from
able.
. Malone omits *And.*
his penalty?" — MALONE.
*angerous law against* gentility,] or

lie *here* —] Means *reside* here, in
sense as an ambassador is said to *lie*

*t by might master'd, but by special*
Biron, amidst his extravagancies,
th great justness against the folly of
hey are made without sufficient re-
he variations of life, and are there-
n by some unforeseen necessity. They
ommonly from a presumptuous con-
d a false estimate of human power.

*estions* —] Temptations.
*quick recreation* —] Lively sport,
version.
*tan of* complements,] *Compliment,*
eare's time, did not signify, at least
ly sign fy verbal civility, or phrases of
but according to its original meaning,
ings, or ornamental appendages of
er, in the same manner, and on the
eaples of speech with *accomplish-*

*Id. l.* 79. *This* child of fancy,] This *fantastic.*
*Id. l.* 79. *That Armado* hight,] Who is *called* Armado.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. *And I will use him for my* minstrelsy.] i. e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.
*Id. l.* 7. —— fire-new *words,*] i. e. words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new, new off the irons,* and the Scottish expression *brennew,* have all the same origin.
*Id. l.* 15. —— tharborough:] i. e. *thirdborough,* a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable.
*Id. l.* 25. *A high hope for a low* having:] Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best.
*Id. l.* 32. —— *taken* with the manner.] i. e. *in the fact.*
*Id. l.* 76. —— *curious*-knotted *garden:*] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions.
*Id. l.* 77. —— *base* minnow *of thy mirth,*] The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment.

### SCENE II.

*P.* 189, *c.* 1, *l.* 75. —— *my tender* juvenal?] *Juvenal is youth.*
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 22. —— crosses *love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money.
*Id. l.* 41. —— *the dancing horse will tell you.*] Bankes's *horse,* which played many remarkable pranks, and is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare.
*Id. l.* 75. Green, *indeed, is the colour of* lovers:] An allusion to jealousy, or perhaps to the green willow.
*P.* 190, *c.* 1, *l.* 14 *Which* native she *doth* owe.] i. e. of which she is *naturally possessed.*
*Id. l.* 23. —— *my* digression —] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression.*
*Id. l.* 38. —— *for the* day-woman.] i. e. for the *dairy-maid.*
*Id. l.* 42. *That's* hereby.] i. e. *as it may happen.*
*Id. l.* 45. *With that face?*] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time.
*Id. l.* 74. —— *affect* —] i. e. love.
*Id. c* 2, *l.* 4. —— butt-*shaft* —] i. e. an arrow to shoot at *butts* with.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 190, *c.* 2, *l.* 22. —— *your* dearest *spirits:*] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify — *best*, *most powerful*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 50. Bold *of your worthiness*] i. e. *confident* of it.

*P.* 191, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. *And much too little*, &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthiness.

*Id. l.* 31. —— competitors *in oath*,] i. e. *confederates*.

*Id. l.* 32. *Were all* address'd —] To *address* is to *prepare*.

*Id. l.* 56. Where —] *Where* is here used for *whereas*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 25. —— depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous.

*Id. l.* 74. No *poynt*,] A negation borrowed from the French.

*P.* 192, *c.* 1, *l.* 38. *My lips are no common, though* several *they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate*, *distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field.

*Id. l.* 55. *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see*,] Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.* STEEVENS.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. *Concolinel* —] Here is apparently a song lost: in the old comedies, the songs are frequently omitted.

*Id. l.* 12. —— festinately *hither;*] i. e. hastily.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *a French* brawl?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, perhaps what we now call a *cotillon*.

*Id. l.* 18. —— canary *to it with your feet.*] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance.

*Id. l.* 34. *By my* penny *of observation.*] The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*.

*P.* 193, *c.* 1, *l.* 4, —— *here's a* Costard *broken* —] i. e. head.

*Id. l.* 7. —— l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

*Id. l.* 9. —— *no salve in the* mail, sir:] What this can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or, perhaps we should read — *no salve* in them all, *sir*.

*Id. l.* 74. *Like the* sequel, *I.*] Alluding to the *sequel* of any story.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *my* incony Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the North, signifies fine, delicate — as a *kony thing*, a fine thing.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 33. —— *guerdon;*] i. e. reward.

*Id. l.* 37. —— *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *so* magnificent!] i. e. *glorying*, *boasting*.

*Id. l.* 45. *This* wimpled,] The *wimple* or veil which fell over the face.

*Id. l.* 50. *Dread prince of* plackets,] is a petticoat.

*Id. l.* 52. *Of trotting* paritors.] An *a paritor*, is an officer of the Bis who carries out citations; as c most frequently issued for fornicat *ritor* is put under Cupid's governn

*Id. l.* 53. *And I to be a* corporal o A *corporal of the field* was emp aide-de camp is now, in taking to and fro the directions of the other the higher officers of the fie

*Id. l.* 54. *And* wear his colours *like* hoop!] Tumbler's hoops are bound round with ribbands of lours.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 194, *c.* 1, *l.* 48. *God dig-you-den* ruption of — *God give you good*

*Id. l.* 64. *Break up this capon.*] i. letter. Our poet uses this metap French do their *poulet;* which s a young fowl and a love-letter.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 32. —— *erewhile.*] Just while ago.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *a Monarcho;*] The a fantastical character of the time.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *queen Guinever* —] Th Arthur's queen, not over famous f her husband.

*P.* 195, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *Wide o'the bow h* good deal to the left of the mark; retained in modern archery.

*Id. l.* 3. —— *the* clout.] The *clout* w mark at which archers took aim was the wooden nail that upheld

*Id. l.* 7. —— *you talk* greasily,] i. e. g

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 27. *Enter* Holofernes,] By *H* designed a pedant and schoolma author's time, one John Florio, the Italian tongue in London, wh us a small dictionary of that lan the title of *A World of Words*.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *ripe as a* pomewater,] of apple formerly much esteemed. *bonaria*.

*Id l.* 62. —— *a* patch —] *Patch*, low.

*Id. l* 74 *And* raught *not* —] i. e.

*Id. l.* 75. *The allusion holds in the* i. e. The riddle is as good whe name of Adam, as when I use t Cain.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— affect the *letter;* I will practise alliteration.

*Id. l.* 24 —— claw *him with a ta* flatters him.

*P.* 196, c. 1, *l.* 15. —— *the* tired *hor tired* horse was the horse *adorne bands*, — The famous *Bankes's h* alluded to.

*Id. l.* 18. *Ay, sir, from one mensis* Shakspeare forgot himself in th Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biro said, just before, that the letter "sent to her from Don Armatho to her by Costard."

*Id. l.* 39. —— *colourable colours.*] i. appearances.

*Id. l.* 52. —— certes,] i. e. certainly,

SCENE III.

, *l.* 59. —— *I am toiling in a pitch;* ]
; to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is
the whole play represented as a black

2. —— *he comes in like a perjure* ]
nishment of perjury is to wear on
ast a paper expressing the crime.
*figure not his* slop. ] This alludes to
al tawdry dress of Cupid, when he ap-
on the stage.
— *the liver vein,* ] The liver was an
supposed to be the seat of love.
*All hid, all hid,* ] The children's cry
*and seek.*
, *l.* 8. —— *amber* coted.] The word
tended, though mispelled, is *quoted*,
signifies *observed* or *regarded*, both
d in every place where it occurs in
lays; and the meaning is, that *amber*
*s regarded as foul, when compared*
*r hair.*
—— *why, then* incision
*ld let her out in saucers;*] It was the
among the young gallants of that age,
themselves in the arms, or elsewhere,
r to drink their mistress's health, or
er name in their blood, as a proof of
ssion.
. "such zeal" — MALONE.
*our eyes do make no* coaches;] Al-
to a passage in the king's sonnet:
rop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."
— teen!] i. e. grief.
*o see a king transformed to a* gnat!]
abusing the king for his sonneting like
rel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which
sings as it flies.
— critic *Timon* —] *Critic* and *critic*-
used by our author in the same sense
*c* and *cynical.*
pruning *me?*] A bird is said to *prune*
when he picks and sleeks his fea-

— *a gait, a state,*] *State*, I believe,
present instance, is opposed to gait
he motion), and signifies the act of
*g.*
, *l.* 9. "doth not" — MALONE.
*nd beauty's* crest *becomes the heavens*
i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty,
utmost degree of fairness, becomes the
s.
— and *usurping hair,* ] i. e. false hair.
9. —— *some* quillets,] *Quillet* is the
r word applied to law chicane.
—— *affection's men at arms:* ] i. e.
*liers of affection.*
— *The nimble spirits in the* arteries;]
old system of physic they gave the
fice to the *arteries* as is now given to
ves.
Mr. Malone has followed this line by?a
ich "with ourselves" — for which it
be difficult to find a meaning.
*Other slow arts entirely* keep *the*
] As we say, *keep* the house, or *keep*
ed. M. MASON.
—— *the suspicious head of* theft *is*
*t;*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mis-
ss his sense of hearing quicker than a
who suspects every sound he hears) in
t of his prey. Or, *the suspicious head*
*ft* may mean the *head suspicious* of

—— cockled —] i. e. inshelled, like the
lled a *cockle.*

*Id. l.* 63. *Still climbing trees in the* Hesperides?] Our author seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept: and some of his contemporaries are chargeable with the same inaccuracy.

*Id. l.* 80. —— *a word that loves all men;*] i. e. that is pleasing to all men.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*P.* 199, *c.* 1, *l.* 38. —— *your reasons at dinner have been,* &c.] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse;* and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniâtreté.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *without* affection,] i. e. without affectation.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *thrasonical* ] Boastful, bragging, *from Terence.*

*Id. l.* 48. *He is too* picked,] nicely drest.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *point-devise* —] A French expression for the utmost or finical exactness.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *a* flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *a quick* venew *of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-school.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *the* charge-house —] perhaps, is the *free-school.*

*Id. l.* 53. —— *inward* —] i. e. confidential.

*Id. l.* 55. *I do beseech thee,* remember thy courtesy; *I beseech thee, apparel thy head;*] By "remember thy courtesy," I suppose Armado means — *remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.* STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 60. —— *dally with my* excrement,] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice.*

*Id. l.* 68. —— *chuck.* ] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment.

*P.* 200, *c.* 1, *l.* 24. —— *if this* fadge *not,*] i. e suit not, pass not into action.

*Id. l.* 26. *Via,* ] An Italian exclamation, signifying *courage! come on!*

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *to make his godhead* wax;] To *wax* anciently signified to *grow.* It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes.*

*Id. l.* 59. —— mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *taking it* in snuff;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff of a candle.*

*Id. l.* 71. —— *a* set *of wit* —] A term from tennis.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. *A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!*] "*Pox* of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm — the *small pox* only is alluded to: with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Mr. Malone reads, "I beshrew."

*P.* 200, *c.* 2, *l.* 12. 'But, Katherine," &c. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 2 *by the week.*] An expression
zake ing servants or artificers; mean-
sure of his service for any time
had hired him.

*Id.* *e him proud to make me proud*
*that* he meaning of this obscure line
seems to *I would make him proud to*
*flatter me* *o make a mock of his flattery.*

*P.* 201, *c.* 1, *l.* 1 —— *spleen ridiculous* —] Is,
a ridiculous it of laughter.

*Id. l.* 29. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 6 *no richer than rich taffata* ]
i. e a masks they wore to conceal
the

*Id.* *tread a* measure—] The *mea-*
ices solemn and slow.

*Id.* me omits *do.*

*P.* *Since you can* cog.] To *cog,*
*ify the dice,* and *to falsify a*
*o lye.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l* W *g wits,*—] *Well-liking* is the
same as

*Id. l.* *h I;* ch is
a ; bu en,
is e the p A
q is inte
*Id. l.* *s have atute-*
*caps.*] E on thinks on to
the statute-cap of the un Stee-
vens, that it means *be it und*
*among the citizens,* w of
wollen-cap *by statute*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. *Are a* ,] i. e.
letting those clouds bright-
ness, sink from bel

*Id. l.* 42.—wassels,] *Wassels* ings of
rustic mirth and intemperance.

*Id. l.* 54. *A* mean—] The *mean,* in music, is the
tenor.

*P.* 203, *c.* 1, *l.* 19. *My lady* (*to the manner of the days,*)
*In courtesy, gives undeserving praise* ] *To the manner* of the days, means according to the manner of the times. *Gives undeserving praise,* means praise to what does not deserve it.

*Id. l.* 26. Mr. Malone reads, "My gentle sweet."

*Id. l.* 67.—*my* friend;] i. e. mistress.

*Id. l.* 70. Three-pil'd *hyperboles,*] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet.

*Id. l.* 70. "Spruce affection?"—MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. *Write, Lord have mercy on us.*] This was the inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 33.—*you* force *not to forswear.*] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty* This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 55.—*a* consent,] i. e. *a conspiracy.*

*Id. l.* 58.—*zany,*] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *his cheek in* years ] *In years,* signifies, into wrinkles; but Mr. Malone reads "*jeers,*" or gibes.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *by the* squire,] From French, a *rule,* or *square.*

*Id. l.* 75. *Go, you are* allow'd;] i. e. may say what you will.

*P.* 204, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. *You cannot* beg *us,* we are not fools, or lunatics; our nex cannot *beg* the wardship of our p fortunes.

*Id. l.* 76. Abate *a throw at* novum; (or *novem*) appears to have been s at dice.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. *With* libbard's *head*— *pard's.*

*Id. l.* 36. —— *it stands* too right.] It remembered, to relish this joke, that of Alexander was obliquely place shoulders. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *A-jax:*] There is a conceit and a *jakes,* which, paltry as it is, by Ben Jonson, and Camden the ant

*Id. l.* 59. —— *a little o'er*-parted;] Th *part* or character allotted to him in is too considerable. MALONE.

*P.* 205, *c.* 1, *l.* 18. —— *on a* flask,] i. dier's powder-horn.

*Id. l.* 19. *St. George's half cheek in a* br *brooch* is an ornamental buckle, for hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c.

*Id. l.* 42. *Hector was but a* Trojan—] was, in the time of Shakspeare, a for a *thief.*

*Id. l.* 50. —— of lances—]i. e. *of* lance-

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 18. *More* Ates;] That is, mor tion. *Ate* was the mischievous god incited bloodshed.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *like a northern man;*] *Vir* a clown.

*Id. l.* 41. ——*woolward*—] To *go woolw* a phrase appropriated to pilgrims a tentiaries.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *liberal*—] *Free to excess.*

*Id. l.* 69. *In the* converse *of breath* ] *converse* may, in this line, mea *change.*

*Id. l.* 75. *And often,* at his very loose, &c.] *At his very loose,* may mean *at ment of his parting,* i. e. of his *getti* or away from us.

*P.* 206, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. —— *which fain* it wo *vince;*] The words *which fain it wo vince,* mean what it would wish to su obtaining.

*Id. l.* 27. Suggested *us*—] That is, *tempt*

*Id. l.* 61. —— *and thin* weeds,] i. e. clo

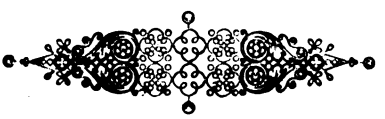
*Id. l.* 63. —— *and last* love;] Means, i *tinue* to be love.

*P.* 201, *c.* 1, *l.* 18. —— *cuckoo-buds*—] *buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowsl* the true reading. FARMER.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 12. —— *doth* keel *the pot.*] i the pot.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *the person's* saw,] *Saw* se ciently to have meant, not, as at pr proverb, a sentence, but the whole any instructive discourse.

*Id. l.* 18. *When roasted* crabs, &c.] i e. apples so called. The bowl must be s to be filled with ale; a toast and son and sugar being added, what is called *wool* is produced.



# Merchant of Venice.

## Historical Notes.

Steevens's and Malone's editions of Shak-
e, the reader will find a distinct epitome
e novels from which the story of this play
pposed to be taken. It should, however, be
mbered, that if our poet was at all in-
ed to the Italian novelist, it must have been
igh the medium of some old translation,
h has hitherto escaped the researches of
most industrious editors.

ppears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's
*ol of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play, compre-
ing the distinct plot of Shakspeare's *Mer-
t of Venice*, had been exhibited long before
mmenced a writer, viz. "The Jews shown
e Bull, representing the greediness of world-
oosers, and the bloody minds of usurers."
These plays," says Gosson (for he mentions
s with it), "are goode and sweete plays,"

It is therefore not improbable that Shak-
re new-wrote his piece, on the model already
ioned, and that the elder performance,
g inferior, was permitted to drop silently
oblivion.

his play of Shakspeare had been exhibited
re the year 1598, as appears from Meres's
*Treasury*, where it is mentioned with ele-
nore of our author's pieces. It was entered
e books of the Stationer's Company, July
in the same year. It could not have been
ed earlier because it was not yet licensed.
old song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is
ished by Dr. Percy in the first volume of
*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*: and the
d intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and ter-
Death of the rich Jews of Malta;* and
tragedy on the same subject, were both en-
d on the Stationers' books, May, 1594.
STEVENS.

he story was taken from an old translation
*The Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wyn-
de Worde. The book was very popular, and
kspeare has closely copied some of the lan-
ge: an additional argument, if we wanted
f his track of reading. *Three vessels* are
bited to a lady for her *choice*.—The first
made of pure *gold*, well beset with precious
stones *without*, and *within* full of death men's
bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie:
*Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth.*
The second vessel was made of fine *silver*, filled
with earth and worms: the superscription was
thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his
nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of
*lead*, full within of precious stones, and there-
upon was insculpt this posie: *Whoso chuseth me,
shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—
The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the
*leaden vessel.*

In a MS. of Lidgate, belonging to my very
learned friend, Dr. Askew, I find a *Tale of Two
Merchants of Egypt*, and of *Baldad ex Gestis
Romanorum.* Leland, therefore, could not be
the original author, as bishop Tanner sus-
pected. He lived a century after Lidgate.
FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are
to be found separately in a collection of odd
stories, which were very popular, at least five
hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Ro-
manorum.* The first, *Of the Bond*, is in ch. xlviii.
of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the
completest of any which I have yet seen.
MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows
money of a merchant, upon condition of for-
feiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When
the penalty is exacted before the judge, the *knight's
mistress*, disguised, *in forma veri & vestimentis
pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by
permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify
the merchant. She first offers him his money,
and then the double of it, &c. to all which his
answer is—"*Conventionem meam volo habere.*
—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus,
Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his
quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nun-
quam se obligabat ad aliud per litteram nisi quod
mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus
scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil
erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum;
si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum
actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audisset,
ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem

ei remitto. Ait puella: Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit: & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit."

The other incident, *of the casket*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures (which are nothing to the present purpose), she is brought before the emperor, who says to her: "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro purissimo* & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *ossibus mortuorum:* & exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit:* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum *terrâ*; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapididus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis;* & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod Deus dis ut.* Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit: Si un istis elegeris, in quo commodum & pro est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeri nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsu hababis." The young lady, after mature deration of the vessels and their inscri chuses the *leaden*, which being opened found to be full of gold and precious ston emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I it appears sufficiently plain that they are r originals of the two incidents in this play. *of the caskets*, Shakspeare might take fro English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farm observed; and that *of the bond* might co him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the I am rather inclined to suspect, that he ha lowed some hitherto unknown novelist, wh saved him the trouble of working up th stories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written i beginning of the year 1594. Meres's boo not published till the end of that year. Ma

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Antonio.* Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Merchant of Venice the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construc-
e comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other
not be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden
h pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the
ll find excelled by this play. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

OF VENICE.
OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to Portia.*
OF ARRAGON, }
IO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
IO, *his Friend.*
IO, }
INO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
ANO, }
ZO, *in Love with Jessica.*
CK, *a Jew.*
, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*
SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*
LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }
PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*
*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Goaler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

CENE,—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

*ter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
ies me; you say, it wearies you;
w I caught it, found it, or came by it,
tuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
learn;
ch a want-wit sadness makes of me,
have much ado to know myself.
r. You mind is tossing on the ocean;
where your argosies with portly sail,—
gniors and rich burghers of the flood,
it were, the pageants of the sea,—
rpeer the petty traffickers,
rt'sy to them, do them reverence,
fly by them with their woven wings.
n. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
tter part of my affections would
my hopes abroad. I should be still
g the grass, to know where sits the wind;
in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
ery object that might make me fear
une to my ventures, out of doubt,
make me sad.
r. My wind, cooling my broth,
blow me to an ague, when I thought
arm a wind too great might do at sea.
I not see the sandy hour-glass run,
ould think of shallows and of flats;
my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
her high-top lower than her ribs,
her burial. Should I go to church,
e the holy edifice of stone,
t bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
touching but my gentle vessel's side,
scatter all her spices on the stream;
the roaring waters with my silks;
a word, but even now worth this,
w worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
k on this; and shall I lack the thought,
ch a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
I not me; I know, Antonio
to think upon his merchandize.
Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
tures are not in one bottom trusted,
one place; nor is my whole estate
he fortune of this present year:
re, my merchandize makes me not sad.
n. Why then you are in love.
Fy, fy!
n. Not in love neither? Then let's say,
you are sad,
you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are
merry, [Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you
merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.
*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
*Bass.* I will not fail you.
*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
*Gra.* Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle.*

*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, [ears,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools.
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner. [time:
*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak. [more,
*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
*Grat.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*
*Ant.* Is that any thing now?
*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.
*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is this same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love.
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth: and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time,
*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance:
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.
*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.
*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* Portia *and* Nerissa.

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.
*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.
*Ner.* They would do better, if well followed.
*Por.* If to do were as easy, as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?
*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?
*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.
*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.
*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.
*Ner.* Then is there the county Palatine.
*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *And if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two! [Le Bon?
*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur
*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would

pise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the ng baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he erstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither in, French, nor Italian; and you will come into court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth he English. He is a proper man's picture; but, ! who can converse with a dumb show? How ly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet taly, his round hose in France, his bonnet in many, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his ghbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; he borrowed a box of the ear of the English- n, and swore he would pay him again, when he able: I think, the Frenchman became his ety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is er; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he runk: when he is best, he is little worse than man; and when he is worst, he is little better n a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I ne, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the ht casket, you should refuse to perform your fa- r's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary ast: for, if the devil be within, and that tempt- n without, I know he will choose it. I will do r thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a nge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of se lords; they have acquainted me with their termination: which is, indeed, to return to their me, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless n may be won by some other sort than your father's ention, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the nner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel ooers are so reasonable; for there is not one ong them but I dote on his very absence, and I y God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's e, a Venetian, a scholar, and soldier, that came her in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so e he called.

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserv- a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him ithy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, take their leave: and there is a fore-runner me from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who ngs word, the prince, his master, will be here night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so ad heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I uld be glad of his approach: if he have the con- ion of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, ad rather he should shrive me than wive me. me, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at e door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Venice. A public Place.*

*Enter* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks:—The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into; I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy.* (*Aside.*) How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
(*To Antonio.*)
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,——But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The akilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. [for;
*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?
*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.
*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! [sum.
*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
*Shylock, we would have monies;* You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
*Hath a dog money? is it possible,*
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats?* or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,——
*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;*
*You spurn'd me such a day; another time*
*You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies*
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*
*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
*Ant.* This were kindness.
*Shy.* This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.
*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: but, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
*Por.* You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

st, forward to the temple; after dinner
d shall be made.
Good fortune then! (*Cornets.*)
e bless'd, or cursed'st among men.
[*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Certainly my conscience will serve me to
is Jew, my master: the fiend is at mine
l tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Laun-*
*o, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or*
*celot Gobbo, use your legs, take the*
*away*: My conscience says,—*no, take*
*st Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;*
said, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not*
*running with thy heels.* Well, the most
fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend;
s the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a*
*d*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my
, hanging about the neck of my heart, says
r to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot,*
*honest man's son*, or rather an honest
n;—for, indeed, my father did something
nething grow to, he had a kind of taste:
conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not;*
s the fiend; *budge not*, says my con-
conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend,
counsel well: to be ruled by my con-
should stay with the Jew, my master, who
s the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to
from the Jew, I should be ruled by the
, saving your reverence, is the devil him-
inly, the Jew is the very devil incarna-
in my conscience, my conscience is but
ard conscience, to offer to counsel me to
he Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly
will run, fiend; my heels are at your
sent, I will run.

*ter* OLD GOBBO, *with a basket.*

aster, young man, you, I pray you; which
to master Jew's?
*Aside.*) O heavens, this is my true be-
er! who, being more than sand-blind,
l blind, knows me not:—I will try con-
ith him.
aster, young gentleman, I pray you, which
to master Jew's?
Turn up on your right hand, at the next
nt, at the next turning of all, on your left;
e very next turning, turn of no hand, but
indirectly to the Jew's house.
r God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to
ou tell me, whether one Launcelot, that
h him, dwell with him, or no?
Talk you of young master Launcelot?—
now; (*aside.*) now will I raise the waters:
a of young master Launcelot?
o master, sir, but a poor man's son; his
ugh I say it, is an honest exceeding poor
God be thanked, well to live.
Well, let his father be what he will, we
ng master Launcelot.
our worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.
But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I be-
; Talk you of young master Launcelot?
f Launcelot, an't please your mastership.
*Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of mas-
elot, father; for the young gentleman (ac-
fates and destinies, and such odd sayings,
three, and such branches of learning,) is,
eceased; or, as you would say, in plain
e to heaven.
arry, God forbid! the boy was the very
age, my very prop.
Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post,
a prop?—Do you know me, father?
lack the day, I know you not, young gen-
tleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thillhorse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father: for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy: Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery
(*To his Followers.*)
More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; (*looking on his palm.*) if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book!—I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.
[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit Leonardo.*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,——

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.
[Gratiano;

*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage
By what we do to-night.
[me

*Bass.* No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment; but fare you well,
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Jes.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu;—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!
[*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away at supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us;—

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her!—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen,
[*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging, some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be the judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:
Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

my affairs, have made you wait.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

*Enter* JESSICA.

you? What is your will?
a bid forth to supper, Jessica:
ny keys:—But wherefore should I go?
d for love; they flatter me:
go in hate, to feed upon
al Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
house:—I am right loth to go;
me ill a-brewing towards my rest,
ream of money-bags to-night.
beseech you, sir, go; my young master
: your reproach.
do I his.
and they have conspired together,—I
, you shall see a masque; but if you do,
s not for nothing that my nose fell a
Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the
lling out that year on Ash-Wednesday
ar in the afternoon. [Jessica:
at! are there masques? Hear you me,
r doors: and when you hear the drum,
e squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
t you up to the casements then,
your head into the public street,
Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
r house's ears, I mean my casements:
sound of shallow foppery enter
ouse.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
mind of feasting forth to-night:
n.—Go you before me, sirrah:
come.
I will go before, sir.—
ok out at window, for all this;
come a Christian by,
rth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*
at says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
words were, Farewell, mistress; no-
ng else. [feeder,
e patch is kind enough; but a huge
n profit, and he sleeps by day
he wild cat; drones hive not with me;
part with him; and part with him
: I would have him help to waste
d purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
will return immediately;
you,
after you: fast bind, fast find;
ever stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
well; and if my fortune be not crost,
ner, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

RATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

s is the pent-house, under which Lo-
o make stand. [renzo
His hour is almost past.
l it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
ver run before the clock.
, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
's bonds new made, than they are wont,
iged faith unforfeited!
t ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
een appetite that he sits down?
e horse, that doth untread again
measures with the unbated fire
pace them first? All things that are,
ore spirit chased than enjoy'd.
younker, or a prodigal,
bark puts from her native bay,
embraced by the strumpet wind!
e prodigal doth she return;
weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter* LORENZO.

ere comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-
er. [abode;
et friends, your patience for my long
ly affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter* JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.
*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art. [pains.
*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty folies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer
*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
*Lor.* So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*
*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter* JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Who's there?
*Gra.* Signior Antonio?
*Ant.* Fy, fy, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight.
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter* PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and both their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice. [bears;—
*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, princet
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady;
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. (*He unlocks the golden casket.*)
*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.
*All that glisters is not gold,*
*Often have you heard that told:*
*Many a man his life hath sold,*
*But my outside to behold:*
*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*
*Had you been as wise as bold,*
*Young in limbs, in judgment old,*
*Your answer had not been inscroll'd:*
*Fare you well; your suit is cold.*
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
*Por.* A gentle riddance:——Draw the curtains, go;——
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*
*Fled with a Christian!—O my christian ducats!*
*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*
*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*
*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!*
*And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,*
*Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl;*
*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*
*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day
Or he shall pay for this.
*Salar.* Marry, well remembered.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.
*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*
*Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,*
*But stay the very riping of the time;*
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*
*Let it not enter in your mind of love:*
*Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts*
*To courtship, and such fair ostents of love*
*As shall conveniently become you there:*
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtains straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
*Ar.* And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*
What many men desire?—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,

g more than the fond eye doth teach;
s not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
he weather on the outward wall,
e force and road of casualty.
hoose what many men desire,
will not jump with common spirits,
ne with the barbarous multitudes.
to thee, thou silver treasure house;
ce more what title thou dost bear:
*eth me, shall get as much as he deserves;*
aid too: for who shall go about
ortune, and be honourable
e stamp of merit! Let none presume
undeserved dignity.
ates, degrees, and offices,
leriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
has'd by the merit of the wearer!
then should cover, that stand bare?
be commanded, that command?
low peasantry would then be glean'd
true seed of honour? and how much
nour
the chaff and ruin of the times,
varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
*eth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*
me desert:—Give me the key for this,
tly unlock my fortunes here. [there.
long a pause for that, which you find
at's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
me a schedule? I will read it.
unlike art thou to Portia?
unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
*eth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*
ve no more than a fool's head?
prize? are my deserts no better?
offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
osed natures.
What is here?
*fire seven times tried this;*
*n times tried that judgment is,*
*t did never choose amiss:*
*e there be, that shadows kiss;*
*have but a shadow's bliss:*
*e be fools alive, I wis,*
*r'd o'er; and so was this.*
*e what wife you will to bed,*
*ll ever be your head:*
*egone, sir, you are sped.*
more fool I shall appear
he time I linger here:
one fool's head I came to woo,
I go away with two.—
t, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
atly to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*
as hath the candle sing'd the moth.
iberate fools! when they do choose,
the wisdom by their wit to lose.
ancient saying is no heresy;—
d wiving goes by destiny.
ne, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

here is my lady?
Here; what would my lord?
adam, there is alighted at your gate
netian, one, that comes before
he approaching of his lord:
he bringeth sensible regreets;
ides commends, and courteous breath,
value; yet I have not seen
ambassador of love:
pril never came so sweet,
w costly summer was at hand,
-sparrer comes before his lord.
more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
ny anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
[*Exeunt*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian

exam ? wh enge. The villainy, you teach me, I ill ex and it shall go hard, but I will bette. n.

ter a Servant.

*Serv.* Gentlem , my master Antonio is at his house, a sires o speak with you both.

*Salar.* hav been up and down to seek him.

*Enter* TUBAL.

*Sala* mes another of the tribe; a third d, unless the devil himself turn

nt Salan. Salar. and Servant.

low Tubal, what news from Genoa? found m daughter?

often e ne where I did hear of her, but

there, there, there! a diamond thousand ducats in Frankfort! ll upon our nation till now; I :—two thousand ducats in that; ous, precious jewels.—I would my re dead at me

uld she w

r coffin

so:— w not

Why s upon loss! th o much so much to find the revenge: nor no ill t w o' my shoulders; n ay b no tears, but o' m

Yes, other men hav ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis. [it true?

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa.

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit: for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your ey
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half your
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yo
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choo
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confes
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistru
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rac
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise my life, and I'll confess the t

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of the
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choi
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the st
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more l
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more di
I view the fight, than thou that makest the fray.

*Music, whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the ca to himself.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred.*
*Or in the heart, or in the head?*
*How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
*With gazing fed; and fancy dies*
*In the cradle where it lies;*
*Let us all ring fancy's knell;*
*I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

*Bass.* —So may the outward shows be l themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

wards, whose hearts are all as false
nd, wear yet upon their chins
'Hercules, and frowning Mars;
search'd, have livers white as milk?
ume but valour's excrement,
m redoubted. Look on beauty,
see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
s works a miracle in nature,
lightest that wear most of it:
risped snaky golden locks,
uch wanton gambols with the wind,
d fairness, often known
vry of a second head,
bred them, in the sepulchre.
t is but the guiled shore
gerous sea; the beauteous scarf
ian beauty; in a word,
vith which cunning times put on
winest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Midas, I will none of thee:
ne, thou pale and common drudge
nd man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
moves me more than eloquence,
ne I: Joy be the consequence!
ll the other passions fleet to air,
oughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
g fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
derate, allay thy ecstasy,
n thy joy, scant this excess:
thy blessing, make it less,
eit!

What find I here?
*(Opening the leaden casket.)*
ounterfeit? What demi-god
near creation? Move these eyes?
ling on the balls of mine,
notion? Here are sever'd lips,
gar breath; so sweet a bar
such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
ays the spider; and hath woven
to entrap the hearts of men,
nts in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
see to do them? having made one,
ould have power to steal both his,
lf unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
of my praise doth wrong this shadow,
g it, so far this shadow
nd the substance.—Here's the scroll,
and summary of my fortune.

*st choose not by the view,*
*as fair, and choose as true!*
*his fortune falls to you,*
*est, and seek no new.*
*e well pleas'd with this,*
*ld your fortune for your bliss,*
*ou where your lady is,*
*zism her with a loving kiss.*

l;—Fair lady, by your leave;
*(Kissing her.)*
, to give and to receive.
ro contending in a prize,
hath done well in people's eyes,
ume, and universal shout,
, still gazing, in a doubt
peals of praise be his or no;
lady, stand I, even so;
hether what I see be true,
d, sign'd, ratified by you.
ee me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
though, for myself alone,
ambitious in my wish,
f much better; yet, for you,
bled twenty times myself;
ses more fair, ten thousand times

hand high on your account,
nes, beauties, livings, friends,
st: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your [marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.——
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome: By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour:—For my part, my [lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. *(Gives Bassanio a letter.)*

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,
I pray y[illegible] ow my good friend doth.
*Sale.* [illegible]y lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor wi[illegible] mind: his letter there
Will show yo[illegible] state. [come.—
*Gra.* Neris[illegible] eer you' stranger; bid her wel-
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that roya[illegible] merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
*Sale.* 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost! [same paper,
*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon'
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
*Bass.* O, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady
When I did first impart my love [illegible]
I freely told you, all the wealth I [illegible]
Ran in my veins, I was a gentlem[illegible]
And then I told you true: and yet, dear la[illegible]
Rating myself at nothing, you shall s[illegible]
How much I was a bragg[illegible]: whe[illegible]
My estate was nothing, [illegible] d d[illegible] ou
That I was worse than n[illegible]
I have engag'd myself to [illegible]
Engag'd my friend to his mere [illegible]
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
*Sale.* Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one, in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?
*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.
*Por.* What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an inquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
*Bass. (Reads.) Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*
*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him; tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.
*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak. [speak.
*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [Exit.
*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.
*Ant.* Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
*Salan.* I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,

Westall del.

lo bear an equal yoke of love,
needs a like proportion
, of manners, and of spirit;
me think, that this Antonio,
m lover of my lord,
like my lord: if it be so,
he cost I have bestow'd,
this semblance of my soul
state of hellish cruelty?
o near the praising of myself;
more of it: hear other things.—
nmit into your hands
y and manage of my house,
s return: for mine own part,
heaven breath'd a secret vow,
er and contemplation,
by Nerissa here,
and and my lord's return:
nastery two miles off,
will abide. I do desire you,
is imposition;
love, and some necessity,
n you.
Madam, with all my heart;
n in all fair commands.
ople do already know my mind,
owledge you and Jessica
l Bassanio and myself.
ll, till we shall meet again. [you!
houghts, and happy hours, attend on
your ladyship all heart's content.
you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
t on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
ar,
found thee honest, true,
bee still: take this same letter,
ll the endeavour of a man,
dua; see thou render this
's hand, doctor Bellario; [thee,
at notes and garments he doth give
ray thee, with imagin'd speed
t, to the common ferry
to Venice:—waste no time in words,
one; I shall be there before thee.
am, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*
n, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
now not of: we'll see our husbands,
nk of us.
Shall they see us?
shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
think we are accomplished
lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
oth accoutred like young men,
rettier fellow of the two,
lagger with the braver grace;
ween the change of man and boy,
ice; and turn two mincing steps
ride; and speak of frays,
ging youth: and tell quaint lies,
e ladies sought my love,
ng, they fell sick and died;
with all:—then I'll repent,
ll that, that I had not kill'd them:
these puny lies I'll tell,
swear, I have discontinued school
month:—I have within my mind
tricks of these bragging Jacks,
ractise.
Why, shall we turn to men?
at a question's that,
ar a lewd interpreter?
ell thee all my whole device,
my coach, which stays for us
e; and therefore haste away,
easure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

*V.—The same. A Garden.*

LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jess.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jess.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jess.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Jess.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jess.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner. [word.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only, cover is the

*Lor.* Will you cover them, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in: for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit*

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
*Lor.* Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.
*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk:
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the* DUKE, *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?
*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace. [answer
*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
*Ant.* I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
*Salan.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose;
*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you an
*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeel
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
*Shy.* I am not bound to please th
*Bass.* Do all men kill the things, they
*Shy.* Hates any man the thing, he wo
*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at
*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a
thee twice?
*Ant.* I pray you, think you question w
You may as well go stand upon the be
And bid the main flood bate his usual h
You may as well use question with the
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for t
You may as well forbid the mountain pi
To wag their high tops, and to make no
When they are fretted with the gusts o
You may as well do any thing most har
As seek to soften that (than which what
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do bes
Make no more offers, use no farther me
But, with all brief and plain convenienc
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his
*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats
*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand d
Were in six parts, and every part a duca
I would not draw them, I would have n
*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for merc
none?
*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread
You have among you many a purchas'd
Which, like your asses, and your dogs,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say
Let them be free, marry them to your he
Why sweat they under burdens? let the
Be made as soft as yours, and let their p
Be season'd with such viands? You wi
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer yo
The pound of flesh, which I demand of h
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will ha
If you deny me, fy upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Veni
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I ha
*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
*Salar.* My lord, here stays
A messenger with letters from the doctor
New come from Padua.
*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the
*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What,
rage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bon
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of bl
*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the floc
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of f
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio
Than to live still, and write mine epitap

*Enter* NERISSA, *dressed like a law*
*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from B
*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario
grace. (*Present*
*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife s
*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from tha
there.
*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy
Thou makest thy knife keen: but no met
No, not the hangman's axe, bear ha
Of thy sharp envy. Can no praye
*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wi
*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexo
And for thy life let justice be acc

ıost mak'st me waver in my faith,
›pinion with Pythagoras,
s of animals infuse themselves
trunks of men: thy currish spirit
a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
n the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
dst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
self in thee; for thy desires
ish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
ill thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
y wit, good youth, or it will fall
ess ruin.—I stand here for law.
This letter from Bellario doth commend
and learned doctor to our court:—
s he?
He attendeth here hard by,
your answer, whether you'll admit him.
With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
him courteous conduct to this place.—
e, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
reads.) *Your grace shall understand, that,*
*ceipt of your letter, I am very sick: but*
*stant that your messenger came, in loving*
*n was with me a young doctor of Rome,*
*e is Balthasar: I acquainted him with*
*e in controversy between the Jew and*
*the merchant: we turned o'er many books*
*; he is furnish'd with my opinion; which,*
*with his own learning, (the greatness*
*I cannot enough commend,) comes with*
*my importunity, to fill up your grace's*
*in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack*
*be no impediment to let him lack a*
*l estimation; for I never knew so young*
*with so old a head. I leave him to your*
*acceptance, whose trial shall better*
*his commendation.*
You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
e, I take it, is the doctor come.—

PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

your hand: came you from old Bellario?
I did, my lord.
You are welcome: take your place.
acquainted with the difference
ds this present question in the court?
I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
s the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Is your name Shylock?
Shylock is my name.
Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
uch rule, that the Venetian law
mpugn you, as you do proceed.—
d within his danger, do you not? (*To Ant.*)
Ay, so he says.
Do you confess the bond?
I do.
Then must the Jew be merciful.
On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
eth, as the gentle rain from heaven
e place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
th him that gives, and him that takes:
htiest in the mightiest: it becomes
ned monarch better than his crown:
›tre shows the force of temporal power,
ibute to awe and majesty,
n doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
cy is above this sceptred sway,
hroned in the hearts of kings,
attribute to God himself;
thly power doth then show likest God's,
nercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
justice be thy plea, consider this,—
the course of justice, none of us
ee salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?
*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear,
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment:—yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
*Por.* Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:
*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!
*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.
*Shy.* Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
*Shy.* I have them ready.
*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?
*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you. [that,
*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
(*Aside.*)
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
*Shy.* Most rightful judge! [breast;
*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. [judge!
*Gra.* O upright judge! Mark, Jew;—O learned
*Shy.* Is that the law?
*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
*Shy.* I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
*Bass.* Here is the money.
*Por.* Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.
*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.
*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?
*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
*Por.* Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: [half
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. [ay!
*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
*Shy.* I am content.
*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.
*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit Shylock.*
*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth. [not-
*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes and train.*
*Bass.* Most worthy gentlemen, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

ear sir, of force I must attempt you
ther;
remembrance of us, as a tribute,
: grant me two things, I pray you,
me, and to pardon me.
press me far, and therefore I will yield.
ar gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
ar love, I'll take this ring from you:—
back your hand; I'll take no more;
love shall not deny me this.
is ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
ame myself to give you this.
ill have nothing else but only this;
methinks, I have a mind to it. [value.
ere's more depends on this than on the
ring in Venice will I give you,
out by proclamation;
s, I pray you pardon me.
e, sir, you are liberal in offers;
me first to beg; and now, methinks,
me how a beggar should be answer'd.
od sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
she put it on, she made me vow,
ld neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
t 'scuse serves many men to save their
s.
wife be not a mad woman,
ow well I have deserv'd this ring,
not hold out enemy for ever,
t to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*
lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
ervings, and my love withal,
gainst your wife's commandment.
, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
e ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
io's house:—away, make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
and I will thither presently;
morning early will we both
Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

NE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

uire the Jew's house out, give him this
ed,
sign it; we'll away to night,
y before our husbands home:
will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

r sir, you are well overtaken:
ssanio, upon more advice,
ou here this ring; and doth entreat
any at dinner.
That cannot be:
do accept most thankfully,
ray you, tell him: furthermore,
how my youth old Shylock's house.
at will I do.
Sir, I would speak with you.—
can get my husband's ring, (*To Portia.*)
d make him swear to keep for ever.
ou may'st, I warrant; we shall have
l swearing,
lid give the rings away to men;
atface them, and outswear them too.
e haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
me, good sir, will you show me to this
use? [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

e moon shines bright:—In such a night
this,
sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
id make no noise; in such a night,
thinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
*Jes.* In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
*Lor.* In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
*Jes.* In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.
*Lor.* In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
*Jes.* And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
*Lor.* And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
*Jes.* I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
*Steph.* A friend.
*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
*Lor.* Who comes with her?
*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd? [him.—
*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!
*Lor.* Who calls?
*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.
*Laun.* Sola! where? where?
*Lor.* Here.
*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*
*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit Stephano*
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet music. (*Music.*)

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter* Portia and Nerissa, *at a distance.*

*Por.* That light, we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! (*Music ceases.*)

*Lor.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

(*A tucket sounds.*)

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter* Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

(*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*)

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. (*Aside.*)

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

efuse three thousand ducats of me,
the ring; the which I did deny him,
him to go displeas'd away;
t had held up the very life
friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
'd to send it after him;
with shame and courtesy;
would not let ingratitude
smear it: Pardon me, good lady;
se blessed candles of the night,
en there, I think, you would have begg'd
me to give the worthy doctor.
not that doctor e'er come near my house:
h got the jewel that I lov'd,
hich you did swear to keep for me,
e as liberal as you;
him any thing I have,
body, nor my husband's bed:
shall, I am well sure of it:
ght from home; watch me like Argus:
t, if I be left alone,
ne honour, which is yet mine own,
t doctor for my bedfellow.
d I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
leave me to mine own protection.
ll, do you so: let not me take him then;
I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
n the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
grieve not you; you are welcome, notthstanding.
rtia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
hearing of these many friends,
hee, even by thine own fair eyes,
see myself,——
Mark you but that!
eyes he doubly sees himself:
one:—swear by your double self,
an oath of credit.
Nay, but hear me:
fault, and by my soul I swear,
e will break an oath with thee.
nce did lend my body for his wealth;
for him that had your husband's ring,
(*To Portia.*)
miscarried: I dare be bound again,
n the forfeit, that your lord
more break faith advisedly.
n you shall be his surety: give him this;
keep it better than the other.
e, lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.
heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
d it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
*Ant.* I am dumb.
*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
*Por.* It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

# Explanatory Notes.

*s represented.* In the old editions J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old , there is no enumeration of the t was first made by Mr. Rowe.

It is not easy to determine the y of this name. In the old editions of it is called—*Salanio, Salino*, and STEEVENS.

This character I have restored to *æ Dramatis*. The name appears folio: the description is taken from STEEVENS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

—— *argosies*—] A name given in s time to ships of great burthen, lleons, such as the Spaniards now West India trade. JOHNSON.

it's *Maxims of Turkish Policy*, is said, "Those vast carracs called which are so much famed for the their burthen and bulk, were cor- enominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. *agusa*, a city and territory on the ice, tributary to the Porte; but the ave derived its origin from the fa- *Argo*.

Venetians, who may well be said he sea. DOUCE. Mr. Malone reads od."

*ing the grass*, &c.] By holding up r any light body that will bend by last, the direction of the wind is

*Andrew*—] The name of the ship.

g *her high top*—] i. e. lowering.

28. "The same." MALONE.

*a more swelling port*, &c.] *Port*, ent instance, comprehends the idea e equipage, and external pomp of .

prest *unto it*:] *Prest* may not here *press'd*, as into military service, but *ret*, Fr.

### SCENE II.

—— *is there the county Palatine.*] d *count* in old language were sy-

P. 217, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— *a* proper *man's picture*, *Proper* is *handsome*.

*Id. l.* 19. *I think, the Frenchman became his surety*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. The alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 49. "I wish them," &c. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *the* condition—] i. e. the tempe qualities.

### SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 29. —— *the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into*:] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *the* ripe wants *of my friend.*] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay.

*Id. l.* 63. —— *possess'd*,] i. e. acquainted, informed.

P. 218, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *the* eanlings—] Lambs just dropt: from *ean, eniti*.

*Id. l.* 8. —— *of* kind,] i. e. of nature.

*Id. l.* 13. "This thrift." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *my* usances:] *Use* and *usance* are both words anciently employed for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. But Mr. Riston says, that *use* and *usance* mean nothing more than *interest*; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense.

*Id. l.* 40. *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled: *Caleb* Shillocke, *his Prophesie: or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 59. *A* breed for barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

*P.* 218, *c.* 2, *l.* 21. —— *left in the* fearful guard, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrors*. JOHNSON.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id.* [illegible] *whose blood is reddest, his or* [illegible] erstand how the tawny prince, [illegible] dignity is very well supported, [illegible] mend himself by this challenge, [illegible] nembered that *red* blood is a [illegible] n of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of [illegible] frighted soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, [illegible] this play, cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksop*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 43. *Hath* fear'd *the valiant*,] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our [illegible] riters. in this sense

*Id. l.* 78. —— *therefore* [illegible] e not pre [illegible] e to do. [illegible]

*P.* 219, *c.* 1. [illegible]

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 44. —— try conclusions —] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 24. —— *my* thill-horse —] *Thill*, or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. Malone reads *phill-horse*.

*P.* 220, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— *more* guarded —] i. e. more ornamented.

*Id. l.* 11. *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer* table,] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and in the height of his rapture inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.

*Id. l.* 44. *Something too liberal*;] i. e. gross, coarse, licentious.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *sad* ostent —] *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatic writers.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *your* bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment.

### SCENE V.

*P.* 221, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. —— *to feed upon*

*The prodigal Christian*.] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *last*,] "*Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360.) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day it hath been called the *Blac* *day*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

*Id. l.* 39. *The* patch —] A term for a fo

### SCENE VI.

*Id. l.* 68. —— scarfed *bark* ——] i. e. decorated with flags.

### SCENE VII.

*P.* 222, *c.* 1, *l.* 35. *To* rib —] i. e. inclo ribs inclose the viscera.

*Id. l.* 39. —— insculp'd *upon*;] To *insc* engrave. The meaning is that the figu angel is raised or embossed on the engraved on it.

### SCENE VIII.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 19. *I* reason'd *with a French terday*;] i. e. I conversed.

*Id. l.* 31. Slubber *not* —] To *slubber* is thing carelessly, imperfectly.

*Id. l.* 38. *And even there, his eye being* *tears*,

*Turning his face, he put his han him*, &c.] So curious an observer was our author, and so minutely had the operation of the passions, that sages of his works might furnish hint ters. It is indeed surprising that the study his plays with this view. In the before us, we have the outline of a picture. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 44. —— embraced *heaviness* —] T ness which he indulges, and is fond o

### SCENE IX.

*Id. l.* 69. *And so have I* address'd *me*:] *dress* is to *prepare*.

*P.* 223, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— *in the force* —] power.

*Id. l.* 6. —— jump —] i. e. agree with.

*Id. l.* 21. *How much low peasantry wo be glean'd.*

*From the true seed of honour?*] T ing is, *How much meanness would among the great, and how much g among the mean.*

*Id. l.* 45. —— *I* wis,] I know. *Wiss* man.

*Id. l.* 55. or, misfortune.

*Id. l.* 69. —— regreets;] i. e. salutations.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 224, *c.* 1, *l.* 53. —— *it was my* turquoi *it of Leah*, *when I was a bache* *turquoise* is a precious stone foun veins of the mountains on the confine sia to the east, subject to the Tart Shylock had been married long enoug a daughter grown up, it is plain h value this turquoise on account of th for which he might hope to sell it, b in respect of the imaginary virtues fo cribed to the stone. It was said of key-stone, that it faded or brighten colour, as the health of the wearer or grew less; and other superstitious

are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

SCENE II.

P. 224, c. 2, l. 11. —— *to* peize *the time;*] To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance;* and figuratively, to *keep in suspense*, to *delay*.

*Id. l.* 45. *With no less presence,*] With the same *dignity of mien*.

*Id. l.* 57. —— fancy —] i. e. *love*.

*Id. l.* 60. "Reply, reply," as part of the song. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *gracious voice,*] Pleasing, winning favour.

*Id. l.* 74. —— approve *it* —] i. e. *justify* it.

P. 225, c. 1, l. 6. —— *valour's* excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *the* guiled *shore* —] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*.

*Id. l.* 24. "Paleness." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 35. *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. "And happier." Malone omits *and*.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *being* blent *together,*] i. e. *blended*.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *you can wish none from me:*] that is, none *away from me;* none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

*Id. l.* 42. —— *for* intermission —] *Intermission* is *pause, intervening time, delay*.

P. 226, c. 1, l. 35. *The paper* as *the body* —] The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means — the paper resembles the body, is as the body.

*Id. l.* 75. "Should lose." MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— cheer;] i. e. *countenance*.

*Id. l.* 20. "Nor rest" — MALONE.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *so* fond —] i. e. so *foolish*.

SCENE IV.

P. 227, c. 1, l. 43. *Unto the* tranect,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 64. "Withal." MALONE.

SCENE V.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *I promise you,* I fear you.] I fear *for* you.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

P. 228, c. 1, l. 28. —— *his* envy's *reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *remorse,*] i. e. pity.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *apparent* —] that is, *seeming;* not real.

*Id. l.* 42. —— *where* —] For *whereas*.

*Id. l.* 70. "Cannot contain," &c. — Malone reads thus:

"Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood," &c.

*Id. l.* 76. Malone reads "a woollen bag-pipe."

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14. —— *you* question —] To *question* is to converse.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *many a purchas'd slave,*] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 45. "'tis mine." MALONE.

P. 229, c. 1, l. 58. *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To *impugn*, is to oppose, to controvert.

*Id. l.* 57. *You stand* within his danger,] i. e. within his reach or control.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *in the course of justice, none of us. Should see salvation:*] Portia referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

P. 230, c. 2, l. 28. *Ay, for the state;* &c.] that is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *thou should'st have had* ten *more,*] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged.

SCENE II.

P. 231, c. 1, l. 51. —— *upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection*.

ACT V

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 18. "In such a night," — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *with* patines *of bright gold;*] A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the Eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 71. *Such harmony is in immortal* souls, &c.] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

*Such harmony*, &c. is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line — "So great is the harmony!" — but an illustration: — "Of the *same kind* is the harmony." — The whole runs thus: —

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal souls; or* (in other words), *each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds* (as he expresses it afterwards); *but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing. — It,* [Doth grossly close *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *wake Diana with a hymn;*] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping.

P. 232, c. 1, l. 35. —— *without respect;*] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances.

*A* tucket—] *Toccata*, Ital. rumpet.

*Id.* *e* light, &c.] There is scarcely which Shakspeare so much de- s with *light*, in its various sig- NSON.

*Id.* *his* breathing *courtesy*.] This ntary form, made up only of rds.

*Id.* *uller's poetry*—] Knives, as observes, were formerly in- scribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, wi sentences in distich. For *posy*, Mr. reads *poesy*, in his last edition, but n first.

*P.* 233, *c.* 1, *l.* 37. —— *swear by your* doub *Double* is here used in a bad sense fo *of duplicity*.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *for his* wealth ;] For his adv to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, time, the term opposite to *adversity*, c *mity*.

# As You Like It.

## Historical Notes.

Play was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe
y and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of*
*m:* which by the way was not *printed*
entury afterward: when in truth the old
who was no hunter of MSS., contented
solely with *Lodge's Rosalind*, or *Eu-*
*Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.
speare has followed Lodge's novel more
than is his general custom when he is
d to such worthless originals: and has
d some of his principal characters, and
ed a few expressions from it. His imi-
, &c. however, are in general too insigni-
o merit transcription.
ould be observed, that the characters of
, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of
t's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following: —

Aug. 4.

"*As You Like It*, a book ....
"*Henry the Fift*, a book ...
"The Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book ..... } to be staid."

The dates scattered over these plays are from 1596 to 1615. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1599. MALONE.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

*Rosalind.* Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

' this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both alind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The acter of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low onery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of biting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

KE, *living in exile.*
EDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*
IENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*
QUES, } *banishment.*
'BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
ARLES, *his Wrestler.*
IVER, }
QUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland De Bois.*
LANDO, }
DAM, }
NNIS, } *Servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SYLVIUS, }
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
*A Person representing Hymen.*
ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*
*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters and other Attendants.*

e SCENE *lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fa-ion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand owns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins y sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, d report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my rt, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak ore properly, stays me here at home unkept: for ll you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, at differs not from the stalling of an ox? His nes are bred better; for, besides that they are r with their feeding, they are taught their manage, d to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his bro-r, gain nothing under him but growth; for the ch his animals on his dunghills are as much bound him as I. Besides this nothing, that he so plenti-ly gives me, the something that nature gave me, countenance seems to take from me: he lets me d with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, I, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with education. This it is, Adam, that grieves me: the spirit of my father, which I think is within begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will longer endure it, though yet I know no wise re-dy how to avoid it.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that ch God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, h idleness. [awhile.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with m? What prodigal portion have I spent, that ould come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gen-condition of blood, you should so know me. e courtesy of nations allows you my better, in t you are the firstborn; but the same tradition es not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you: albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter* DENNIS.

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. [new duke?

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came [illegible] acquaint you with a matter. I am given [illegible] to understand, that your younger [illegible] o, hath a disposition to come in di[illegible] he to try a fall: to-morrow, sir, I [illegible] my credit; and he that escapes me wit[illegible] ten limb, shall acquit him well. You [illegible] but young, and tender; and, for your l[illegible] ld be loath to foil him, as I must, for my [illegible] r, if he come in: therefore, out of my [illegible] o, I came hither to acquaint you withal; [illegible] you might stay him from his intendment, [illegible] uch disgrace well as he shall run into; [illegible] is a thing of his own search, and alt[illegible] against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee fo[illegible] to me, which thou shalt find I will most [illegible] quite. I had myself notice of my brother [illegible] se herein, and have by underhand means labo[illegible] dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were [illegible] Unless you could teach me to forget a b[illegible] ther, you must not learn me how to rem[illegible] extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me no[illegible] full weight that I love thee: if my unc[illegible] nished father, had banished thy uncle, th[illegible] father, so thou hadst been still with m[illegible] have taught my love to take thy father[illegible] so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love [illegible] so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condi[illegible] estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no c[illegible] nor none is like to have; and, truly, wh[illegible] thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath t[illegible] from thy father perforce, I will render th[illegible] affection; by mine honour, I will; and wl[illegible] that oath, let me turn monster: therefore [illegible] Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth, I will, coz, [illegible] sports: let me see; What think you o[illegible] love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sp[illegible] but love no man in good earnest; nor no[illegible] sport neither, than with safety of a pure [illegible] may'st in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good [illegible] Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts [illegible] forth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for h[illegible] are mightily misplaced: and the bount[illegible] woman doth most mistake in her gifts to w[illegible]

*Cel.* 'Tis true: for those that she make[illegible] scarce makes honest; and those that s[illegible] honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortu[illegible] to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of t[illegible] not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair [illegible] may she not by fortune fall into the fire? [illegible] nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, [illegible] fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argu[illegible]

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard f[illegible] when fortune makes nature's natural the [illegible] of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's [illegible] ther, but nature's; who perceiving our na[illegible] too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath [illegible] natural for our whetstone: for always th[illegible] of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—[illegible] wit? whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come awa[illegible]

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I w[illegible] come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fo[illegible]

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that sw[illegible] honour they were good pancakes, and sw[illegible] honour the mustard was naught: now, I[illegible] it, the pancakes were naught, and the m[illegible] good: and yet was not the knight forswo[illegible]

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the gre[illegible] your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your [illegible]

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: s[illegible] chins, and swear by your beards that I am [illegible]

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, th[illegible]

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, th[illegible] but if you swear by that that is not, you [illegible] sworn: no more was this knight, swear[illegible] honour, for he never had any; or, if he h[illegible] sworn it away, before ever he saw those [illegible] or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean[illegible]

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your fat[illegible]

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to h[illegible]

speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd
ion, one of these days.
. The more pity, that fools may not speak
what wise men do foolishly.
y my troth, thou say'st true: for since the
, that fools have, was silenced, the little
hat wise men have, makes a great show.
nes M. Le Beau.

*Enter* Le Beau.

With his mouth full of news.
Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed
ng.
Then shall we be news cramm'd.
ll the better; we shall be the more mar-
*Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: What's
? [sport.
*au.* Fair princess, you have lost much good
port? of what colour?
*eau.* What colour, madam? How shall I
on?
As wit and fortune will.
. Or as the destinies decree.
Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.
. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——
Thou losest thy old smell.
*au.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have
of good wrestling, which you have lost
of.
Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.
*au.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it
our ladyships, you may see the end; for
s yet to do; and here, where you are, they
g to perform it.
Well,—the beginning, that is dead and

*au.* There comes an old man and his three
.
could match this beginning with an old tale.
*au.* Three proper young men, of excellent
nd presence;——
With bills on their necks,—*Be it known*
*men by these presents*,——
*au.* The eldest of the three wrestled with
the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a
threw him, and broke three of his ribs,
is little hope of life in him: so he served
d, and so the third: yonder they lie; the
man, their father, making such pitiful dole
, that all the beholders take his part with
Alas! [weeping.
But what is the sport, monsieur, that
have lost?
*au.* Why, this that I speak of.
Thus men may grow wiser every day! it
t time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs
for ladies.
r I, I promise thee.
ut is there any else longs to see this broken
his sides? is there yet another dotes upon
ing?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?
*au.* You must, if you stay here: for here
ce appointed for the wrestling, and they
to perform it.
Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us
and see it.

*Enter* Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orando, Charles, *and Attendants*.

F. Come on; since the youth will not be
, his own peril on his forwardness.
s yonder the man?
*au.* Even he, madam. [cessfully.
as, he is too young: yet he looks suc-
F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are
hither to see the wrestling?
y, my liege: so please you give us leave.
F. You will take little delight in it, I can
there is such odds in the men: in pity of
nger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,
but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so; I'll not be by. (*Duke goes apart.*)

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them, with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out her's. [in you!

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. (*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*)

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. (*Charles is thrown. Shout.*)

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. (*Charles is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois. [man else.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred. train, and Le Beau.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that
To be adopted heir to Frederick. [calling,

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,
(*Giving him a chain from her neck.*)
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
d [illegible] more, but that her hand lacks
o, [means.—
Fare you well, fair gentleman.
an I [illegible] thank you? My better parts
d that, which here stands up,
e lifeless block.
[illegible] ck: my pride fell with my
[illegible] ould:—Did you call, sir?—
wr[illegible] well, and overthrown
our e[illegible]
Will [illegible]
Have with [illegible] -Fa
*Orl.* [illegible] ?
I cannot [illegible] her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter* Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
[*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Celia *and* Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it for my child's father: O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away. [him.

*Ros.* I would try; if I could cry hem, and have

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, 'faith; hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke* Frederick, *with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest
And get you from our court. [haste,

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me,
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;

t-stay the time, upon mine honour,
he greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederic and Lords.*
my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
u change fathers? I will give thee mine.
thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
I have more cause.
Thou hast not, cousin;
, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
nish'd me, his daughter?
That he hath not.
No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
eacheth thee, that thou and I am one:
be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
my father seek another heir.
e devise with me, how we may fly,
to go, and what to bear with us:
ot seek to take your change upon you,
your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
his heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
t thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Why, whither shall we go?
To seek my uncle.
Alas, what danger will it be to us,
we are, to travel forth so far?
rovoketh thieves sooner than gold.
ll put myself in poor and mean attire,
a kind of umber smirch my face;
do you; so shall we pass along,
er stir assailants.
Were it not better,
that I am more than common tall,
id suit me all points like a man?
curtle-ax upon my thigh,
pear in my hand; and (in my heart
what hidden woman's fear there will)
ve a swashing and a martial outside;
other mannish cowards have,
ntface it with their semblances.
That shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,
efore look you call me Ganymede.
will you be call'd?
omething that hath a reference to my state;
r Celia, but Aliena.
But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
nish fool out of your father's court?
e not be a comfort to our travel?
e'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
alone to woo him: Let's away,
our jewels and our wealth together;
e fittest time, and safest way
s from pursuit, that will be made
flight: Now go we in content,
, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

Scene I.—*The forest of Arden.*

Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
exile,
old custom made this life more sweet
t of painted pomp? Are not these woods
from peril than the envious court?
we but the penalty of Adam,
n's difference; as, the icy fang,
lish chiding of the winter's wind;
hen it bites and blows upon my body,
I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
flattery: these are counsellors,
ngly persuade me what I am.
the uses of adversity;
ke the toad, ugly and venomous,
t a precious jewel in his head;
ur life, exempt from public haunt,
gues in trees, books in the running brooks,
n stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook, that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*
*To that which had too much*: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
*'Tis right*, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
*The flux of company*: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*
*'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look*
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping, and com
Upon the sobbing deer.
*Duke S.* Show me the place
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* Frederick, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company. [hiter
*Duke F.* Send to his brother: fetch that gallant
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there? [master,
*Adam.* What! my young master? O, my gentle
O, my sweet master, O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?
*Adam.* O, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [me go?
*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.
*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.
*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He, that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
*Orl.* O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
*Adam.* Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debt

SCENE IV.—*The forest of Arden.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA, *d*
*a Shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spiri
*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my le
not weary.
*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disg
man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: bu
comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet a
ought to show itself courageous to petticoat
fore, courage, good Aliena.
*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cann
further.
*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear w
than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,
bear you; for, I think, you have no money
purse.
*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.
*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the m
I; when I was at home, I was in a bette
but travellers must be content.
*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Lo
who comes here; a young man, and an old
lemn talk.

*Enter* CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn y
*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do lo
*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere
*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a love
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But, if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
*Cor.* Into a thousand, that I have forgotte
*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heart
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or, if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or, if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe
[*Exit Si*
*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching
wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
*Touch.* And I mine: I remember, when I
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bi
take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: an
member the kissing of her batlet, and the
dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd
I remember the wooing of a peascod instead
from whom I took two cods, and, giving her
again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these f*
*sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into s
capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all
in love mortal in folly.
*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'w
*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of min
wit, till I break my shins against it.
*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something
with me.
*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.
*Touch.* Holloa; you, clown!
*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kins
*Cor.* Who calls?

Your betters, sir.
e are they very wretched.
Peace, I say:—
to you, friend.
d to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
r'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
desert place buy entertainment,
here we may rest ourselves, and feed:
oung maid with travel much oppress'd,
for succour.
Fair sir, I pity her,
or her sake, more than for mine own,
s were more able to relieve her:
hepherd to another man,
t sheer the fleeces that I graze;
is of churlish disposition,
recks to find the way to heaven
eeds of hospitality:
cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
sale, and at our sheepcote now,
of his absence, there is nothing
ill feed on; but what is, come see,
voice most welcome shall you be.
hat is he that shall buy his flock and pas-
e? [erewhile,
t young swain, that you saw here but
cares for buying any thing.
ay thee, if it stand with honesty,
e cottage, pasture, and the flock,
halt have to pay for it of us. [place,
we will mend thy wages: I like this
ly could waste my time in it.
uredly, the thing is to be sold:
; if you like, upon report,
e profit, and this kind of life,
very faithful feeder be,
with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

r AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

*nder the greenwood tree,*
*Who loves to lie with me,*
*nd tune his merry note*
*nto the sweet bird's throat,*
*e hither, come hither, come hither;*
*Here shall he see*
*No enemy,*
*ut winter and rough weather.*

e, more, I pr'ythee, more. [Jaques.
will make you melancholy, monsieur
nk it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can
holy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
I pr'ythee, more. [please you.
voice is ragged; I know, I cannot
not desire you to please me, I do desire
Come, more; another stanza; Call you
s?
at you will, monsieur Jaques.
I care not for their names; they owe
Will you sing? [self.
e at your request, than to please my-
ll then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
but that they call compliment, is like
er of two dog-apes; and when a man
eartily, methinks, I have given him a
he renders me the beggarly thanks.
; and you that will not, hold your

ll, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
ke will drink under this tree:—he hath
day to look you.
I have been all this day to avoid him.
pntable for my company: I think of as
as he; but I give heaven thanks, and
st of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

*Who doth ambition shun,* (All together here.)
*And loves to live i' the sun,*
*Seeking the food he eats,*
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither;*
*Here shall he see*
*No enemy,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
*Ami.* And I'll sing it.
*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,*
*That any man turn ass,*
*Leaving his wealth and ease,*
*A stubborn will to please,*
*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;*
*Here shall he see,*
*Gross fools as he,*
*An if he will come to Ami.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducdàme?*
*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.
*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arms'end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shall not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.— *The same. A table set out.*

*Enter* DUKE *Senior,* AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.
1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter* JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.
*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.
*Jaq.* A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool,* quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he,
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune*
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
*Thus may we see,* quoth he, *how the world wags:*
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;*

*And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;*
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,*
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this? [tier;

*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One, that hath been a cour-
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they, that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fy on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter* Orlando, *with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say,
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason
I must die. [shall fo

*Duke S.* What would you have? your gentle
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me have it

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to table. [

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: but whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been, where bells have knoll'd to chur
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it, that we have seen better da
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eye
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste, till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your g
comfort! [Ex

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhap
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satch
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: then, a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then, the just
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every th

*Re-enter* Orlando *with* Adam.

*Duke S.* Welcome: set down your vener
And let him feed. [bur

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to; I will not trouble

question you about your fortunes :—
me music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens *sings.*

SONG.

I.

*w, blow, thou winter wind,*
*u art not so unkind*
*s man's ingratitude;*
*y tooth is not so keen,*
*ause thou art not seen,*
*lthough thy breath be rude.*
*! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly:*
*dship is feigning, most loving mere folly!*
*hen, heigh, ho, the holly!*
*This life is most jolly.*

II.

*reeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*
*hat dost not bite so nigh*
*As benefits forgot:*
*hough thou the waters warp,*
*hy sting is not so sharp*
*As friend remember'd not.*
*! sing heigh, ho! &c.*

If that you were the good sir Rowland's
n,—
e whisper'd faithfully you were:
e eye doth his effigies witness
limn'd, and living in your face,—
elcome hither: I am the duke,
your father: the residue of your fortune,
ave and tell me.—Good old man,
ight welcome as thy master is;
m by the arm.—Give me your hand,
all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

ENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

UKE Frederick, Oliver, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that can-
t be;
not the better part made mercy,
t seek an absent argument
ge, thou present: but look to it;
y brother, whereso'er he is;
ith candle; bring him, dead or living,
s twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
iving in our territory.
and all things that thou dost call thine,
ure, do we seize into our hands;
anst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
e think against thee.
hat your highness knew my heart in this!
'd my brother in my life.
More villain thou.—Well, push him
t of doors;
y officers of such a nature
xtent upon his house and lands;
pediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Forest.*

*nter* Orlando, *with a paper.*

g there, my verse, in witness of my love:
n, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
haste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
tress' name, that my full life doth sway.
! these trees shall be my books,
heir barks my thoughts I'll character;
eye, which in this forest looks,
thy virtue witness'd every where.
Orlando; carve, on every tree,
e chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

*nter* Corin *and* Touchstone.

d how like you this shepherd's life, mas-
tone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,——

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why; if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again; a more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter* Rosalind, *reading a paper.*

*Ros. From the east to western Ind,*

*N[illegible] like Rosalind.*
*[illegible], being mounted on the wind,*
*[illegible]ll the world bears Rosalind.*
*[illegible]tures, fairest lin'd,*
*[illegible]ack to Rosalind.*
*Let [illegible]e be kept in mind,*
*Bu[illegible] fair of Rosalind.*

*Touc[illegible]* [illegible]me you so, eight years together; dinner[illegible]ers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is th[illegible]er-woman's rank to market.

*Ros.* [illegible]

*Touch.* [illegible] taste:——

*[illegible] do lack a hind,*
*[illegible] seek out Rosalind.*
*[illegible]t will after kind,*
*[illegible]ve, will Rosalind.*
*[illegible]garments must be lin'd,*
*[illegible] slender Rosalind.*
*[illegible]t reap, must sheaf and bind;*
*[illegible] cart with Rosalind.*
*[illegible] nut hath sourest rind,*
*Such a nut is Rosalind.*
*He that swe[illegible]*
*Must find lov[illegible]alind.*

This is the very false gallop [illegible] why do you infect yourself with them? [illegible] [tree.

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fo[illegible] hem on a

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yi[illegible]

*Ros.* I'll graff it with y[illegible] hall graff it with a medlar: then it [illegible] liest fruit in the country: for you'll l[illegible] be half ripe, and that's the right virtue [illegible]

*Touch.* You have said; but w[illegible] or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter* Celia, *reading a paper.*

*Rose.* Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

*Cel. Why should this desert silent be?*
*For it is unpeopled? No;*
*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*
*That shall civil sayings show.*
*Some, how brief the life of man*
*Runs his erring pilgrimage;*
*That the stretching of a span*
*Buckles in his sum of age.*
*Some, of violated vows*
*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:*
*But upon the fairest boughs,*
*Or at every sentence' end,*
*Will I Rosalinda write;*
*Teaching all that read, to know*
*The quintessence of every sprite*
*Heaven would in little show.*
*Therefore heaven nature charg'd,*
*That one body should be fill'd*
*With all graces wide enlarg'd:*
*Nature presently distill'd*
*Helen's cheek, but not her heart:*
*Cleopatra's majesty;*
*Atalanta's better part;*
*Sad Lucretia's modesty.*
*Thus Rosalind of many parts*
*By heavenly synod was devis'd;*
*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,*
*To have the touches dearest priz'd.*
*Heaven would that she these gifts should*
*And I to live and die her slave.* [*have,*

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*Cel.* How now! back, friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, an[illegible] some of them had in them more feet [illegible] would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet [illegible]

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame [illegible] bear themselves without the verse, [illegible] stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear, without [illegible] thy name should be hang'd and car[illegible] trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine [illegible] wonder before you came; for look[illegible] found on a palm-tree: I was neve[illegible] since Pythagoras' time, that I wa[illegible] which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you, who hath done thi[illegible]

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once w[illegible] neck: change you colour?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O lord, lord! it is a hard ma[illegible] to meet; but mountains may be [illegible] earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pray thee now, with m[illegible] vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and [illegible] wonderful, and yet again wonderful, [illegible] out of all whooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! do[illegible] though I am caparison'd like a man, [illegible] let and hose in my disposition? One [illegible] more is a South-sea-off discovery. I [illegible] me, who is it? quickly, and speak a[illegible] thou couldst stammer, that thou mig[illegible] concealed man out of thy mouth, as w[illegible] of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either [illegible] once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take [illegible] thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidin[illegible]

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your [illegible]

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? Wh[illegible] man? Is his head worth a hat, or hi[illegible] beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little bear[illegible]

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if [illegible] be thankful: let me stay the growth [illegible] if thou delay me not the knowledge of [illegible]

*Cel.* It is young Orlando; that t[illegible] wrestler's heels, and your heart, both i[illegible]

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mo[illegible] sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I [illegible] doublet and hose?—What did he, whe[illegible] him? What said he? How look'd h[illegible] went he? What makes he here? D[illegible] me? Where remains he? How parted [illegible] and when shalt thou see him again? [illegible] one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Garagu[illegible] first: 'tis a word too great for any m[illegible] age's size: To say, ay, and no, to thes[illegible] is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am i[illegible] and in man's apparel? Looks he as fres[illegible] the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies, a[illegible] the propositions of a lover:—but take [illegible] finding him, and relish it with a good [illegible] I found him under a tree, like a dropp[illegible]

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's t[illegible] drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam[illegible]

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, lik[illegible] knight.

it be pity to see such a sight, it well
ound.
olla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it
seasonably. He was furnish'd like

ous! he comes to kill my heart.
sing my song without a burden:
e out of tune.
not know I am a woman? when I
eak. Sweet, say on.

ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

g me out:—Soft! comes he not here?
; slink by, and note him.
(*Celia and Rosalind retire.*)
you for your company; but, good
ief have been myself alone.
had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I
r your society. [can.
with you; let's meet as little as we
ire we may be better strangers.
ou, mar no more trees with writing
eir barks.
ou, mar no more of my verses with
-favouredly.
d is your love's name?
t.
like her name.
as no thought of pleasing you, when
'd.
ature is she of?
igh as my heart.
full of pretty answers: Have you
inted with goldsmiths' wives, and
of rings?
but I answer you right painted
ce you have studied your questions.
e a nimble wit; I think it was made
ls. Will you sit down with me?
rail against our mistress the world,
ry.
ude no breather in the world, but
hom I know most faults.
st fault you have, is to be in love.
lt I will not change for your best
ary of you.
roth, I was seeking for a fool, when

own'd in the brook; look but in,
e him.
all I see mine own figure.
take to be either a fool, or a cypher.
no longer with you: farewell, good

d of your departure: adieu, good
holy. [*ward.*
—*Celia and Rosalind come for-*
peak to him like a saucy lacquey,
habit play the knave with him.—
ester?
ll; what would you?
ou, what is't o'clock?
ld ask me, what time o' day; there's
rest.
ere is no true lover in the forest;
y minute, and groaning every hour,
lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.
not the swift foot of time? had not
per?
neans, sir: Time travels in divers
s persons: I'll tell you who time
who time trots withal, who time
nd who he stands still withal.
e, who doth he trot withal?
he trots hard with a young maid,
tract of her marriage, and the day
: if the interim be but a se'nnight,
o hard, that it seems the length of

bles time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-peace are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pry'thee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-snaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? [much.

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you,

deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me. [me where it is.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a distance observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! (*Aside.*)

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool! (*Aside.*)

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me i of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he wer ful heart, stagger in his attempt; for he no temple but the wood, no assembly beasts. But what though? Courage! A odious, they are necessary. It is said man knows no end of his goods: righ man has good horns, and knows no en Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis own getting. Horns? Even so:——— alone?———No, no; the noblest deer ha huge as the rascal. Is the single ma blessed? No: as a wall'd town is mo than a village, so is the forehead of a m more honourable than the bare brow of and by how much defence is better than so much is a horn more precious than to

*Enter Sir* OLIVER MAR-TEXT

Here comes sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-te well met: Will you despatch us here tree, or shall we go with you to your cha

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give th

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of a

*Sir Oli.* Truly she must be given, or t is not lawful.

*Jaq.* (*Discovering himself.*) Proceed I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *Wh* How do you, sir? You are very well m you for your last company: I am very you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:— be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, t curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man sires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of yo be married under a bush, like a beggar? church, and have a good priest, that what marriage is: this fellow will but gether as they join wainscot; then one prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green ti warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I to be married of him than of another: fo like to marry me well; and not being we it will be a good excuse for me hereaf my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me cou

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.
[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, an*

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantas of them all shall flout me out of my callin

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a c*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have th consider, that tears do not become a man

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would des fore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissemblin

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

xcellent colour: your chesnut was ever
ar.
his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
bread.
ath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:
nter's sisterhood kisses not more reli-
very ice of chastity is in them.
why did he swear he would come this
d comes not?
certainly, there is no truth in him.
you think so?
: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a
r; but for his verity in love, I do think
ve as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten

true in love?
when he is in; but, I think he is not in.
have heard him swear downright, he

s is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover
er than the word of a tapster; they are
firmers of false reckonings. He attends
rest on the duke your father.
et the duke yesterday, and had much
h him: he asked me, of what parentage
ld him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd,
go. But what talk we of fathers, when
a man as Orlando?
that's a brave man! he writes brave
ks brave words, swears brave oaths,
them bravely, quite traverse, athwart
his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his
n one side, breaks his staff like a noble
ll's brave, that youth mounts, and folly
ho comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

tress, and master, you have oft inquired
epherd, that complain'd of love;
w sitting by me on the turf,
proud disdainful shepherdess,
s mistress.
Well, and what of him?
u will see a pageant truly play'd,
pale complexion of true love
glow of scorn and proud disdain,
little, and I shall conduct you,
nark it.
O come, let us remove;
lovers feedeth those in love:—
o this sight, and you shall say
busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

t Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
ebe:
u love me not; but say not so
: The common executioner,
t the accustom'd sight of death makes
d,
axe upon the humbled neck,
s pardon; Will you sterner be
t dies and lives by bloody drops?
LIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance.*
uld not be thy executioner;
r I would not injure thee.
me, there is murder in mine eye:
ure, and very probable,
-that are the frail'st and softest things,
eir coward gates on atomies,—
ll'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
own on thee with all my heart;
e eyes can wound, now let them kill
e;
rfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
an'st not, O, for shame, for shame,
ay mine eyes are murderers.
he wound mine eye hath made in thee:
but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
*Sil.* O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.
*Phe.* But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.
*Ros.* And why, I pray you? (*Advancing.*) Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.
*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.
*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?
*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.
*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.
[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*
*Phe.* Dear shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*
*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—
*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.
*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.
*Phe.* Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?
*Sil.* I would have you.
*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he, that speaks them, pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter* ORLANDO.

*Ros.* And your experience makes yo
rather have a fool to make me merry
rience to make me sad; and to travel f

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an
blank verse.

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller:
lisp, and wear strange suits; disable a
fits of your own country; be out of lov
nativity, and almost chide God for mak
countenance you are; or I will scarce th
swam in a gondola.—Why, how now
where have you been all this while? Y
—An you serve me such another trick,
in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come withi
my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love
will divide a minute into a thousand
break but a part of the thousandth part
in the affairs of love, it may be said
Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, b
him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come
my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a sn

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he c
he carries his house on his head; a bet
I think, than you can make a woman:
brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as yo
be beholden to your wives for: ba
armed in his fortune, and prevents the s
wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; b
Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for n
a holiday humour, and like enough to
What would you say to me now, an
very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss, before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak firs
you were gravelled for lack of matte
take occasion to kiss. Very good or
they are out, they will spit; and for lo
(God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest sh

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty
begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I
mistress; or I should think my honesty
my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet
suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are,
would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say, I w

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The
is almost six thousand years old, and in a
there was not any man died in his own pe
*licet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his bra
out with a Grecian club: yet he did wha
to die before; and he is one of the patter
Leander, he would have lived many a
though Hero had turned nun, if it had n
a hot midsummer night: for, good youth
but forth to wash him in the Helles
being taken with the cramp, was drowne
foolish chroniclers of that age found it w
of Sestos. But these are all lies; men
from time to time, and worms have eaten
not for love.

*rl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this d; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But e, now I will be your Rosalind in a more ug-on disposition; and ask me what you will, ill grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, [and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good ng?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and arry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do u say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

*Cel.* Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife [this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but, do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There gird goes before the priest; and, certainly, a man's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts: they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, er you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December en they wed; maids are May when they are ds, but the sky changes when they are wives. I l be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cockron over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot inst rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more dy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will that when you are disposed to be merry; I will gh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do s: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors n a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; t that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, ll fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he d say,—*Wit, whither, wilt?*

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's [that?

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse s. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. shall never take her without her answer, unless take her without her tongue. O, that woman cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, r never nurse her child herself, for she will it like a fool. [thee.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two k I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew you would prove; my friends told me as much, thought no less:—that flattering tongue of won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,— death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so mend me, and by all pretty oaths, that are not rous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit Orlando.*

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* JAQUES *and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*
1. *Then sing him home:*
*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*
*It was a crest, ere thou wast born.*
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
} The rest shall bear this burden.

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*
*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep:—Look, who comes here.

*Enter* SILVIUS.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
(*Giving a letter.*)
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners; [me
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd well,
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.
*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?
*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty. [writes.
*Ros.* She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant
*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, (Reads.)*
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*
Can a woman rail thus?
*Sil.* Call you this railing?
*Ros.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
*Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*
Did you ever hear such railing?—
*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
*That could do no vengeance to me.*—
Meaning me a beast.—
*If the scorn of your bright eyne*
*Have power to raise such love in mine,*
*Alack, in me what strange effect*
*Would they work in mild aspect?*
*Whiles you chid me, I did love;*
*How then might your prayers move?*
*He, that brings this love to thee,*
*Little knows this love in me:*
*And by him seal up thy mind;*
*Whether that thy youth and kind*
*Will the faithful offer take*
*Of me, and all that I can make;*
*Or else by him my love deny,*
*And then I'll study how to die.*
*Sil.* Call you this chiding?
*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!
*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?
*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.
*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,*
*Of female favour, and bestows himself*
*Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,*
*And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin: Are you he?
*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?
*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know
What man I am, and how, and why, and w
This handkerchief was stain'd.
*Cel.* I pray you,
*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parte
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the fore
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd wit
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, appro
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like wa
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that so
brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural,
That lived 'mongst men.
*Oli.* And well he might so
For well I know he was unnatural.
*Ros.* But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpose
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
*Cel.* Are you his brother?
*Ros.* Was it you he rescued
*Cel.* Was't you, that did so oft contrive to
him?
*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—
*Oli.* By and
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede? (*Rosalind faints.*
*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
*Cel.* There is more in it:—cousin—Ganymede!
*Oli.* Look, he recovers.
*Ros.* I would, I w
*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the a
*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—Yo
You lack a man's heart.
*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, si
think this was well counterfeited: I

ar how well I counterfeited.—Heigh

was not counterfeit; there is too great
your complexion, that it was a passion

nterfeit, I assure you.
ll then, take a good heart, and counter-
man.
I do: but i'faith, I should have been a
right.
e, you look paler and paler; pray you,
wards:—Good sir, go with us.
t will I, for I must bear answer back
cuse my brother, Rosalind.
hall devise something: but, I pray you,
y counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*ter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
rey.
ith, the priest was good enough, for all
leman's saying.
most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
rt. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
lays claim to you.
, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in
orld: here comes the man you mean.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

t is meat and drink to me to see a clown.
, we that have good wits, have much to
we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.
od even, Audrey.
d ye good even, William.
d good even to you, sir.
Good even, gentle friend: cover thy
thy head: nay, prithee, be covered.
you, friend?
re and twenty, sir.
ripe age: is thy name William?
illiam, sir. [here?
fair name: Wast born i' the forest
, sir, I thank God.
*hank God;*—a good answer: art rich?
ith, sir, so so.
*o, so,* is good, very good, very excellent
yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou
, sir, I have a pretty wit. [wise?
Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
aying; *The fool doth think he is wise,*
*man knows himself to be a fool.* The
osopher, when he had a desire to eat a
d open his lips when he put it into his
ning thereby, that grapes were made to
to open. You do love this maid?
o, sir.
ive me your hand: art thou learned?
, sir.
hen learn this of me: to have, is to
is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being
of a cup into a glass, by filling the one
the other: for all your writers do con-
e is he; now, you are not *ipse,* for I am
hich he, sir? [he.
le, sir, that must marry this woman:
ou clown, abandon,—which is in the
e,—the society,—which in the boorish
—of this female,—which in the com-
man,—which together is, abandon the
is female; or, clown, thou perishest; or,
r understanding, diest; to wit, I kill
hee away, translate thy life into death,
to bondage: I will deal in poison with
stinado, or in steel: I will handy with
m; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I
a hundred and fifty ways; therefore
depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.
*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.
*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey:—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?
*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me: consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.
*Ros.* God save you, brother.
*Oli.* And you, fair sister.
*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.
*Orl.* It is my arm.
*Ros.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.
*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.
*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he show'd me your handkerchief?
*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.
*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true, there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame:* For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.
*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptials. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.
*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?
*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.
*Ros.* I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune

she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? (*To Rosalind.*)

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? (*To Phebe.*)

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this! 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, (*to Silvius*) if I can:—I would love you, (*to Phebe*) if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, (*to Phebe*) if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, (*to Orlando*) if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, (*to Silvius*) if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you (*to Orlando*) love Rosalind, meet;—as you (*to Silvius*) love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the mi

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't round hawking, or spitting, or saying we are ho are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a he*
*That o'er the green corn-field did pa*
*In the spring time, the only pretty*
*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding*
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey*
*These pretty country folks would lie,*
*In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a he*
*How that a life was but a flower*
*In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a he*
*For love is crowned with the prime*
*In spring time, &c.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, tho was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir; we k we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it bu to hear such a foolish song. God be with God mend your voices! Come, Andrey.

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Fo*

*Enter* DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, th can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometim As those that fear they hope, and know th

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PH

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our c urged:——
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind (*To th*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdom with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her bring her? (*To*

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdo

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be (*To*

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour

*Ros.* But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful she

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe will? (*To*

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this Keep you your word, O duke, to gi daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughte
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

(*Exeunt Rosalind an*

do remember in this shepherd-boy
ouches of my daughter's favour.
rd, the first time that I ever saw him,
: was a brother to your daughter:
l lord, this boy is forest-born;
:n tutor'd in the rudiments
perate studies by his uncle,
ports to be a great magician,
the circle of this forest.

*er* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

e is, sure, another flood toward, and
s are coming to the ark! Here comes
strange beasts, which in all tongues are

lutation and greeting to you all!
my lord, bid him welcome: This is
inded gentleman, that I have so often
est: he hath been a courtier, he swears.
any man doubt that, let him put me to
. I have trod a measure; I have flat-
; I have been politic with my friend,
mine enemy; I have undone three
re had four quarrels, and like to have

how was that ta'en up?
ith, we met, and found the quarrel was
enth cause.
seventh cause?—Good my lord, like
like him very well. [this fellow.
d'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.
re, sir, amongst the rest of the country
to swear, and to forswear; according
binds, and blood breaks:—A poor
n ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own;
r of mine, sir, to take that, that no man
:h honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in
; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.
By my faith, he is very swift and sen-

ccording to the fool's bolt, sir, and such
ea.
for the seventh cause; how did you find
n the seventh cause?
on a lie seven times removed;—Bear
re seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I
e cut of a certain courtier's beard; he
l, if I said his beard was not cut well,
mind it was: This is called the *Re-*
*s.* If I sent him word again, it was not
would send me word, he cut it to please
s is called the *Quip modest.* If again,
ll cut, he disabled my judgment: This
*Reply churlish.* If again, it was not
would answer, I spake not true: This
*Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not
would say, I lie. This is call'd the
*k quarrelsome:* and so to the *Lie cir-*
, and the *Lie direct.* [well cut?
how oft did you say, his beard was not
durst go no further than the *Lie circum-*
he durst not give me the *Lie direct;*
easured swords, and parted.
you nominate in order now the degrees

, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;
ooks for good manners: I will name you
The first, the Retort courteous; the
Quip modest; the third, the Reply
fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth,
heck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie
tance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All
ay avoid, but the lie direct; and you
at too, with an *If.* I knew when seven
l not take up a quarrel; but when the
met themselves, one of them thought
as, *If you said so, then I said so;*
ook hands, and swore brothers. Your
peace-maker; much virtue in *If.*

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter* HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
*When earthly things made even,*
*Atone together.*
*Good duke, receive thy daughter,*
*Hymen from heaven brought her,*
*Yea, brought her hither;*
*That thou might'st join her hand with his,*
*Whose heart within her bosom is.*

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours. (*To Duke S.*)
To you I give myself, for I am yours. (*To Orlando.*)

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter. [lind.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosa-

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:— (*To Duke S.*)
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— (*To Orlando.*)
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. (*To Phebe.*)

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events!
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part: (*To Orlando and Rosalind.*)
You and you are heart in heart: (*To Oliver and Celia.*)
You (*To Phebe*) to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together, (*To Touchstone and Audrey.*)
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;*
*O blessed bond of board and bed!*
*'Tis Hymen peoples every town;*
*High wedlock then be honoured!*
*Honour, high honour and renown,*
*To Hymen, god of every town!*

*Duke S.* O, my dear niece, welcome thou art to Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. [me;

*Phe.* I will not eat my word: now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. (*To Silvius.*)

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOIS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or [two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world:

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends,
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
(*To Duke S.*)
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You (*to Orlando*) to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You (*to Oliver*) to your land, and love, and great allies:
You (*to Silvius*) to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you (*to Touchstone*) to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I:—what you wou
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will beg
rites,
And we do trust they'll end in true delights.
[*A*

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady t
logue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to
lord the prologue. If it be true, that *goo*
*needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play n
epilogue: Yet to good wine they do us
bushes; and good plays prove the better by t
of good epilogues. What a case am I in the
am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot in
with you in the behalf of a good play? I am r
nished like a beggar, therefore to beg will
come me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'l
with the women. I charge you, O women,
love you bear to men, to like as much of this
please them: and so I charge you, O men,
love you bear to women, (as I perceive by yo
pering, none of you hate them,) that betwe
and the women, the play may please. If I
woman, I would kiss as many of you as had b
that pleased me, complexions that liked me
breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as
as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet br
will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, b
farewell. [*Ex*

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

*Oliver.* Many will swoon when they do rook on blood.

*epresented.* The list of the persons omitted in the old editions, was added by Rowe. JOHNSON.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

1, *l.* 4. Mr. Malone reads, "As I re-er, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He athed me by will but a poor thousand s," &c.

—— stays *me here at home unkept:*] hould read *stys,* i. e. keeps me like a

The following words — *for call you eeping — that differs not from the stall- an ox?* confirms this emendation. So n says —

"And here you *sty me*

"In this hard rock." WARBURTON.

*s* is better than *stays*, and more likely Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

—— *what* make you *here?*] i. e. what u here?

—— *be better employ'd, and* be naught s.] i. e. *It is better to do mischief, than nothing.* JOHNSON.

elieve that the words *be nought awhile,* no more than this: "Be content to be a *r,* till I shall think fit to elevate you in-sequence." STEEVENS.

*ught* and *nought* are frequently confound-old English books. I once thought that tter was here intended, in the sense affix-it by Mr. Steevens: "Be content to be *her,* &c." But the following passage in *nam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) Dr. Johnson's explanation are right:

"—— get you both in, and be *naught awhile.*"

speaker is a chamber-maid, and she sees herself to her mistress and her lover. NE.

"him I am." MALONE.

. 3. —— *albeit, I confess, your coming me is nearer to his* reverence.] This bly refers to the courtesy of distinguish-*eldest son* of a knight, by the title of e.

*I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is by the elder brother in its present mean-or a *worthless, wicked,* or *bloody man;* dando, in its original signification, for a *of base extraction.* JOHNSON.

P. 242, *c.* 1, *l.* 6. —— *good leave* —] As often as this phrase occurs, it means a *ready assent.*

*Id. l.* 10. —— *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads — the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech — the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneccessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 17. —— *in the forest of* Arden,] *Ardennes* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroi.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *this* gamester,] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to gemes of chance, but a frolicsome person.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *of all* sorts —] *Sorts*, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

### SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 29. —— *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel.*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife.* Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 52. Malone reads, "who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent, &c."

P. 243, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *you'll be* whipp'd for taxation,] *Taxation* is censure, or satire.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,*] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *laid on with a trowel.*] *To lay on with a trowel*, is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel.* M. MASON.

*Id. l.* 26. *You* amaze *me,*] To *amaze*, here, is no to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex, to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 42. *With* bills *on their necks, — Be it known unto all men by these presents,*] I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or

rtisement — as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-* unless these words were part of Le ...'s speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by Rosalind perverted to mean a *label*. M. MASON.

P. 243, c. 1, l. 58. — *is there any else longs to see this br... usick in his sides?*] This probably ... the pipe of Pan, which consisting of ... nequal length, and gradually lessenin... me resemblance to the ribs o... ON.

... ither means the noise which th... bs would occasion, or the hollow ... proceeds from a person's receivin... all. DOUCE.

I can offer ... itimate explanation of this passage, but ... bserve that another, somewhat parallel, o... rs in *K. Henry V.*: "Come, your answer in *broken musick*; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken." STEEVENS.

*Id* c. 2, l. 17. —— *if you saw yourself with* your eyes, *or knew yourself with* you... *ment*,] i. e. *if you should use* your ... to *see*, or your own judgment to kno... *self, the fear of your adventure woul... sel you*. JOHNSON.

*Id.* l. 76. —— *that* calling,] i. e. ... unusual, if not unprecede... word. STEEVENS.

... 1, l. 8. "all promise." ...

—— *one out of suits wit... its with fortune*, I belie... out of her service, and stripp... STEEVENS.

*Id.* l. 18. *Is but a* quintain, *a mere lifeless block*.] A *quintain* was a *post* or *butt* set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. But all the commentators are at variance about this word, and have illustrated their opinions with cuts.

*Id.* l. 36. —— *the duke's* condition means character, temper, disposition.

*Id.* l. 45. "*Smaller*." MALONE.

SCENE III.

*Id.* c. 2, l. 17. *By this kind of* chase,] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

*Id.* l. 21. *Why should I* not, *doth he not deserve well?*] Celia answers Rosalind (who had desired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her sake") as if she had said — "*love* him, for my sake:" to which the former replies, "Why should I *not* [i. e. love him]?"

*Id.* l. 61. —— *remorse*;] i. e. *compassion*.

*P.* 245, c. 1. l. 23. "in the forest of Arden." MALONE.

*Id.* l. 28. *And with a kind of* umber *smirch my face*;] *Umber* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

*Id.* l. 34. —— *curtle-ax* —] Or *cutlace*, a broad sword.

*Id.* l. 37. We'll *have a swashing*, &c.] A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and in *King Henry V.* the boy says: — "As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Id.* l. 73. *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head*;] It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the "*Tode stone*, called *Crupaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us — "You shall knowe whether the *Todestone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towarde it; and make as though he would snatch it. He enrieth so much that man should have that stone." STEEVENS.

*Id.* 2, l. 8, —— *with* forked beads —] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*.

*Id.* 32. —— in *the* needless *stream*;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture.

... 45. "of country." MALONE.

... 55. —— *to* cope *him* —] To encounter, or engage with him.

SCENE II.

*Id.* l. 67. —— *the* roynish *clown*,] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, French.

*P.* 246, c. 1, l. 1, —— *quail* —] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection.

SCENE III.

*Id.* l. 7. —— *O you* memory —] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes.

*Id.* l. 11. —— *so* fond —] i. e. so indiscreet, so inconsiderate.

*Id.* l. 12. *The* bony *priser* —] The word *bony* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

*Id.* l. 32. *This is no* place,] i. e. for you.

*Id.* l. 43. —— diverted —] turned out of the course of nature.

*Id.* l. 68. —— *Even with the* having:] Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

*Id.* c. 2, l. 19. —— *no* cross,] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.

*Id.* l. 46. "Wearing." MALONE.

*Id.* l. 57. —— *anight* —] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is *in the night*. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Legende of good Women*. Our modern editors read, *o'nights*, *o'night*.

*Id.* l. 58. —— *batlet*,] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. JOHNSON.

*Id.* l. 65. —— *so is all nature in love* mortal in *folly*.] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*.

s sense I believe Shakspeare takes advan-
o produce one of his darling equivoca-
Thus the meaning will be, *so is all na-*
*in love* abounding *in folly*. JOHNSON.
1, *l.* 17. *And little* recks —] i. e. heeds,
for.
*And in my voice* —] as far as I have a
or vote.

SCENE V.

—— *rugged*;] Our modern editors (Mr.
e excepted) read *rugged*, but *ragged* had
ntly the same meaning.
—— *disputable* —] For *disputatious*.
. 18. —— *ducdame*;] For *ducdame*, Sir
as Hanmer very acutely and judiciously
*duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me*.
armer thinks it is evidently a word coined
*ie nonce*.
"And if he will come to me." MALONE.

SCENE VII.

—— *compact of jars*,] i. e. made up of
rds.
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent*
*rtune*:] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr.
n observes, the saying here alluded to;
in Publius Syrus:
*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum*
*facit*."
. 1, *l.* 22. —— *only* suit;] *Suit* means
*ion*, not *dress*.
—— *if not*, &c.] Unless men have the
ence not to appear touched with the sar-
of a jester, they subject themselves to
ower; and the wise man will have his folly
*mised*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open*,
e *squandering glances* or *random shots*
fool. JOHNSON.
—— *for a* counter,] About the time when
play was written, the French *counters*
pieces of false money used as a means of
ning) were brought into use in Eng-
—— *his* bravery] i. e. his fine clothes.
"There then: How then, what then?"
MALONE.
—— inland *bred*,] *Inland* here, and
here in this play, is the opposite to *out-*
, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that
d not been *bred among clowns*.
*And known some* nurture:] *Nurture* is
*ction*, breeding,
*l.* 28. *And take* upon command —] At
own command.
*His acts being seven* ages.] I have seen,
than once, an old print, entitled *The*
*e of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages.
mblematical representations of this sort
formerly stuck up, both for ornament and
ction, in the generality of houses, it is
probable that Shakspeare took this hint
thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus,
are quoted by Mr. Malone. HENLEY.
—— *and* bearded *like a pard*,] *Beards*
fferent *cut* were appropriated in our au-
s time to different characters and profes-
. The soldier had one fashion, the judge
her, the bishop different from both, &c.
—— sudden *and quick* —] Lest it should
upposed that these epithets are synony-
, it is necessary to be observed that one
*e* ancient senses of *sudden* is *violent*.
—— modern *instances*,] *Modern* means
, *common*.

*P.* 249, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. *Thou art not so* unkind, &c.] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man

*Id. l.* 10. *Thy tooth is not so keen.*
*Because thou art not seen*,] It is the opinion of the best commentators, that this can only be *tortured* into a meaning. Dr. Johnson paraphrases thus: — *Thou winter wind, thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult*.

*Id. l.* 22. *As friend* remember'd *not*.] *Remember'd* for *remembering*.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 42. —— *an absent* argument —] An *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.

*Id. l.* 57. *Make an* extent —] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*), whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *expediently*.] That is, *expeditiously*.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *unexpressive* —] For *inexpressible*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 18. —— *may complain of* good *breeding*,] *May complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *like an ill-roasted egg*,] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.
Shakspeare's similes hardly ever run on four feet. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 60. —— make incision *in thee!*] Warburton says, *to make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for to make to understand. But Steevens thinks the allusion is to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*. In either case we regret the profaneness.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant, unexperienced.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *bawd to a* bell-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

*P.* 250, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— *fairest* lin'd,] i. e. most fairly *delineated*.

*Id. l.* 7. *But the* fair —] *Fair* is beauty, complexion.

*Id. l.* 10. —— rank *to market*] Sir T. Hanmer reads — rate *to market*, which Mr. Malone adopts. The *hobbling* metre of these verses (says Touchstone) is like the *ambling*, *shuffling* pace of a butter woman's *horse* going to market.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *the* earliest *fruit* —] Shakspeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *latest* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

*P.* 250, *c.* 1, *l.* 43. *That shall* civil *sayings show.*] *Civil,* I believe, is not designedly opposed to *solitary.* It means only *grave,* or *solemn.* STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *in* little *show.*] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "painted in *little.*" MALONE.

*Id. l.* 62. *Atalanta's* better part;] The commentators are not agreed what this lady's *better part* was: Dr. Johnson inclines to her beauty; Mr. Tollet to her virgin chastity; Dr. Farmer and Mr. Malone to her wit; Mr. Steevens sums up the evidence in these words; "after all, I believe that Atalanta's *better part,* means only —*the best part about her,* such as was most commended."

*Id. l.* 67. —— *the touches* —] The features; *les traits.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14. —— *a* palm-tree:] A *palm-tree,* in the forest of *Arden,* is as much out of its place, as the *lioness* in a subsequent scene.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an* Irish rat.] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat,* and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 22. —— *friends to meet;*] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

*Id. l.* 31. —— *out of all* whooping!] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, "out of all *cry.*"

*Id. l.* 32. *Good my complexion!*] A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON.

*Id. l.* 35. *One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.*] The old copy reads, and Mr. Malone adheres to it — *is a South-sea* of *discoverie:* which, says Mr. Henderson, is the only reading that can preserve the sense of Rosalind. A *South-sea* of *discovery,* is not as a discovery, *as* FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the South sea; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *speak sad brow, and true maid,*] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly.

*Id. l.* 59. *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed?

*Id. l.* 64. —— *Garagantua's mouth* —] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word.* Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *to count* atomies,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

*P.* 251, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *Cry,* holla! *to thy tongue,*] *Holla* was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *to* kill *my* heart,] A quibble between *heart* and *hart.*

*Id. l.* 35. —— *but I answer you right* painted cloth.] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 23. —— *removed* —] i. e. remote, sequestered.

*Id. l.* 26. —— in-land *man;*] is used for one *civilized,* in opposition to of the priest.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *a* blue *eye.*] i. e. a blu the eyes.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *an* unquestionable *spiri* a spirit *unwilling to be conversea*

*Id. l.* 57. —— *your* having —] Having is estate.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *Then your hose should* ter'd, &c.] These seem to have be blished and characteristical marks the votaries of love were denoted of Shakspeare.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *point-device* —] i. e. e with finical nicety.

*P.* 252, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. —— *a* moonish *yo variable.*

*Id. l.* 37. —— *Audrey;*] Is a corruptio *dreda.* The saint of that name is ancient calendars.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *as the most* capricious *p Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Ca* not here humoursome, fantastical, & *civious.* UPTON.

Mr. Upton is, perhaps, too refine terpretation of *capricious.* Our membered that *caper* was the Latin and thence chose this epithet. This is the whole. There is a poor q tween *goats* and *Goths.* MALONE.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lo unusual sense of the word.

*Id. l.* 52. —— *it strikes a' man more de great* reckoning *in a little room:* reckoning in a little room, implies t tertainment was mean, and the bi gant.

*Id. l.* 69. *A* material *fool!*] A fool wi in him: a fool stocked with notions.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *I am* foul.] Not fair, or

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 8. —— *what though!*] W

*Id. l.* 15. —— *the rascal.*] Lean, poo called rascal deer.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *defence* —] *Defence,* a posed to "no skill," signifies the *ar ing.*

*Id. l.* 22. —— *Sir Oliver;*] He that ha first degree at the university, is in th cal style called *Dominus,* and in co guage was heretofore termed *Sir.* Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is no knight who hath taken orders, b Welsh clergyman without any regu from either of the Universities. Se ton's *History of the Gwedir Fam* CHOLS.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *God'ild you* —] i. e. God God reward you.

*Id. l.* 37. —— *his* bow,] i. e. his *yoke.* cient *yoke* in form resembled a *bow*

*Id. l.* 59. "behind thee." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 62. "with thee." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 75. *Something browner than Judas* was constantly represented painting or tapestry, with *red beard.*

*Id. l.* 77. *If faith his hair is of a goo* There is much of nature in this petty ness of Rosalind: she finds fault in in hope to be contradicted, and whe sportive malice too readily seconds sations, she contradicts herself ra suffer her favourite to want a vindica

*P.* 253, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. —— *as the touch of ho*

d read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of
int or hermit, called the *kiss of cha-*
s makes the comparison just and
e other impious and absurd. WAR-

. 14. —— *as concave as a* cover'd
. e. hollow.
- *much* question —] i. e. conver-

*quite traverse, athwart*, &c.] An
aced lover is here compared to a
, to whom it was a disgrace to have
broken across, as it was a mark
want of courage or address. This
when the horse flew on one side, in
: and hence arose the jocular pro-
rase *of spurring the horse only on*

- *of his* lover;] i. e. of his mis-

SCENE V.

*pretty*, sure, *and very probable*,]
*urely*.
*The cicatrice and capable impres-*
*Cicatrice* is here not very properly
the scar of a wound. *Capable* may
— *perceptible*.
*ower of* fancy.] *Fancy* is here used

*Who might be your mother*,] It is
or the poets to express cruelty by
those who commit it, that they
of rocks, or suckled by tigresses.

o beauty." MALONE.
*ature's* sale-work:] The allusion is
actice of mechanics, whose *work*
more elaborate than that which is
or chance customers.
*d is most foul, being* foul *to be a*
The sense is, *The ugly seem most*
, though ugly, *they are scoffers*.
*though all the world could see*,
*uld be so abus'd in sight as he*.]
l mankind could look on you, none
o *deceived* as to think you beauti-
JOHNSON.
*d shepherd! now I find thy saw*
*might!*
o ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first
e second of these lines is from Mar-
*ro and Leander*, 1637.
16, *That the old* carlot —] i. e. *pea-*
*carl* or *churl*; probably a word of
e's coinage.
*a* peevish *boy*:] *Peevish*, in an-
age, signifies *weak, silly*.
is not very tall." MALONE.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

- *which is* nice;] i. e. silly, tri-

one reads, "travels; which by often
wraps me in a most humorous

—— *disable* —] i. e. undervalue.
*woan in a gondola*.] That is, *been*
the seat at that time of all licen-
where the young English gentlemen
eir fortunes, debased their morals,
mes lost their religion.
*a Rosalind of a better* leer *than*
of a better feature, complexion, or
n you.

*P. 255, c. 1, l. 44.* —— *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana *in the fountain*,] Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains.

*Id. l. 46.* —— *I will laugh like a* hyen,] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.

*Id. l. 52.* —— Make *the doors* —] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the door*.

*Id. l. 57.* —— *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him.

*Id. l. 65.* —— *make her fault her husband's occasion*,] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

*Id. c. 2, l. 2.* —— *the most* pathetical *break-promise*,] Rosalind means a lover whose falsehood would most *deeply affect* his mistress.

*Id. l. 23.* —— *begot of* thought,] i. e. of melancholy.

SCENE III.

*Id. l. 51.* The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

*Id. l. 54* —— *And here* much *Orlando!*] *Much!* was frequently used to indicate disdain.

*Id. l. 60.* "did bid me." MALONE.

*P. 256, c. 1, l. 28.* —— *vengeance* —] is used for *mischief*.

*Id. l. 39.* —— *youth and* kind —] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

*Id. l. 41.* —— *all that I can* make;] i. e. raise as profit from any thing.

*Id. l. 50.* —— *I see love hath made thee a tame* snake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow.

*Id. l. 59.* —— purlieus *of this forest*.] *Purlieu*, says Manwood's *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx, "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disaforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old." REED.

*Id. l. 77.* —— *napkin*:] i. e. *handkerchief*.

*Id. c. 2, l. 30. And he did* render *him* —] i. e. describe him.

*Id. l. 40.* —— *in which* hurtling —] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult.

*Id. l. 72.* —— *Cousin — Ganymede!*] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says Ganymede. JOHNSON.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*P. 257, c. 1, l. 71.* "or, to wit." MALONE.

SCENE II.

*Id. c. 2, l. 29. And you, fair sister*.] Oliver speaks to her in the character she had as-

[illegible] of a woman courted by Orlando his

*P* [illegible] 52. —— clubs *cannot* part *them*,] [illegible]om many of our old dramas, that [illegible]'s time, it was a common custom, [illegible] king out of a fray, to call out [illegible] *ubs*," to *part* the combatants.

*P.* [illegible] 7 —— *human as she is*,] that is, [illegible]m, but the real Rosalind, without any [illegible] danger generally conceived to atte[illegible]les of incantation. JOHNSON.

*Id.* [illegible] —— *your friends*;] i. e. *invite* your

*Id.* [illegible] *all* observance;] Probably an error, [illegible] *ance*.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *a woman of the world*.] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I."

*Id.* c. 2, *l.* 32 *Truly, y*[illegible].] The sense seems to be — [illegible] *of the song were trifling*, [illegible] *not (as might have been expect*[illegible], [illegible] *ough to compensate their defect*.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 44. *As those that fear* they hope, *and know* they *fear*.] The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear*, — *they*, even those very persons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the same time they well *know* that there is reason for *their fears*. MALONE.

*P.* 250, *c.* 1, *l.* 20. —— *trod a measure*;] a very stately solemn dance.

*Id. l.* 30. God'ild you, *sir*;] i. e. *God yield you*, reward you.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks*:] A man by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that *he will keep only to his wife*; when, therefore, he *leaves her for another*, BLOOD BREAKS his *matrimonial obligation*, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *dulcet diseases*.] This word is *capriciously* used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *seeming*,] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakspeare for becoming, or fairness of appearance.

*Id. l.* 65. *O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book*:] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prev[illegible] highest humour and address: [illegible] have treated it with a happier e[illegible] by making his Clown so knowing [illegible] and preliminaries of it. The pa[illegible] here alluded to, is a very ridiculo[illegible] one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *O*[illegible] *Honourable Quarrels*, in quart[illegible] Wolf, 1594.

*Id.* c. 2, *l.* 5. *Enter* Hymen.] Rosalin[illegible] by the rest of the company to b[illegible] enchantment, and is therefore i[illegible] a supposed aërial being in the [illegible] Hymen.

*Id. l.* 35. *If truth holds true conten*[illegible] if there be *truth in truth*, unless [illegible] veracity.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *combine*.] Shakspeare [illegible] in his use of this verb, which here [illegible] to *bind*.

*P.* 260, *c.* 2, *l.* 3. *To see no pasti*[illegible] Amidst this general festivity, the [illegible] be sorry to take his leave of Jaq[illegible] pears to have no share in it, an[illegible] hind unreconciled to society. [illegible] ever, filled with a gloomy sensibi[illegible] allotted to him in the play, an[illegible] preserves that respect which is [illegible] a consistent character, and an an[illegible] solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarc[illegible] that Shakspeare has, on this oc[illegible] old Adam, the servant of Orland[illegible] lity should have entitled him to [illegible] end of the piece, as well as to t[illegible] which he would naturally have [illegible] return of fortune to his master.

EPILOGUE.

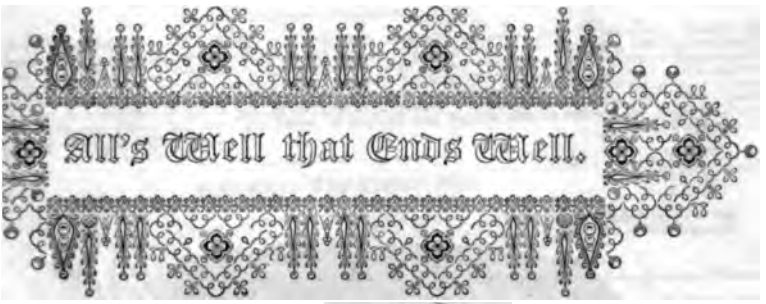
*Id. l.* 13. —— *no bush*,] It appea[illegible] have been the custom to hang a [illegible] the door of a vintner. The pr[illegible] observed in Warwickshire and [illegible] counties, at statute-hirings, wa[illegible] people who sell ale at no other ti[illegible]

*Id. l.* 19 —— furnished *like a b*[illegible] is, *dressed*: so before, he was *f*[illegible] a huntsman.

*Id. l.* 23. "As please you, and I." [illegible]

*Id. l.* 26. *If I were a woman*,] In [illegible] time, the parts of women were [illegible] formed by men or boys.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *complexions that* like [illegible] that I liked.



# Historical Notes.

of *All's Well that Ends Well*, or, as it to have been sometimes called, *er Wonne*, is originally indeed the Boccace, but it came immediately to from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in olume of the *Palace of Pleasure*, ». 88. FARMER.

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver part of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1606. MALONE.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*Parolles.* O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that,
Which you shall wonder at.

# LL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ay has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable; and some happy characters, though not produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare. t reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries a coward, and leaves her as a prodigate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and dismissed to happiness. ry of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely e be heard a second time. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

F FRANCE.
F FLORENCE.
M, *Count of Rousillon.*
*an old Lord.*
ES, *a Follower of Bertram.*
*oung French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.*
} *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
*A Page.*
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *Mother to Bertram.*
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*
*An old Widow of Florence.*
DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }
*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, etc. French and Florentine.*

SCENE,—*Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

## ACT I.

—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

. In delivering my son from me, I bury a husband.
And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my fa- ath anew: but I must attend his majesty's l, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in n.
Your shall find of the king a husband, ma- m, sir, a father: he, that so generally is es good, must of necessity hold his virtue whose worthiness would stir it up where l, rather than lack it where there is much ce. [amendment?
. What hope is there of his majesty's He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; ose practices he hath persecuted time with d finds no other advantage in the process the losing of hope by time.
. This young gentlewoman had a father, *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill et as great as his honesty; had it stretched ould have made nature immortal, and death ave play, for lack of work. 'Would, for the ke, he were living! I think, it would be h of the king's disease.
How called you the man you speak of,

. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and s great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the y lately spoke of him, admiringly, and ly: he was skilful enough to have lived knowledge could be set up against mor- [guishes of?
What is it, my good lord, the king lan- fistula, my lord.
heard not of it before.
would, it were not notorious.—Was this man the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?
. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed erlooking. I have those hopes of her good, education promises: her dispositions she which make fair gifts fairer; for where an mind carries virtuous qualities, there com- es go with pity, they are virtues and trai- in her, they are the better for their simple- e derives her honesty, and achieves her [tears.
Your commendations, madam, get from her

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit Countess.*

*Ber.* The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, (*to* HELENA) be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father:
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

*Enter* Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion, away with it.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin; virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principle itself not much the worse: away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now: your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i'faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under

*Par.* Under Mars, I. [charitable star.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* King of France *with letters; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

*1 Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely they have leave
To stand on either part.

It may well serve
our gentry, who are sick
; and exploit.
What's he comes here?

ERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
im.
Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
, rather curious than in haste,
mpos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
nherit too! Welcome to Paris.
hanks and duty are your majesty's.
uld I had that corporal soundness now,
father, and myself, in friendship,
r soldiership! He did look far
ce of the time, and was
he bravest: he lasted long;
h did haggish age steal on,
out of act. It much repairs me
r good father: In his youth
it, which I can well observe
young lords; but they may jest,
scorn return to them unnoted,
hide their levity in honour.
rtier, contempt nor bitterness
ride or sharpness; if they were,
awak'd them; and his honour,
f, knew the true minute, when
him speak, and, at this time,
ey'd his hand: who were below him,
atures of another place;
s eminent top to their low ranks,
proud of his humility,
praise he humbled: Such a man
py to these younger times;
v'd well, would démonstrate them now
kward.
His good remembrance, sir,
your thoughts, than on his tomb;
lives not his epitaph,
ral speech. [ways say,
ould I were with him! He would al-
hear him now; his plausive words
ot in ears, but grafted them,
, and to bear.)—*Let me not live,*—
melancholy oft began,
ophe and heel of pastime,
ont,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
*ne lacks oil, to be the snuff*
*pirits, whose apprehensive senses*
*kings disdain; whose judgments are*
*of their garments; whose constancies*
*their fashions:*——This he wish'd:
o after him wish too,
ix, nor honey, can bring home,
dissolved from my hive,
labourers room.
You are loved, sir;
ast lend it you, shall lack you first.
a place, I know't.—How long is't,
t,
sician at your father's died?
fam'd.
Some six months since, my lord.
were living, I would try him yet;—
ium;—the rest have worn me out
applications:—nature and sickness
heir leisure. Welcome, count;
earer.
Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt.* *Flourish.*

*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

OUNTESS, *Steward, and Clown.*

ill now hear: what say you of this
?
am, the care I have had to even your
h might be found in the calendar of my
past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not the folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor [fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd: But if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent. [ness.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wicked-

*Clo.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,*
*Which men full true shall find;*
*Your marriage comes by destiny,*
*Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,* [*Singing.*

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*
*Fond done, done fond,*
*Was this king Priam's joy.*
*With that she sighed as she stood,*
*With that she sighed as she stood,*
*And gave this sentence then:*
*Among nine bad if one be good,*
*Among nine bad if one be good,*
*There's yet one good in ten.*

*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. —I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit Clown.*

*Count.* Well now. [woman entirely.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentle-

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she

*Stew.* Madam, I was very la
than, I think, she wished me: alo
did communicate to herself, her ow
own ears; she thought, I dare ve
touched not any stranger sense. H
she loved your son: Fortune, she
goddess, that had put such differen
two estates; Love, no god, that
his might, only where qualities wer
queen of virgins, that would suffer
be surprised, without rescue, in the fi
ransom afterward: This she delivere
bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I hea
claim in: which I held my duty, sp
quaint you withal; sithence, in the l
happen, it concerns you something t

*Count.* You have discharged this
it to yourself; many likelihoods info
before, which hung so tottering in t
I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

*Enter* HELENA.

*Count.* Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone, [none.
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name:
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your moth

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; 'Would, were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed my mother!—or, were you both our moth
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daugh in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and moth
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again!
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I se
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gra
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of the passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me tru
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheek
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistr

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclo
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak tru
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore?

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself
You know, my father left me some pres
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his r
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd
In beedfullest reservation to bestow them,

hose faculties inclusive were,
hey were in note: amongst the rest,
emedy, approv'd, set down,
desperate languishes, whereof
render'd lost.
This was your motive
vas it? speak.
lord your son made me to think of this;
and the medicine, and the king,
he conversation of my thoughts,
absent them.
But think you, Helen,
d tender your supposed aid,
eceive it? He and his physicians
nd; he, that they cannot help him;
hey cannot help: How shall they credit
arned virgin, when the schools,
of their doctrine, have left off
to itself?
There's something hints,
ny father's skill, which was the greatest
ssion, that his good receipt
y legacy, be sanctified
iest stars in heaven: and, would your
nour
leave to try success, I'd venture
st life of mine on his grace's cure,
ay and hour.
Dost thou believ't?
madam, knowingly.
Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
nd love,
attendants, and my loving greetings
mine in court: I'll stay at home,
od's blessing into thy attempt:
morrow; and be sure of this,
help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter King, with young Lords, taking the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PA-*nd Attendants.*

rewell, young lord, these warlike prin-
les [well:—
w from you:—and you, my lord, fare-
dvice betwixt you; if both gain all,
h stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
gh for both.
It is our hope, sir,
enter'd soldiers, to return
ur grace in health.
o, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
nfess, he owes the malady
ny life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
ive or die, be you the sons
Frenchmen: let higher Italy,
ed, that inherit but the fall
monarchy,) see, that you come
honour, but to wed it; when
t questant shrinks, find what you seek,
nay cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Health, at your bidding, serve your
ajesty!
ose girls of Italy, take heed of them:
ar French lack language to deny,
and: beware of being captives,
serve.
Our hearts receive your warnings.
rewell.—Come hither to me.
*(The King retires to a couch.)*
O my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
hind us!
not his fault; the spark——
O, 'tis brave wars!
st admirable: I have seen those wars!
commanded here, and kept a coil with;
and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

*Par.* An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with: By heaven I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured [body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*]—What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king—— *(Seeing him rise.)*

*Par.* Use a more specious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

*Enter* LAFEU.

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, (*kneeling*) for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter* LAFEU *with* HELENA.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him. [him;

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thoughtst to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp,
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended. [speak

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven. [hand,

*Hel.* Then thou shalt give me, with thy kingly
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust; [pull
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he, that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock. [tions?

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all ques-

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

m below your duke, to beneath your
it will fit any question.
t must be an answer of most monstrous
nust fit all demands.
a trifle neither, in good faith, if the
uld speak truth of it: here it is, and all
s to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall
arm to learn.
'o be young again, if we could: I will be
uestion, hoping to be the wiser by your
pray you, sir, are you a courtier?
Lord, sir,——There's a simple putting
more, a hundred of them.
ir, I am a poor friend of yours, that

ord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.
think, sir, you can eat none of this
it. [you.
ord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant
'ou were lately whipped, sir, as I think.
ord, sir,—Spare not me.
)o you cry, *O Lord, sir,* at your whip-
*are not me!* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir,*
uent to your whipping; you would an-
well to a whipping, if you were but

'er had worse luck in my life, in my—
: I see, things may serve long, but not

play the noble housewife with the time,
it so merrily with a fool.
Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well
[this,
n end, sir, to your business: give Helen
r to a present answer back:
e to my kinsmen, and my son;
uch.
much commendation to them.
ot much employment for you: you un-
?
fruitfully; I am there before my legs.
aste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

y say, miracles are past; and we have
hical persons, to make modern and
gs, supernatural and causeless. Hence
ve make trifles of terrors; ensconcing
o seeming knowledge, when we should
lves to an unknown fear.
y, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder,
t out in our latter times.
so 'tis.
e relinquished of the artists,—
say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
ll the learned and authentic fellows,—
it, so I say.
gave him out incurable,—
y, there 'tis; so say I too.
to be helped,—
it: as 'twere a man assured of an—
ertain life, and sure death.
you say well; so would I have said.
y truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
, indeed: if you will have it in show-
all read it in,——What do you call
[actor.
owing of a heavenly effect in an earthly
t's it I would have said; the very same.
, your dolphin is not lustier; 'fore me,
spect——
, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is
the tedious of it; and he is of a most
irit, that will not acknowledge it to be
hand of heaven. [the—
so I say.
most weak—
debile minister, great power, great

transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter* KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well: here comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par. Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful par-
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, [cel
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make; [sake.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
*We blush, that thou should'st choose: but, be refused,*
*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;*
*We'll ne'er come there again.*

*King.* Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life. [eyes.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do they all deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid (*to a Lord*) that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you; (*to Bertram*) but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.
*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.
*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
*Ber.* Yes, my good lord:
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
*King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.
*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever! which
*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: if she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.
*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose. glad;
*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am
Let the rest go. feat,
*King.* My honour's at the stake: which to de-
I must produce my power: here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse hate,
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: speak; thine answer.
*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.
*King.* Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.
*Ber.* I take her hand.
*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.
*Par.* Your pleasure, sir? recantation.
*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his
*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my master?
*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language, I speak?
*Laf.* A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?
*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon?
*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man. of another style.
*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master's
*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.
*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.
*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.
*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—
*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.
*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity. of it.
*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy
*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.
*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.
*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.
*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.
*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.
*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*
*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double, and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter* Lafeu.

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.
*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.
*Laf.* Who? God?
*Par.* Ay, sir.

it is, that's thy master. Why dost
arms o' this fashion? dost make
s? do other servants so? Thou
ower part where thy nose stands.
f I were but two hours younger,
thinks, thou art a general offence,
ould beat thee. I think, thou
men to breathe themselves upon
[lord.
rd and undeserved measure, my
; you were beaten in Italy for
out of a pomegranate; you are a
rue traveller: you are more saucy
honourable personages, than the
birth and virtues gives you com-
not worth another word, else I'd
leave you. [*Exit.*

*nter* BERTRAM.

good; it is so then.—Good, very
cealed a while.
d forfeited to cares for ever!
e matter, sweet heart?
before the solemn priest I have
[sworn,
hat, sweet heart?
olles, they have married me;—
wars, and never bed her.
a dog-hole, and it no more merits
s foot: To the wars!
ters from my mother; what the
[import is,
ould be known: To the wars, my
e wars!
ur in a box unseen,
sy-wicksy here at home;
r marrow in her arms,
ain the bound and high curvet
d: To other regions!
; we, that dwell in't, jades;
war!
so; I'll send her to my house,
er with my hate to her,
n fled; write to the king
not speak: his present gift
those Italian fields,
ws strike: war is no strife,
and the detested wife.
capricio hold in thee, art sure?
e to my chamber, and advise me.
ht away: to-morrow
e to her single sorrow.
balls bound; there's noise in it—
;
ied, is a man that's marr'd:
d leave her bravely; go:
you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

*ene. Another Room in the same.*

HELENA *and Clown.*

greets me kindly: is she well?
vell: but yet she has her health:
; but yet she is not well: but
e's very well, and wants nothing
et she is not well.
ery well, what does she ail, that
? [things.
s very well, indeed, but for two
things?
he's not in heaven, whither God
the other, that she's in earth,
send her quickly!

*nter* PAROLLES.

my fortunate lady!
, I have your good will to have
tunes.
ny prayers to lead them on; and
have them still.—O, my knave!
How does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir. [thee.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love, [ledge,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; [sweets,
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir. (*To Ber.*)

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? (*Aside to Parolles.*)

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him? [speech

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helena, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you, that know them not. This to my mother:
(*Giving a letter.*)
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall,
With true observance, seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. [*Exit Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the* DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; two French Lords, and others.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let for
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the qu
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer. [I

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your place
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. E*

SCENE II.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Cou Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS *and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would ha it, save, that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord t very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and mind the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that ha trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and wh means to come. (*Opening a le*

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I w court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the co are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; I begin to love, as an old man loves money, wi

*Count.* What have we here? [stan

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [E

*Count.* (Reads) *I have sent you a daughte law: she hath recovered the king, and undone I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sw make the* not *eternal. You shall hear, I am away; know it, before the report come. If t be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,* BERT

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news w between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, comfort; your son will not be killed so soo thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as he does: the danger is in standing to't; that loss of men, though it be the getting of ch
Here they come, will tell you more: for
only hear, your son was run away. [E

*Enter* HELENA *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever go

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

upon patience.—'Pray you, gentle-
ny quirks of joy, and grief, [men,—
e of neither, on the start, [you?
unto't.—Where is my son, I pray
m, he's gone to serve the duke of
e:
herward; from thence we came,
despatch in hand at court,
again. [port.
his letter, madam; here's my pass-
*thou canst get the ring upon my*
*ver shall come off, and shew me a*
*f thy body, that I am father to,*
*sband: but in such a* then *I write*

l sentence.
ht you this letter, gentlemen?
Ay, madam;
tents' sake, are sorry for our pains.
hee, lady, have a better cheer;
t all the griefs are thine,
of a moiety: He was my son;
s name out of my blood,
my child.—Towards Florence is he?
adam.
And to be a soldier?
is his noble purpose: and, believ't,
y upon him all the honour
nience claims.
Return you thither?
nadam, with the swiftest wing of

*Till I have no wife, I have no-*
.
ou that there?
Ay, madam.
ut the boldness of his hand, haply,
t consenting to. [which
g in France, until he have no wife!
here, that is too good for him,
d she deserves a lord,
h rude boys might tend upon,
rly, mistress. Who was with him?
vant only, and a gentleman
me time known.
Parolles, was't not?
y good lady, he. [ness.
tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
a well-derived nature
ment.
Indeed, good lady,
deal of that, too much,
much to have.
re welcome, gentlemen;
n, when you see my son,
his sword can never win
he loses. more I'll entreat you
along.
We serve you, madam,
ur worthiest affairs.
, but as we change our courtesies.
ear?
[*Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.*
*ave no wife, I have nothing in*
.
e, until he has no wife!
none, Rousillon, none in France,
ll again. Poor lord! is't I
from thy country, and expose
bs of thine to the event
ing war? and is it I,
rom the sportive court, where thou
th fair eyes, to be the mark
ts? O you leaden messengers,
e violent speed of fire,
n; move the still-piercing air,
iercing, do not touch my lord!
at him, I set him there;
s on his forward breast,
that do hold him to't:
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes, [sillon,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rou-
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the* DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
*Ber.* Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
*Duke.* Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
*Ber.* This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS *and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
*Stew. I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;*
*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,*
*That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,*
*With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*
*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,*
*My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;*
*Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,*
*His name with zealous fervour sanctify:*
*His taken labours bid him me forgive;*
*I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth*
*From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,*
*Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:*
*He is too good and fair for death and me;*
*Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*
*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.
*Count.* What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Wi[illegible] t the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off.* [illegible] *ter an old Widow of Florence,* DIANA, V[illegible]ENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander: and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way:- hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, [illegible] been solicited by a gentleman his com[illegible]

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang [illegible] rolles: a filthy officer he is in those [illegible] the young earl.—Beware of them, [illegible] promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, [illegible] engines of lust, are not the things they [illegible] many a maid hath been seduced by the[illegible] misery is, example, that so terrible sho[illegible] wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that succession, but they are limed with the[illegible] threaten them. I hope, I ne[illegible] further: but, I hope, your ow[illegible] where you are, though there w[illegible] known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter* HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
(*A march afar off.*)
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pil-
But till the troops come by, [grim,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The count Rousillon: Know you such a one? [him;

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come:
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
[illegible]t, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
[illegible]ould, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
[illegible] were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome [gentleman?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest:—Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look,
he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Wid.* The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him
have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him
as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an in-
finite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker,
the owner of no one good quality worthy your lord-
ship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might
at some great and trusty business, in a main
fail you. [to

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch
drum, which you hear him so confidently un
to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, wi[illegible]

ıim; such I will have, whom, I am
not from the enemy: we will bind
him so, that he shall suppose no
ıe is carried into the leaguer of the
ben we bring him to our tents: Be
ıip present at his examination; if he
ɔromise of his life, and in the highest
base fear, offer to betray you, and
ntelligence in his power against you,
the divine forfeit of his soul upon
st my judgment in any thing.
or the love of laughter, let him fetch
ays, he has a stratagem for't: when
sees the bottom of his success in't,
tal this counterfeit lump of ore will
ou give him not John Drum's enter-
inclining cannot be removed. Here

*Enter* PAROLLES.

for the love of laughter, hinder not
his design; let him fetch off his
nd.
now, monsieur? this drum sticks
disposition.
ox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.
drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so
vas an excellent command! to charge
se upon our own wings, and to rend
rs.
it was not to be blamed in the com-
rvice; it was a disaster of war that
could not have prevented, if he had
ommand.
we cannot greatly condemn our suc-
honour we had in the loss of that
not to be recovered.
ht have been recovered.
t, but it is not now.
be recovered: but that the merit of
om attributed to the true and exact
ould have that drum or another, or

if you have a stomach to't, monsieur,
our mystery in stratagem can bring
it of honour again into his native
guanimous in the enterprize, and go
ce the attempt for a worthy exploit:
ell in it, the duke shall both speak
tend to you what further becomes
even to the utmost syllable of your

hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.
u must not now slumber in it.
out it this evening: and I will pre-
wn my dilemmas, encourage myself
r, put myself into my mortal prepara-
idnight, look to hear further from me.
be bold to acquaint his grace, you
it?
v not what the success will be, my
attempt I vow.
r, thou art valiant; and, to the pos-
soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

not many words. [*Exit.*
more than a fish loves water.—Is
ge fellow, my lord? that so confi-
o undertake this business, which he
o be done; damns himself to do, and
damned than to do't.
n do not know him, my lord, as we
is, that he will steal himself into a
and, for a week, escape a great deal
; but when you find him out, you
after.
do you think he will make no deed
, that so seriously he does address

me in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. [caught.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show
The lass I spoke of. [you

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* HELENA *and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now, I see
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what 's past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But, couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter* Parolles.

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be what he is? (*Aside.*)

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel———

1 *Lord.* How deep? (*Aside.*)

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I had recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. (*Aside.*)

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's!
(*Alarum within.*)

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, villianda, par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes. (*They seize him, and blindfold him.*)

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*——
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
*Kerelybonto:*——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
*Manka revania dulche.*

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivando.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithful?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother, [*Exeunt.*
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* Bertram *and* Diana.

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,

vork against him: therefore, your oaths
nd poor conditions; but unseal'd;
ay opinion.
Change it, change it;
y-cruel: love is holy;
grity ne'er knew the crafts,
charge men with: stand no more off,
elf unto my sick desires,
cover: say, thou art mine, and ever
it begins, shall so persever.
, that men make hopes, in such affairs,
rsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
nd it thee, my dear, but have no power
on me.
Will you not, my lord?
an honour 'longing to our house,
down from many ancestors;
the greatest obloquy in the world
.
Mine honour's such a ring:
s the jewel of our house,
down from many ancestors;
the greatest obloquy in the world
: thus your own proper wisdom
champion honour on my part,
vain assault.
Here, take my ring:
ine honour, yea, my life be thine,
id by thee. [her window;
en midnight comes, knock at my cham-
e, my mother shall not hear.
charge you in the band of truth,
ave conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
e but an hour, nor speak to me:
are most strong, and you shall know
n,
again this ring shall be deliver'd:
finger, in the night, I'll put
; that, what in time proceeds,
o the future our past deeds.
en; then, fail not: you have won
, though there my hope be done.
aven on earth I have won by wooing
. [*Exit.*
which live long to thank both heaven
me!
in the end.——
old me just how he would woo,
in his heart; she says, all men
e oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
fe's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
vill, I'll live and die a maid:
disguise, I think't no sin
n, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

E III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

*two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

You have not given him his mother's
?
have deliver'd it an hour since: there
in't, that stings his nature; for, on the
e changed almost into another man.
e has much worthy blame laid upon him,
off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.
specially he hath incurred the everlast-
ire of the king, who had even tuned his
g happiness to him. I will tell you a
n shall let it dwell darkly with you.
When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and
ve of it.
le hath perverted a young gentlewoman
ence, of a most chaste renown; and this
hes his will in the spoil of her honour:
n her his monumental ring, and thinks
e in the unchaste composition.
Now, God delay our rebellion; as we
s, what things are we!
Merely our own traitors. And as, in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other. [wars?

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean the business is not ended, as fearing

ter: but shall we have this dia-
fool and the soldier?——Come,
nterfeit module; he has deceived
meaning prophesier.
im forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers*] he
has sat in ks all night, poor gallant knave.
*Ber.* ; his heels have deserved it, in
his spurs so long. How does he carry
him
told your lordship already; the
But, to answer you as you would
weeps, like a wench that had
hath confessed himself to Mor-
poses to be a friar, from the time
e, to this very instant disaster of
cks: and what think you he hath
me, has he?
fession is taken, and it shall be
f your lordship be in't, as, I be-
lieve, you you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, w s.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! mu e can say nothing of me; hush! hush!
2 *Lord.* Hoodman comes! *I* s
1 *Sold.* He calls for the tort vi ou say without 'em?
*Par.* I will confess
straint; if ye pinch me o
1 *Sold. Bosko chim.*
2 *Lord. Boblibindo chic*
1 *Sold.* You are a mercif —Our general bids you answer to what you out of a note.
*Par.* And truly, as I ho
1 *Sold. First demand a my horse the duke is strong.* W t?
*Par.* Five or six veak and unserviceable: the , and the commanders very p eputation and credit, and as I hope to live.
1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?
*Par.* Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will. [is this!
*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave
1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.
2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.
1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.
*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.
1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.
*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.
*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.
*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.
1 *Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?
*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.
*Ber.* What shall be done to him?
1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what with the duke.
1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. I *mand of him, whether one captain the camp, a Frenchman: what his with the duke, what his valour, hon pertness in wars; or whether he t not possible, with well-weighing sum corrupt him to a revolt.* What say what do you know of it?
*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer cular of the interrogatories: demand t
1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain D
*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher Paris, from whence he was whipped f sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innoce not say him nay.
[*Dumain lifts up his ha*
*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your h I know, his brains are forfeit to the next
1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the rence's camp?
*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and
1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; of your lordship anon.
1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with
*Par.* The duke knows him for no oth officer of mine; and writ to me this turn him out o'the band: I think, I have my pocket.
1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.
*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know there, or it is upon a file, with the duk ters, in my tent.
1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: s
*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no
*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.
1 *Lord.* Excellently.
1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, gold,—*
*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, s advertisement to a proper maid in F Diana, to take heed of the allurement Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by you
*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, v nest in the behalf of the maid: for I kn count to be a dangerous and lascivio is a whale to virginity, and devours it finds.
*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue!
1 *Sold. When he swears oaths, bu gold, and take it;*
*After he scores he never pays the s*
*Half won, is match well made; mate make it;*
*He ne'er pays after debts, take it b*
*And say, a soldier,* Dian, *told thee th*
*Men are to mell with, boys are not to*
*For count of this, the count's a fool, I*
*Who pays before, but not when he doe*
*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine*
P
*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the this rhyme in his forehead.
2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, s fold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.
*Ber.* I could endure any thing before and now he's a cat to me.
1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general shall be fain to hang you.
*Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not afraid to die; but that, my offences bei would repent out the remainder of natu live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or so I may live.
1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, s fess freely; therefore, once more to t Dumain: You have answered to his

the duke, and to his valour: What is his ho-
r?

*ar.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; apes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He asses not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he ronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with volubility, that you would think truth were a : drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be s-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, to his bed-clothes about him; but they know conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every g, that an honest man should not have; what an st man should have, he has nothing.

*Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*ar.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*ar.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the lish tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and of his soldiership I know not; except, in that try, he had the honour to be the officer at e called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling es: I would do the man what honour I can, but is I am not certain.

*Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that rarity redeems him.

*ar.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

*Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I not ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*ar.* Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-le of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and he entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ession for it perpetually. [Dumain?

*Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain

*Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*Sold.* What's he?

*ar.* E'en a crow of the same nest; not altoge- so great as the first in goodness, but greater a t deal in evil. He excels his brother for a cow- yet his brother is reputed one of the best that in a retreat, he out-runs any lackey; marry, in ng on he has the cramp.

*Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake stray the Florentine?

*ar.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rou- n. [his pleasure.

*Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know

*ar.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all s! Only to seem to deserve well, and to be- the supposition of that lascivious young boy, count, have I run into this danger: yet, who d have suspected an ambush where I was n? (*Aside.*)

*Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: general says, you, that have so traitorously dis- red the secrets of your army, and made such ferous reports of men very nobly held, can the world for no honest use; therefore you t die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

*ar.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my th!

*Sold.* That you shall, and take your leave of all friends. (*Unmuffling him.*)

ook about you; Know you any here?

*er.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

*Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

*Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lafeu? I am for France.

*Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy he sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd el it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.*

*Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your that has a knot on't yet.

*r.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*ld.* If you could find out a country where oman were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am [gart,
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
*All's well that ends well:* still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipe-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction? [his service.

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service. [knave and fool.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee; thou art both

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alway loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a good patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—*Marseilles. A Street.*

*Enter* Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither has he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again.—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—*Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and* Parolles.

*Par.* Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prythee, allow the wind.

ar. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I
e but by a metaphor.
o. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
thee, get thee further.
ar. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.
o. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: A paper from
ne's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look,
he comes himself.—

*Enter* LAFEU.

s is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,
not a mask-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean
end of her displeasure, and, as he says, is
dead withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you
; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,
ish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in
mmiles of comfort, and leave him to your lord-
. [*Exit Clown.*
ar. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath
ly scratched.
af. And what would you have me to do? 'tis
late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you
ed the knave with fortune, that she should
tch you, who of herself is a good lady, and
ld not have knaves thrive long under her?
re's a *quart d'écu* for you: Let the justices
e you and fortune friends; I am for other bu-
ss. [single word.
ar. I beseech your honour, to hear me one
af. You beg a single penny more: come, you
ll ha't; save your word.
ar. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.
af. You beg more than one word then.—Cox'
passion! Give me your hand: How does your
ss? [found me.
ar. O my good lord, you were the first that
af. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that
these.
ar. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some
ss, for you did bring me out.
af. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon
ll once both the office of God and the devil?
brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee
(*Trumpets sound.*) The king's coming, I know
his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me;
ll talk of you last night: though you are a fool
n knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.
ar. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

ne III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

rwish. *Enter* KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*
ing. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
s made much poorer by it: but your son,
ssed in folly, lack'd the sense to know
ssfaction home.
ent. 'Tis past, my liege:
I beseech your majesty to make it
ural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;
e oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
ers it, and burns on.
ing. My honour'd lady,
e forgiven and forgotten all;
gh my revenges were high bent upon him,
I watch'd the time to shoot.
af. This I must say,——
t I beg my pardon,—The young lord
o his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
e of mighty note; but to himself
ntest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
e beauty did astonish the survey
t eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
dear-perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
call'd mistress.
Praising what is lost,
the remembrance dear.——Well, call him
hither;——
re reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.
*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [*Exit Gentleman.*
*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.
*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.
*King.* I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
*Ber.* My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
*King.* All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?
*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue.
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
*King.* Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good, that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
*Ber.* Hers it was not.
*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
*Ber.* My gracious sovereign
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.
*Count.* Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
*Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.
*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour,
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
*King.* Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
*Ber.* She never saw it.
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
(*Guards seize Bertram.*)
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.
*Ber.* If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove, that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.
*King.* (Reads.) *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O King; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*
DIANA CAPULET.
*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him. [Lafeu.
*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Enter* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are mons
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordsh
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?
*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and* DIA
*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and hon
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
*King.* Come hither, count; Do you know the
women?
*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further
*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wi
*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.
*Dia.* If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.
*Laf.* Your reputation (*to Bertram*) comes too
short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.
*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate cre
ture,
Who sometime I have laugh'd with: let your hig
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill
friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your h
Than in my thought it lies!
*Dia.* Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
*King.* What say'st thou to her?
*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.
*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
*King.* Methought, you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.
*Ber.* What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
*King.* She hath that ring of yours.
*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
*Dia.* I must be patient:

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

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*Id. l.* 11. *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] *Lafeu* says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living*: the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal*: that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess*. By the word *mortal*, I understand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads — *be* not *enemy* —] *that which destroys*. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

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sense of some foolish conceited player. WARBURTON.

*P.* 270, *c.* 2, *l.* 76. —— *a* traitress,] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *christendoms,*] This word, which signifies a collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much license on the present occassion.

*Id. l.* 12. *And show what we alone must think;*] And *show* by realities what we now *must only think.*

*Id. l.* 37. —— *so thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counsel.*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it.

*Id. l.* 48. *What power is it, that mounts my love so high;*
*That makes me see, and cannot free mine eye?*] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *kiss like native things.*] Things formed by nature for each other.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 62. —— *Senoys* —] The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois.* They were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was *Sienna.* The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

*P.* 215, *c.* 1, *l.* 19. —— *It much* repairs *me* —] To *repair*, in these plays, generally signifies, to *renovate.*

*Id. l.* 24. *He had the wit*, &c.] I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth* or *rank*, but *acquired reputation:* — *Your father*, says the king, *had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity*, in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*
This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 30. *His tongue obey'd his hand:*] We should read — *His tongue obey'd* the *hand.* That is, *the hand* of *his honour's clock*, showing *the true minutes when exceptions bad him speak.*

*Id. l.* 40. *So in approof lives not his* epitaph,
*As in your royal speech.*] Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this: "His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by *the specimens he exhibited of his worth*, as by your royal report in his favour."

*Id. l.* 51. —— *whose judgments are*
*Mere* fathers *of their garments;*] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *Steward, and* Clown.] A *clown* in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestic fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the *fool.* This is a proof of the familiarity to which they w
not by the great only, but the w

*Id. l.* 78. —— *to even your content*
to your desires.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. —— *you lack not f*
them, *and have ability enough*
*knaveries* yours.] It appears t
accusative *them* refers to *knav*
natural sense of the passage see
"You have folly enough to de
these knaveries, and ability eno
plish them." M. MASON.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *to go to the world,*]
has already occurred, and signi
*ried.*

*Id. l.* 19. *Service is no heritage,*]
verbial expression.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *that* ears *my land,*]
*plough.*

*Id. l.* 55. *A prophet I, madam; a*
*truth the next way:*] It is
which has run through all ag
that *natural fools* have someth
divinity. On which account the
ed sacred. Travellers tell us i
the Turks now hold them; no
honour paid them heretofore in
pears from the old word *benêt*,
*fool. Next way*, is *nearest w*

*Id. l.* 57. *Was this fair face the c*
name of *Helen*, whom the co
called for, brings an old ballad
of Troy [to the clown's mind.
*foolishly done.*

*P.* 272, *c.* 1, *l.* 6. "but every,"] i. e
MALONE.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *'twould* mend *the*
This surely is a strange kind o
I have never met with any exam
of the contemporary writers; an
any proof that in the lotteries o
beth's time *wheels* were empl
be inclined to read — lottery
LONE.

*Id. l.* 11. Clo. *That man*, &c.] H
sion, violently enough forced in,
obstinacy with which the puritan
use of the ecclesiastical habits,
that time, one principal cause o
the union; and perhaps to insin
modest purity of the surplice wa
cover for pride.

*Id. l.* 38. —— *sithence,*] i. e. *since.*

*Id. l.* 55. By *our remembrances* —]
*cording to* our recollection. So
old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 73. — — *What's the matter,*
*That this distemper'd messe*
*The many-colour'd Iris, roun*
There is something exquisitely be
representation of that suffusion of
glimmers round the sight when t
are wet with tears. HENLEY.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 12. I care no more for,]
designed ambiguity: *I care no*
I care *as much for.* I wish it e
MER.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *strive* —] To *strive*
tend.

*Id. l.* 21. *Your salt tears'* head.] Th
fountain of your tears, the cause o
JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *in their* kind —] i. e.
guage, according to their *nature.*

*Id. l.* 55. —— captious *and* intenible
Farmer supposes *captious* to be a
of *capacious.*
Mr. Malone thinks it means re
pable of *receiving* what is put into

, incapable of holding or retaining it.
.57. *And lack not to* lose *still*:] Helena
say, that, like a person who pours wa-
a vessel full of holes, and still con-
is employment, though he finds the
lost, and the vessel empty; so, though
that *the waters of her love* are still
t her affection is thrown away on an
hom she thinks she never can deserve,
is not discouraged, but perseveres in
eless endeavour to accomplish her

*Those aged honour* cites *a virtuous*
i. e. whose respectable conduct in age
*or proves* that you were no less vir-
hen young.
*ish chastly, and love dearly, that*
*your Dian*
*both herself and love;*] i. e. Venus.
means to say — "If ever you wished
deity who presides over chastity, and
n of amorous rites, were one and the
rson; or, in other words, if ever you
*or* the honest and lawful completion of
ste desires."
. *l.* 1. —— *notes, whose faculties* in-
-] Receipts in which greater *virtues*
losed than appeared to observation.
*bowell'd of their doctrine*,] i. e. ex-
of their skill.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

oung lords." MALONE.
y lords." MALONE.
— *and yet my heart*, &c.] i. e. in the
phrase, *I am still heart-whole*; my
y not sinking under my distemper, do
owledge its influence.
—— *let higher Italy*
*s 'bated, that inherit but the fall*
*last monarchy*), *see*, &c.] The an-
ographers have divided Italy into the
ad the lower, the Apennine hills being
f natural line of partition; the side next
atic was denominated the higher Ita-
he other side the lower; and the two
owed the same terms of distinction,
atic being called the upper Sea, and
hene, or Tuscan, the lower. Now the
s, or Senois, with whom the Floren-
here supposed to be at war, inhabited
er Italy, their chief town being Armi-
ow called Rimini, upon the Adriatic.
.
hnson says, that the sense may be this:
*er Italy*, where you are to exercise
our, *see that you come to gain honour*,
batement, *that is, to the disgrace and*
*on of those* that have now lost their
military fame, and *inherit but the fall*
*ast monarchy*. To *abate* is used by
are in the original sense of *abattre*, to
, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*.
— *beware of being captives*,
*e you* serve.] The word *serve* is equi-
ne sense is, *Be not captives before* you
the war.
5. —— *and no sword worn*.
*me to* dance *with!*] It should be re-
ed that, in Shakspeare's time, it was
r gentlemen to dance with swords on.
hor gave to all countries the manners
rn.
— *they wear themselves in the cap*
*ime, there*, do *muster true gait*, &c.]
curity of the passage arises from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating, speaking*, &c. are the several ornaments which they *muster*, place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done *under the influence of the most received star*; that is, the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions: — and though the devil were to lead the measure or *dance* of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 30. —— *lead the* measure,] i. e. the *dance*.
*Id. l.* 46. —— *across*:] This word is used when any pass of wit miscarries. While chivalry was in vogue, breaking spears against a quintain was a favourite exercise. He who shivered the greatest number was esteemed the most adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if achieved by a side stroke, or *across*, it showed unskilfulness, and disgraced the practiser.
*Id. l.* 53. —— *medicine*,] is here put for a *she-physician*.
*Id. l.* 55. —— *dance* canary,] a kind of dance.
*Id. l.* 65. —— *her years*, profession,] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.
*Id. l.* 67. *Than I dare blame my weakness*:] Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this: — "That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." M. MASON.
*P.* 274, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— Cressid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.
*Id. l.* 7. —— *well found*,] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence.
*Id. l.* 50. *When miracles have by the greatest been denied*.] i. e. *disbelieved, or contemned*.
*Id. l.* 66. *Myself against the level of mine aim*;] i. e. *I am not an impostor that proclaim* one thing and design another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *no worse of worst extended*,] i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous.
*Id. l.* 9. *And what impossibility would slay.*
*In common sense, sense saves another way*.] i. e. and that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible. I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.
*Id. l.* 12. —— *in thee hath* estimate;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.
*Id. l.* 14. —— *prime*—] Youth; the sprightly vigour of life.
*Id. l.* 19. —— *in* property —] In *properly* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for — *in the due performance*.
*Id. l.* 22. *With any* branch *or* image *of thy state*:] *Branch* refers to the *collateral* descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line*. HENLEY.

### SCENE II.

*P.* 275, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. *To be young again*,] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.
*Id l.* 12. *O Lord, sir*,] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

SCENE III.

*P.* 275, *c.* 1, *l.* 47. —— *modern* —] i. e. common, ordinary.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here an object of fear.

*Id. l.* 57. —— authentic *fellows*,] The epithet *authentic* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned.

*Id. l.* 71. *Why, your* dolphin is not *lustier*;] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books.

*Id. l.* 75. —— facinorous *spirit*,] *Facinorous* is wicked.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 8. —— Lustic:] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, chearful, pleasant.

*Id. l.* 23. *O'er whom both sovereign power and* father's *voice* —] They were his *wards* as well as his subjects. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 27. —— *marry, to each*, but one!] i. e. except one.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *bay Curtal*,] i. e. a bay, docked horse.

*Id. l.* 29. *My mouth no more were* broken —] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 43. *Let the* white death, &c.] The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called "*the black death*."

*Id. l.* 51. —— the rest is mute.] i. e. I have no more to say to you.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *ames-ace* —] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice.

*Id. l.* 61. *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.

*P.* 276, *c.* 1, *l.* 21. *'Tis only title* —] i. e. the want of title.

*Id. l.* 31 *Where great* additions *swell*,] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *good alone*
*Is good, without a name; vileness is so*:] The meaning is, — Good is good, independent on any wordly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 38. —— *honour's born*,] is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 39. "Honours thrive." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *that canst not dream,*
*We, poizing us in her defective scale,*
*Shall weigh thee to the beam*:] That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale (which you esteem so light), we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68 *Into the* staggers.] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's aploplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. —— *whose ceremony*
*Shall seem* expedient on *the* now-born brief,
*And be perform'd to-night*:] A *brief*, in ancient language, means any short and summary writing or proceeding. The *now born brief* is another phrase for *the* [illegible] *cently and suddenly made.* T[illegible] *of it* (says the king) *shall seem t*[illegible] *its short preliminary, and be* [illegible] *night*, &c. STEEVENS.
The meaning of the present p[illegible] lieve, is: Good-fortune, and the [illegible] smile on this short contract; t[illegible] part of which shall *immediately follow close on the troth now* [illegible] tween the parties, and be perform[illegible] the solemn feast shall be delaye[illegible] time. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 29. —— *for two ordinaries*.] [illegible] twice with thee at table. JOHNS[illegible]

*Id. l.* 35. —— *taking up*;] To *take* [illegible] *tradict*, to *call to account*; as [illegible] *off the ground*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *in the default*,] [illegible] *need*.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *for doing I am past*; [illegible] *thee, in what motion age will gi*[illegible] Mr. Edwards has, I think, given t[illegible] ing of Lafeu's words. "*I cann*[illegible] says Lafeu; *doing I am* past, as [illegible] *in what motion age will give m*[illegible] *as I will* pass *by thee as fast as* [illegible] and he immediately goes out. I[illegible] the word *past*; the conceit indee[illegible] Shakspeare plainly meant it." M[illegible]

*P.* 277, *c.* 1, *l.* 35. *That hugs his* k[illegible] &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloss[illegible] that, *kicksy-wicksy* is a made w[illegible] and disdain of a wife.

*Id. l.* 47. *To the* dark-house.] The *d*[illegible] house made gloomy by discontent[illegible]

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 24. "But puts it off *to* a [illegible] straint. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *probable need*.] A spe[illegible] rance of necessity.

SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *a* bunting.] The *bunti*[illegible] ther, size, and form, so like the *sk*[illegible] require nice attention to discover [illegible] the other; it also ascends and si[illegible] nearly in the same manner: but i[illegible] no song, which gives estimation [illegible] lark.

*P.* 278, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *You have made* [illegible] *into't*, boots *and* spurs *and all*, [illegible] leaped *into the* custard;] This o[illegible] not introduced without a view t[illegible] was a foolery practised at city en[illegible] whilst the jester or zany was in v[illegible] to jump into a large deep custard [illegible] purpose.

*Id. l.* 15. "Will to deserve." MALO[illegible]

*Id. l.* 35. *And rather* muse,] To *mus*[illegible] *der*.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *the wealth I* own;] [illegible] *possess*,

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— *I cannot* yield,] I c[illegible] you of the reasons. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 12. —— *an* outward *man*,] i. [illegible] the secret of affairs.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *the younger of our* m[illegible] as we say at present, *our young f*[illegible]

6. —— *mend the* ruff,] The tops of our author's time, turned down, and over the leg. The folding is what neans by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson *e*; and perhaps it should be so here.
4. *Can* woman *me* —] i. e. affect and deeply, as my sex are usually

*thou canst get the ring* upon i. e. when thou canst get the is on my finger, into thy posses-

*ou engrossest all the griefs* are This sentiment is elliptically ex- *f thou keepest all thy sorrows to* "all the griefs *that* are thine," &c. *deal of that, too much, olds him much to have* ] That is, and him in stead.

*so*, &c.] The gentlemen declare e servants to the Countess; she re- otherwise than as she returns the of civility. JOHNSON.

ove *the* still-piecing *air*, *gs with piercing*,] Warburton says are here oddly shuffled into non- the commentators have not suc- aking sense of them.

— *the* ravin *lion* —] i. e. the *ra-* avening lion. To *ravin* is to swal- usly.

*e honour but of danger*, &c.] The om that abode, where all the ad- at honour usually reaps from the ishes upon, is only a scar in testi- bravery, as on the other hand, it cause of losing all, even life itself.

SCENE IV.

*uno*,] Alluding to the story of Her-

*ck* advice —] *Advice* is *discretion*

*e does* weigh *too light*:] To *weigh* to *value* or *esteem*.

SCENE V.

25. —— *those* suggestions —] *Sug- e temptations*.

*re* not *the things they go under*:] t the things for which their names e them pass.

*lmers* —] Pilgrims that visited holy called from a staff, or bough of were wont to carry, especially such ed the holy places at Jerusalem.

or *the king*, &c.] *For*, in the pre- e, signifies *because*.

mere *the truth*;] The exact, the .

— *examin'd*.] That is, *questioned*,

e good creature." MALONE.

*rokes* —] To *broke* is to deal with *broker*, in our author's time, wd or pimp.

SCENE VI.

a hilding.] A *hilding* is a paltry, llow.

4. —— *he is carried into the* lea- e. *camp*.

*f you give him not* John Drum's nt,] i. e. treat him very ill; a pro- ression of doubtful origin.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *I would have that drum or another, or* hic jacet.] i. e. *Here lies*; — the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *I will presently pen down my* dilemmas,] i. e. he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other.

*Id. l.* 65. Par. *I love not many* words.

Lord. *No more than a fish loves water*,] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name; which, without doubt (as Mr. Steevens has observed), ought, in strict propriety, to be written — *Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable:

"Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* live."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *we have almost* emboss'd *him*,] To *emboss* a deer is to inclose him in a wood.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *ere we* case *him*.] That is, before we strip him naked.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *we have i'the wind*,] To have *one in the wind*, is enumerated as a proverbial saying, by Ray.

SCENE VII.

*Id. l.* 30. *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon*.] i. e. by discovering herself to the Count.

*Id. l.* 52. *Now his* important —] *Important*, here, is *importunate*.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *the* county *wears*,] i. e. the Count

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*P.* 282, *c.* 1, *l.* 22. —— *some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment*.] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay*.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *so we seem to know, is to know*, &c.] We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project. HENLEY.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *the* instance?] The *proof*.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *of Bajazet's* mule,] Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity. Mr. Malone reads *mute*.

*Id. l.* 60. i. e. the shaving of my beard.

SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 73. *What is not holy, that we swear not by*,] The sense is — We never swear be what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour,

when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. HEATH.

*P.* 283, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. *I see, that men* make hopes, *in such* affairs,] i. e. I perceive that while our loves are making professions of love, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. Mr. Malone reads, "in such *a scene.*"

*Id. l.* 52. *Since Frenchmen are so* braid,] i. e. *crafty* or *deceitful.*

SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. —— *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*] That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shows that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 5. *It is not* mean damnable *in us,*] Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries.

*Id. l.* 11. —— *his* company —] i. e. his *companion.*

*P.* 284, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— *bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himself a *pattern.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 8. —— *in usurping his* spurs *so long.*] These words allude to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight.*

*Id. l.* 48. —— *that had the whole* theoric —] i. e. *theory.*

*Id. l.* 59. —— I con *him no thanks for't,*] To *con thanks* exactly answers the French *savoir gré.* To *con* is to *know.*

*Id. l.* 67. —— *if I were to* live *this present hour,* &c.] Perhaps we should read: — if I were to live *but* this present hour. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *off their* cassocks,] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *my* conditions,] i. e. my disposition and character. Mr. Malone reads *condition.*

*Id. l.* 12. —— *intergatories:*] i. e. *interrogatories.*

*Id. l.* 20. —— *though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantes,* Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day.

*Id. l.* 56. *Half won, is match well made;* match, *and well make it;*] The meaning is, "a match well made, is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well."

*P.* 285, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— *an egg out of a cloister;*] *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy. Robbing the spital,* is a common phrase, of the like import.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *for a* quart d'ecu —] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eightpence of our money.

*Id. l.* 36. *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *to beguile the* supposition —] That is, *to deceive the opinion,* to make the Count think me a man that *deserves well.*

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 40. —— *my* motive —] *Motive* for assistant, or rather for *mover.*

*Id. l.* 43. *When* saucy —] *Saucy* perly signify *luxurious,* and b *lascivious.*

*Id. l.* 49. —— *death and honesty*– nest death.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *your* impositions,] i *mands.*

*Id. l.* 56. *Our waggon is prepar'd* vives *us:*] Time *revives* us, se the happy and speedy termin embarrassments. She had just

"With the word, the time summer."

*Id. l.* 57. *All's well that ends well that ends well,* is one of Camd sentences.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *still the fine's* the cro end, *finis coronat.*

*Id. l.* 64. —— *whose villainous saf* some particularities of fashions ridiculed. *Snipt taffata* needs n but *villainous saffron* alludes fashion, then much followed, of *starch* for their bands and ruffs.

*P.* 286, *c.* 1, *l.* 28. —— *to* suggest —]

*Id. l.* 30. *I am a woodland fello* Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of trash. And it is observable, th ways puts that into the mouths which is now grown the charact *fine gentleman.* WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *unhappy.*] i. e. *mischi gish, unlucky.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. —— *carbonadoed* —] i like a piece of meat for the gridir

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 23. *Enter a gentle* Astringer *astringer* is a *gentleman falcone* is derived from *ostercus* or *auster* hawk; and thus, says Cowell, *Dictionary*: "We usually call a f keeps that kind of hawk, an *aust*

*Id. l.* 57. *Our means will make us m* speare delights much in this kind tion, sometimes so as to obscure Helena says, *they will follow wit as the means which they have w ability to exert.*

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 66. —— *Lavatch,*] This is a and perhaps irremediable, corrup French word: or perhaps *la vach*

*Id. l.* 70. "mood." — MALONE.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *allow the wind.*] i. e. leeward of me.

*P.* 287, *c.* 1, *l.* 31. —— *save your w* you need not ask; — here it is.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *you shall eat;*] Parolle of the lineaments of Falstaff, and the character which Shakspeare draw, a fellow that had more wit Though justice required that he detected and exposed, yet his vic *in him* that he is not at last suffer JOHNSON.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *esteem* —] Meaning that was lessened in its value by Bertra duct; since a person who was hon it could be so ill-treated as Helen and that with impunity.

. 58. —— *home.*] That is, *completely*, 'l *extent.*

richest *eyes;*] Shakspeare means that ty had astonished those, who, having greatest number of fair women, might o be the *richest* in ideas of beauty.

—— *the first view shall kill*

*petition:*] *The first interview shall end to all recollection of the past.* ıre is now hastening to the end of , finds his matter sufficient to fill up ining scenes, and therefore, as on such casions, contracts his dialogue and tes his action. Decency required that s double crime of cruelty and disobe- joined likewise with some hypocrisy, ıise more resentment; and that though er might easily forgive him, his king ıore pertinaciously vindicate his own and Helen's merit. Of all this Shak- ould not be ignorant, but Shakspeare o conclude his play. JOHNSON.

*ım not a day of season.*] That is, of *upted rain;* one of those *wet days* ally happen about the vernal equi-

*y high-repented blames,*] *High re- blames*, are faults repented of to the o the utmost.

*l. 7. In Florence was it from a case- own me,*] Bertram still continues to little virtue to deserve Helen. He ınow indeed that it was Helen's ring, ıew that he had it not from a window.

*noble she was, and thought*

*d* ingag'd:] *Ingaged*' in the sense of *ed*, is a word of exactly the same for- *inhabitable*, which is used by Shak- nd the contemporary writers for *unin- e.* MALONE.

*tus himself.*

*knows the* tinct *and* multiplying *me-* Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows *ture* which confers the properties of a base metals, and the *matter* by which *multiplied*, by which a small quantity s made to communicate its qualities to ıass of base metal.

*Then*, if you know

ou are well acquainted with yourself, *is 'twas hers,*] The true meaning of ression is, *If you know that* your fa- re so sound, as *that you have the consciousness of your own actions*, able to recollect and relate what you e, *tell me*, &c. JOHNSON.

*fore-past proofs*, &c.] The *proofs have already had* are sufficient to ıt my *fears* were not *vain* and irratio- ıave rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 52. *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short*, &c.] Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Rousillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 70. *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll* him:] i. e. I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. Mr. Malone reads the passage thus: I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him."

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 13. —— *shall* cease,] i. e. *deceass*, die.

*Id. l.* 47. —— *and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value.*

*Id. l.* 56. —— *Methought you said,*] The poet has here forgot himself, Diana has said no such thing. BLACKSTONE.

*Id. l.* 63. *He's* quoted—] i. e. *noted*, or *observed.*

*Id. l.* 65. *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*] i. e. *only* to speak a truth.

*Id. l.* 73. —— *all impediments in fancy's course*, &c.] *Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance*, she got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty.* JOHNSON.

*P.* 289, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. *May justly*, diet *me.*] May justly make me fast by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *companion*—] i. e. fellow.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *But thou art* too fine—] *Too fine*, too full of finesse, too artful. A French expression — *trop fine.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. —— *customer*—] i. e. a common woman.

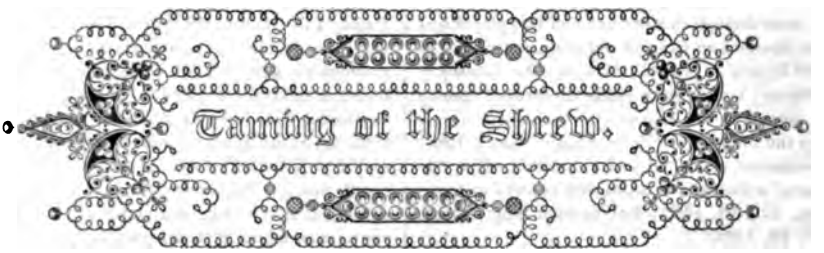
*Id. l.* 24. *He knows himself*, &c.] The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the King and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 30. —— *exorcist*—] Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them.

*Id. l.* 70. *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is; Grant *us then your patience*: hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts;* that is, support and defend us.

**INDUCTION.—SCENE I.**

*Hostess.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
*Sly.* No, not a denier: go by, says Jeronimy;
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.




# Historical Notes.

We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the thor of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his operty in it is extremely disputable. I will e my opinion, and the reasons on which it is nded. I suppose then the present play not iginally the work of Shakspeare, but restored him to the stage, with the whole Induction the Tinker, and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petchio. It is very obvious that the Induction d the Play were either the works of different nds, or written at a great interval of time. e former is in our author's *best* manner, and great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even low it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* to have been written by Shakspeare, it must ve been one of his earliest productions. Yet is not mentioned in the list of his works by res in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John rrington, printed in 1596 (and possibly there y be an earlier edition), called *The Metamorosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion the old play: "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a rew*, which hath made a number of us so rfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in r country, save he that hath hir."—I am aware modern linguist may object that the word *book* es not at present seem *dramatic*, but it was e *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of use, containing a pleasant Invective against ets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like erpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mens "two prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauge;" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end *William of Worcester*. that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas More*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—Sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capelle indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare, and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar*! I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory. Farmer.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost

very scene, though perhaps not so evidently as n those which pass between Katharina and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might e been taken from an old story, entitled, *The fe lapped in Morell's Skin*, or *The Taming of hrew;* but I have since discovered among entries in the books of the Stationers' Com- the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, easaunt conceited historie, called, *The Ta- of a Shrowe.*" It is likewise entered to Nich. s, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, . 19, 1607.

t was no uncommon practice among the au- rs of the age of Shakspeare, to avail them- ves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of *The Sh*[illegible] *Kalendar*, a work which had be[illegible] Winken de Worde, and reprinted [illegible] years before these poems of Spenser ap[illegible] viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his [illegible] *of Ancient English Poetry* [illegible] *The Frolicksome* [illegible] *Fortune*, an ancien[illegible] tion, might have [illegible] Induction for this [illegible]

The following st[illegible] ever, have been the parent of all the rest, is related by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 649: "A *Tartar* Prince, saith *Marcus Polus*, Lib. II. cap. 28, called *Senex de Montibus*, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, *in which he made a delitious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents* that could possibly be devised, *musicke, pictures, variety of meats*, &c. and chose out a certaine young man whom with *a soporiferous potion* he so benummed, that he perceived nothing: *and so, fast asleepe as he was, caused him to be conveied into this faire garden.* Where, after he had lived a while in all such pleasures as [illegible] all man could desire, *he cast him into a* [illegible] *againe, and brought him forth, that when* [illegible] *aked he might tell others he had been in paradise.*"—*Marco Paolo*, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

[illegible] umont and Fletcher wrote what may be called [illegible] uel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's* [illegible], *or the Tamer Tam'd;* in which Petruchio [illegible] dued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

[illegible] r author's *Taming of the Shrew* was wri- [illegible] imagine in 1596. MALONE.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

*Katharina.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado
*Petruchio.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
*Katharina.* What, in the midst of the street?

# AMING OF THE SHREW.

e two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with terwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted ncidents.

en Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the d father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

SLY, *a drunken Tinker,* *Players, Huntsmen, and attending on the Lord.* } *Persons in the Induction.*
*ch Gentleman of Padua.*
*old Gentleman of Pisa.*
*to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
*Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to a.*

GREMIO,—HORTENSIO,—*Suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO,—BIONDELLO,—*Servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO,—CURTIS,—*Servants to Petruchio.*
*Pedant, an old Fellow, set up to personate Vincentio.*
KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* BIANCA, *her Sister,* } *Daughters to Baptista.*
*Widow.*
*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.*

*,—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

### INDUCTION.

*Before an Ale-house on a Heath.*

*nter Hostess and* SLY.

se you, in faith.
of stocks, you rogue!
baggage; the Slies are no rogues:
ronicles, we came in with Richard
nerefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the
*essa!* [burst?
vill not pay for the glasses you have
a denier: go by, says Jeronimy;
bed, and warm thee.
ow my remedy, I must go fetch the
[*Exit.*
or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer
ll not budge an inch, boy; let him
lly.
*n on the ground, and falls asleep.*)

*Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

sman, I charge thee, tender well my
s:
n,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
owder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
t, boy, how Silver made it good
orner, in the coldest fault?
e the dog for twenty pound.
y, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
it at the merest loss,
lay pick'd out the dullest scent:
te him for the better dog.
art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
him worth a dozen such.
vell, and look unto them all;
tend to hunt again.
ll, my lord.
's here; one dead, or drunk? See,
e breathe?
breathes, my lord: Were he not
'd with ale,
d but cold to sleep so soundly.
nstrous beast! how like a swine he
[image!—
how foul and loathsome is thine
actise on this drunken man.
u, if he were convey'd to bed,
eet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
us banquet by his bed,
endants near him when he wakes,
beggar then forget himself?
ve me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
ould seem strange unto him when he
l. [fancy.
as a flattering dream, or worthless
up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet·
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Wilt please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty. [part,
1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
(*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*)
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servant.*
Belike some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?
*Serv.* An it please your honour,
Players, that offer service to your lordship.
*Lord.* Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome
1 *Play.* We thank your honour.
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.
*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd. [means.
1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
*Lord.* 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient. [selves,
1 *Play*. Fear not, my lord: we can contain our-
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
*Lord*. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing, that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
(*To a Servant.*)
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam; do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.*

*Sly*. For God's sake, a pot of small ale. [sack?
1 *Serv*. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of
2 *Serv*. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves? day?
3 *Serv*. What raiment will your honour wear to-
*Sly*. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. [honour!
*Lord*. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
*Sly*. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——
1 *Serv*. O, this it is, that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Serv*. O, this it is, that makes your servants droop. [your house.
*Lord*. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
(*Music.*)
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv*. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv*. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
*Lord*. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv*. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
*Lord*. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful [thee.
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv*. And, till the tears, that she hath shed for
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
*Sly*. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Serv*. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
(*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*)
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
*Sly*. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Serv*. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
*Sly*. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
*Serv*. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

ıre such names and men as these,
ere, nor no man ever saw.
ord be thanked for my good amends!

thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
*age, as a lady, with Attendants.*
fares my noble lord?
I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
rife?
noble lord; What is thy will with [husband?
n my wife, and will not call me—
call me—lord; I am your good-man.
usband and my lord, my lord and
d;
io all obedience.
it well:—What must I call her?
m.
adam, or Joan madam?
m, and nothing else; so lords call [and slept
wife, they say that I have dream'd,
een year and more.
nd the time seems thirty unto me,
me abandon'd from your bed.
ch;——Servants, leave me and her
——
s you, and come now to bed.
e noble lord, let me entreat of you,
yet for a night or two;
ntil the sun be set:
ians have expressly charg'd,
r your former malady,
et absent me from your bed:
son stands for my excuse.
tands so, that I may hardly tarry so
ould be loath to fall into my dreams
herefore tarry, in despite of the flesh

*Enter a Servant.*

ıonour's players, hearing your amend-

ay a pleasant comedy,
tors hold it very meet;
h sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
y is the nurse of frenzy,
thought it good you hear a play,
r mind to mirth and merriment,
housand harms, and lengthens life.
I will; let them play it: Is not a
ristmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?
y good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.
household stuff?
kind of history.
we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit
d let the world slip; we shall ne'er
[*They sit down.*

## ACT I.

*.—Padua. A public Place.*

r LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

since—for the great desire I had
lua, nursery of arts,—
fruitful Lombardy,
rden of great Italy;
her's love and leave, am arm'd
will, and thy good company,
vant, well approv'd in all;
athe, and happily institute
rning, and ingenious studies.
for grave citizens,
ing, and my father first,
reat traffic through the world,
of the Bentivolii.
on, brought up in Florence,
, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
tune with his virtuous deeds:
Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
*Tra. Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?
*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
*Gre.* To cart her rather: She's too rough for me;—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
*Kath.* I pray you, sir, (*to Bap.*) is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
*Kath.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.
*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!
*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
*Kath.* A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—and she knew why.
*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.
*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. (*Aside.*)
*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not? [like,
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, be-
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, —to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; I but had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* (*Advancing.*) I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.* [tents;

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this con-
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmaster to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand;
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: May it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. (*They exchange habits.*)
In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
*Be serviceable to my son,* quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter* Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been? [where are you?

*Bion.* Where have I been? Nay, how now,
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither, 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;

g'd into Lucentio.
etter for him; 'Would I were so too!
uld I, faith, boy, to have the next
er,— [daughter.
o indeed had Baptista's youngest
ot for my sake, but your master's,—
ise [companies:
manners discreetly in all kind of
me, why, then I am Tranio;
es else, your master Lucentio.
, let's go:—
rests, that thyself execute;—
among these wooers: If thou ask me

easons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*
*lord, you nod; you do not mind the*
*y.*
*saint Anne, do I. A good matter*
*s there any more of it?*
*ord, 'tis but begun.*
*ery excellent piece of work, madam*
*'t were done!*

*The same. Before* HORTENSIO'S *House.*

PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

, for a while I take my leave,
ds in Padua; but, of all,
d and approved friend,
, I trow, this is his house:—
rumio; knock, I say.
, sir! whom should I knock? is
as rebused your worship?
I say, knock me here soundly.
you here, sir? why, sir, what am
ould knock you here, sir?
I say, knock me at this gate,
ell, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
ster is grown quarrelsome: I should
you first,
w after who comes by the worst.
not be?
and you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
can *sol, fa*, and sing it.
*(He wrings Grumio by the ears.)*
masters, help! my master is mad.
knock when I bid you: sirrah! vil-

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

ow! what's the matter?—My old
and my good friend Petruchio!—
at Verona?
Hortensio, come you to part the
*re bene trovato*, may I say. [fray?
*ostra casa bene venuto,*
*signor mio Petruchio.*
ise; we will compound this quarrel.
is no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
a lawful cause for me to leave his
you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and
, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant
er so; being, perhaps, (for aught I
irty,—a pip out?
to God, I had well knock'd at first,
rumio come by the worst.
less villain!—Good Hortensio,
al knock upon your gate,
get him for my heart to do it.
at the gate?—O heavens!
these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock*
*re,* [*ly?*
*knock me well, and knock me sound-*
now with—knocking at the gate?
be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
io, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
rusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
w, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far
I will continue that I broach'd in jest. [in,
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
*Gru.* Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.
*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter* Gremio; *with him* Lucentio *disguised, with books under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!
*Hor.* Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, stand by a while.
*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous!
(*They retire.*)
*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!
*Gru.* O this woodcock! what an ass it is!
*Pet.* Peace, sirrah,
*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!
*Gre.* And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.
*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove. (*Aside.*)
*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. man?
*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What country-
*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
*Gre.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
*Pet.* Will I live?
*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. (*Aside.*)
*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.
*Gru.* For he fears none. (*Aside.*)
*Gre.* Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
*Hor.* I promis'd; we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
*Gre.* And so we will; provided, that he win her.
*Gru.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. (*Aside.*)

*Enter* Tranio, *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
*Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters:—(*Aside to Tranio.*) is't he you mean?
*Tra.* Even he. Biondello!
*Gre.* Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—
*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir? What have you to do?
*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.
*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio. (*Aside.*)
*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
*Gre.* No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
*Gre.* But so is not she.
*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?
*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you ever yet see Baptista's daughter?
*Tra.* No, sir: but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before

r, that you are the man
d me among the rest;
ice, and do this feat,—
:t the younger free
ɔse hap shall be to have her,
, be, to be ingrate.
vell, and well you do conceive;
ıfess to be a suitor,
gratify this gentleman,
generally beholden.
ot be slack: in sign whereof,
ntrive this afternoon,
o our mistress' health;
s do in law,—
at and drink as friends.
:ellent motion! Fellows, let's

good, indeed, and be it so;
your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

*me. A Room in Baptista's House.*

HARINA *and* BIANCA.

r, wrong me not, nor wrong

l and a slave of me;
for these other gawds,
ıl pull them off myself,
to my petticoat;
mmand me, will I do,
luty to my elders.
suitors, here I charge thee, tell
:st: see thou dissemble not.
, sister, of all the men alive,
ıat special face
more than any other.
u liest: Is't not Hortensio?
t him, sister, here I swear,
elf, but you shall have him.
ike, you fancy riches more;
io to keep you fair.
you do envy me so?
and now I well perceive,
with me all this while:
e, untie my hands.
:st, then all the rest was so.
(*Strikes her.*)

*er* BAPTISTA.

ow, dame! whence grows this
—
—poor girl! she weeps:—
meddle not with her.—
ing of a devilish spirit,
ng her, that did ne'er wrong

thee with a bitter word?
e flouts me, and I'll be re-
[*Flies after Bianca.*
sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
ot suffer me? Nay, now I see,
she must have a husband;
ot on her wedding-day,
her, lead apes in hell.
ill go sit and weep,
on of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*
:ntleman thus griev'd as I?
?

LUCENTIO *in the habit of a* ıUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a* ANIO, *with* BIONDELLO, *bearing*

w, neighbour Baptista.
w, neighbour Gremio: God
!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous? [daughter
*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
*Gre.* You are too blunt; go to it orderly.
*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
(*Presenting Hortensio.*)
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. [sake:
*Bap.* You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.
*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.
*Pet.* O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.——
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar (*presenting Lucentio*), that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, (*to Tranio.*) methinks you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the elder sister;
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
*Bap.* Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you (*to Hor.*) the lute, and you (*to Luc.*) the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead [both,
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio Biondello.*

V a little in the orchard,
A r: You are passing welcome,
A all to think yourselves.
ptista, my business asketh haste,
annot come to woo.
er well; and in him, me,
L all his lands and goods,
ter'd rather than decreas'd:
I get your daughter's love,
I have with her to wife?
death, the one half of my lands;
And, in , twenty thousand crowns.
*Pet.* A at dowry, I'll assure her of
Her wid -be it that she survive me,—
I d leases whatsoever:
therefore drawn between us,
y be kept on either hand.
*ap.* A the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, ; for that is all in all.
*Pet.* is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am a y as she proud-minded;
And w raging fires meet together.
They d ry:
Th
Ye
So
For d
*B* 'st be thy
But be thou arm'd fo
*Pet.* Ay, to the pro vinds,
That shake not, thoug

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *ken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend? why thou look so pale?
*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute?
*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the
*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
*Frets, call you these?* quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.
*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
*Pet.* I pray you do, I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit, when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your
*Kath.* Well have you heard, but s of hearing;
They call me Katharine, that do talk
*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you ar Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christ
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty
For dainties are all cates: and theref
Take this of me, Kate of my consola
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in ever
Thy virtues spoke of and thy beauty
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my
*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time: let hin you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the
You were a moveable.
*Pet.* Why, what's
*Kath.* A joint-stool.
*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: com
*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and
*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and
*Kath.* No such jade, sir, as you, if n
*Pet.* Alas, good Kate! I will not bu
For, knowing thee to be but young and
*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as
And yet as heavy as my weight should
*Pet.* Should be? should buz.
*Kath.* Well ta'en, and lik
*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a thee?
*Kat.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a
*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith angry.
*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware
*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it
*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find out
*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp
In his tail.
*Kath.* In his tongue.
*Pet.* Whose to
*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; an
*Pet.* What, with my tongue in yo come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
*Kath.* That I'll try. (S
*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you stri
*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman
And if no gentleman, why, then no ar
*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in
*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxco
*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will
*Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too!
*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you so sour.
*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a
*Pet.* Why here's no crab; and th
*Kath.* There is, there is.
*Pet.* Then show it me.
*Kath.* Had I a gl
*Pet.* What, you mean my face?
*Kat.* Well aim'd of such
*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am t
*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.
*Pet.* 'Tis with
*Kath.*
*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth not so.
*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry;
*Pet.* No, not a whit; I find y
'Twas told me, you were rough,
And now I find report a very li
For thou art pleasant, gamesom
But slow in speech, yet sweet
Thou canst not frown, thou ca

lip, as angry wenches will;
a pleasure to be cross in talk;
a mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
conference, soft and affable.
e world report, that Kate doth limp?
world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
d slender; and as brown in hue
s, and sweeter than the kernels.
thee walk: thou dost not halt.
, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
ver Dian so become a grove,
chamber with her princely gait?
ian, and let her be Kate;
Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
ere did you study all this goodly
ech?
extempore, from my mother-wit.
witty mother! witless else her son.
not wise?
Yes; keep you warm.
y, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
:
e, setting all this chat aside,
terms:—Your father has consented,
ll be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
s, nill you, I will marry you.
I am a husband for your turn;
light, whereby I see thy beauty,
that doth make me like thee well,)
e married to no man but me:
am born to tame you, Kate;
u from a wild cat to a Kate
, as other household Kates.
your father; never make denial,
vill have Katharine to my wife.

BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

,
chio: How speed you with
?
How but well, sir? how but well?
sible, I should speed amiss.
r, how now, daughter Katharine? in
dumps?
you.
l you me, daughter? now I promise
w'd a tender fatherly regard,
wed to one half lunatic;
affian, and a swearing Jack,
vith oaths to face the matter out.
r, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
f her, have talk'd amiss of her;
st, it is for policy:
froward, but modest as the dove;
t, but temperate as the morn;
she will prove a second Grissel;
Lucrece for her chastity.
ude,—we have 'greed so well together,
nday is the wedding-day.
see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee
'd first.
is your speeding? nay, then, good night
part!
atient, gentlemen; I choose her for
elf;
e pleas'd, what's that to you?
'twixt us twain, being alone,
l still be curst in company.
incredible to believe
e loves me: O, the kindest Kate:—
ut my neck; and kiss on kiss
ust, protesting oath on oath,
ok she won me to her love.
vices! 'tis a world to see,
hen men and women are alone,
retch can make the cursest shrew.—
hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
el 'gainst the wedding-day:—
east, father, and bid the guests;
, my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*
*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
*Bap.* The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
*Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
*Gre.* Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
*Tra.* Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
*Gre.* But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.
*Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice, gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.
*Tra.* That, only, came well in.——Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
*Bap.* I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
*Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?
*Bap* Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I.—*A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter* Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
*Luc.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that, which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
(*To Bianca; Hortensio retires.*)
*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.
*Bian.* Where left we last?
*Luc.* Here, madam:—
*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*
*Bian.* Construe them.
*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.
(*Returning.*)
*Bian.* Let's hear;— (*Hortensio plays.*)
O fy! the treble jars.
*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.
*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.
*Luc.* All but the base.
*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave, that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.
*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
*Hor.* You may go walk, (*to Lucentio*) and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. (*Aside.*
*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
*Bian.* (*Reads.*) Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord:*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
*Luc.* 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

### Scene II.—*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, (*to Tranio*) this is the 'pointed day,
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Go, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
*If it would please him come and marry her.*
*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old? Now, for my life, the [illegible]
*Ban.* Well, gentlemen,

[illegible]

## ACT III.

*Scene I.—A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharina welcomed you withal?
*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patronage of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
*Luc.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that, which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools,
I'll not be tied to hours, nor [illegible]
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done ere you can tune.
*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune.
*(To Bianca; Hortensio retires.)*
*Luc.* That will be never—tune your instrument.
*Bian.* Where left we last?
*Luc.* Here, madam:—
*Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus,*
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*
*Bian.* Construe them.
*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto the Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
*Hor.* Madam, my instrument in tune.
*(Returns.)*
*Bian.* Let hear. *(Hortensio plays.)*
[illegible] the treble jarr.
*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
*Bian.* Now let him play. I flat conceit, is
*Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not: *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not: *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hears us not, regard not, madam.
*Hor.* Madam, this music is not well tuned.
*Luc.* [illegible] but the base.
*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Let us [illegible]
Though he be blunt, I know his passing [illegible]

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old? Now, for my life, the [illegible]
[illegible] Well [illegible]

s be merry, yet withal he's honest.
'Would Katharine had never seen him
hough!
*eeping, followed by Bianca, and others.*
o, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
an injury would vex a saint,
e a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

Master, master! news, old news, and such
ou never heard of!
s it new and old too? how may that be?
Why! is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
s he come? [coming?
Why, no, sir.
Vhat then?
He is coming.
When will he be here? [there.
When he stands where I am, and sees you
But, say, what:—To thine old news.
Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat,
ld jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice
pair of boots that have been candle-cases,
led, another laced; an old rusty sword
of the town armoury, with a broken hilt,
eless; with two broken points: his horse
ith an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no
besides, possessed with the glanders, and
se in the chine; troubled with the lampass,
with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped
ins, raied with the yellows, past cure of
stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn
bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-
e'er-legged before, and with a half-checked
head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being
l to keep him from stumbling, hath been
st, and now repaired with knots; one girt
pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,
th two letters for her name, fairly set down
and here and there pieced with pack-

Who comes with him?
O, sir, his lackey, for all the world capa-
ke the horse; with a linen stock on one leg,
sey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a
blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of*
*cies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster,
onster in apparel; and not like a Christian
or a gentleman's lackey.
'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this
fashion;——
times he goes but mean apparell'd.
I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.
Why, sir, he comes not.
Didst thou not say, he comes?
Who? that Petruchio came?
Ay, that Petruchio came.
No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.
Why, that's all one.
Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny,
and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Come, where be these gallants? who is at
ome?
You are welcome, sir.
And yet I come not well.
And yet you halt not.
Not so well apparell'd
h you were.
Were it better I should rush in thus.
re is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
es my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown:
refore gaze this goodly company;
y saw some wondrous monument,
met, or unusual prodigy? [day:
Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
*Pet.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes·
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.*
*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his bad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better, ere he go to church.
*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exit.*
*Tra.* But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio;
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter* GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.
*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home? [deed,
*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom in-
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam
*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
*Ay, by gog's-wounds*, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
*Now take them up*, quoth he, *if any list.*
*Tra.* What said the wench, when he arose again?
*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cosen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if

ıd been abou arousing to his mates
a storm d off the muscadel,
hrew the in the sexton's face;
ard grew thin and hungerly,
sops, as he was drinking.
bride about the neck;
such a clamorous smack,
the church did echo.
eing this nce for very shame;
after me the rout is coming:
a mad t ever was before:
k. hark! I he minstrels play. (*Music.*)

THARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
RUMIO, *and Train.*

*Pet.* friends, I thank you for your

to ne with me to-day,
d g t store of wedding cheer;
my haste doth call me hence,
the here I mean to
*Bap.* ossible, you wil
*Pet.* I t away to-day,
Make it no wonder; if you kn
You would entreat me rather g
onest company, I thank
e beheld me give away
st patient, sweet, and
my father, drink a h
hence, and farewell
Let us entreat you stay
It may not be.
Let me entreat you.
It cannot be.
*Kath.* Let me entreat you.
*Pet.* I am content.
*Kath.* Are you content to stay?
*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.
*Pet.* Grumio, my horses.
*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
*Kath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; pry'thee, be not angry.
*Kath.* I will be angry: What hast thou to do?—
Father be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:— (Kate;
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!
*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
*Bian.* That being mad herself, she's madly mated.
*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants,
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fy, fy, on all tired jades! on all mad ers! and all foul ways! Was ever man so en? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so y? I am sent before to make a fire, and they coming after to warm them. Now, were not I le pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze y teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire aw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall n myself; for, considering the weather, a taller than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that, calls so coldly?
*Gru.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run, but my head and my neck. A fire, Curtis.
*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.
*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew, as she's reported?
*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.
*Curt.* Away, you three inch fool! I am no beast.
*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.
*Curt.* I pry'thee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?
*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.
*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?
*Gru.* Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.
*Curt.* Come, you are so full of coney-catching:—
*Gru.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?
*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?
*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.
*Curt.* How?
*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.
*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.
*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

lere.
ere. (*Striking him.*)
his is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
d therefore 'tis called a sensible tale:
iff was but to knock at your ear, and be-
ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came
l hill, my master riding behind my mis-

oth on one horse?
'hat's that to thee?
Vhy, a horse.
ell thou the tale:——But hadst thou not
e, thou should'st have heard how her
and she under her horse; thou should'st
l, in how miry a place: how she was be-
ow he left her with the horse upon her;
at me, because her horse stumbled; how
through the dirt, to pluck him off me;
ore; how she prayed—that never pray'd
ow I cried; how the horses ran away;
idle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—
things of worthy memory; which now
oblivion, and thou return unexperienced
e. [she.
y this reckoning, he is more shrew than
y; and that, thou and the proudest of you
d, when he comes home. But what talk
—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas,
alter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their
deekly combed, their blue coats brushed,
garters of an indifferent knit: let them
h their left legs; and not presume to
ir of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss
s. Are they all ready?
hey are.
ll them forth.
o you hear, ho? you must meet my master,
ance my mistress.
Vhy, she hath a face of her own.
Vho knows not that?
hou it seems; that callest for company to
e her.
call them forth to credit her.
Vhy, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

Welcome home, Grumio.
low now, Grumio?
hat, Grumio!
ellow Grumio!
low now, old lad?
Velcome, you;—how now, you;—what,
ow, you;—and thus much for greeting.
spruce companions, is all ready, and all
t? [master?
All things is ready: How near is our
en at hand, alighted by this; and there-
t,——Cock's passion, silence,——I hear
.

*ter* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

here be these knaves? What, no man at
oor,
ay stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——
v. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
ere, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
r-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
attendance? no regard? no duty?—
the foolish knave I sent before?
ere, sir; as foolish as I was before.
ou peasant swain! you whoreson malt-
orse drudge!
bid thee meet me in the park,
along these rascal knaves with thee?
athaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
iel's pumps were all unpick'd i'the heel;
no link to colour Peter's hat,
er's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory:
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*
*Where is the life that late I led—* (*Sings.*
Where are those——sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?
*It was the friar of orders grey,* (*Sings.*)
*As he forth walked on his way:—*
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
(*Strikes him.*)
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
(*A basin is presented to him.*)
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
(*Servant lets the ewer fall.*)
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
(*Strikes him.*)
*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1 *Serv.* Ay.
*Pet.* Who brought it?
1 *Serv.* I.
*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
(*Throws the meat, etc. about the stage.*)
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.*)
*Nath.* (*Advancing.*) Peter, didst ever see the like?
*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* Curtis.

*Gru.* Where is he?
*Curt.* In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Petruchio.

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:
He, that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
(*They stand aside.*)

*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
*Bian.* What master, read you? first resolve me that.
*Luc.* I read that I profess; the art to love.
*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. (*They retire.*)
*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
*Tra.* O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be:
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.
*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow,
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fy on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
*Hor.* Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.*
*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.
*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn me?
*Tra.* Mistress, we have.
*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.
*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
*Bian.* God give him joy!
*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.
*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.
*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter* BIONDELLO, *running*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?
*Bion.* Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?
*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!
*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
*Ped.* Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of Mantua.
*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life!
*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
*Tra.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. (*Aside.*)
*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
*Ped.* O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good
This, by the way, I let you understand,—

s here look'd for every day,
urance of a dower in marriage
nd one Baptista's daughter here :
circumstances I'll instruct you :
, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

III.—*A room in Petruchio's House.*

*ter* KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
he more my wrong, the more his spite
ppears :
he marry me to famish me?
at come under my father's door,
nty, have a present alms;
where they meet with charity :
never knew how to entreat,—
needed that I should entreat,—
for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
kept waking, and with brawling fed :
hich spites me more than all these wants,
nder name of perfect love;
uld say, if I should sleep, or eat,
lly sickness, or else present death.—
o, and get me some repast!
hat, so it be wholesome food.
at say you to a neat's foot?
s passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
ur, it is too choleric a meat :—
u to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
ike it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
unot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
ou to a piece of beef, and mustard?
lish, that I do love to feed upon.
but the mustard is too hot a little.
ay, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
, then I will not; you shall have the
ard,
get no beef of Grumio.
en both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
, then the mustard without the beef.
, get thee gone, thou false deluding
e, (*Beats him.*)
me with the very name of meat:
ee, and all the pack of you,
thus upon my misery!
gone, I say.

TRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
ess, what cheer? [amort?
'Faith, as cold as can be.
up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
hou see'st how diligent I am,
meat myself, and bring it thee :
(*Sets the dish on a table.*)
eet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not;
ains is sorted to no proof :—
ay this dish.
'Pray you, let it stand.
oorest service is repaid with thanks,
mine, before you touch the meat.
nk you, sir.
r Petruchio, fy! you are to blame:
s Kate, I'll bear you company.
up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
(*Aside.*)
it unto thy gentle heart!
ce;—And now, my honey love,
rn unto thy father's house;
s bravely as the best,
oats, and caps, and golden rings,
d cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
nd fans, and double change of bravery,
racelets, beads, and all this knavery.
e dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
ody with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?
*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fy, fy! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.
*Kath.* I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
*Hor.* That will not be in haste. (*Aside.*)
*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay;—Come, tailor, let us
see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop :—
Why, what o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
*Hor.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown. (*Aside.*)
*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.
*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.
*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.
*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou
Thou thimble, [thread,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.
*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?
*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?
*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.
*Tai.* I have.
*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the
gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*,
thou liest. [testify.
*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to
*Pet.* Read it. [said so.
*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say

*Tai.* *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown;*

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* *With a small compassed cape;*

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* *With a trunk sleeve;*——

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fy, fy!

*Pet.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—(*Aside.*)
Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Ped.* I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your boy
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him.—Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee, that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, (*To the Pedant*
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd: and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

*Bion.* Cambio.—

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

hee, moralise them.
hos. Baptista is safe, talking with
ther of a deceitful son.
at of him?
ughter is to be brought by you to
:n?— [the supper.
l priest at Saint Luke's church is at
it all hours.
at of all this?
t tell; except they are busied about
ssurance: take you assurance of
*gio ad imprimendum solum*: to the
he priest, clerk, and some sufficient
s: [say,
hat you look for, I have no more to
farewell for ever and a day. (*Going.*)
thou, Biondello?
t tarry: I knew a wench married in
she went to the garden for parsley
; and so may you, sir; and so adieu,
hath appointed me to go to Saint
e priest be ready to come, against
our appendix. [*Exit.*
and will, if she be so contented:
s'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
say, I'll roundly go about her;
if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

NE V.—*A public Road.*

HIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.
, o'God's name; once more toward
ner's. [moon!
ow bright and goodly shines the
on! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
is the moon that shines so bright.
, it is the sun that shines so bright.
y my mother's son, and that's myself,
, or star, or what I list,
to your father's house;—
h our horses back again.—
'd, and cross'd, nothing but cross'd!
he says, or we shall never go.
rd, I pray, since we have come so
, or sun, or what you please: [far,
se to call it a rush candle,
w it shall be so for me.
is the moon.
I know it is.
en you lie; it is the blessed sun.
od be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
t, when you say it is not;
hanges, even as your mind.
ave it nam'd, even that it is;
be so, for Katharine.
io, go thy ways; the field is won.
forward, forward: thus the bowl
run,
ily against the bias.—
company is coming here?

ICENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*
gentle mistress: where away?—
(*To Vincentio.*)
Kate, and tell me truly too,
d a fresher gentlewoman?
ite and red within her cheeks!
spangle heaven with such beauty,
es become that heavenly face?—
d, once more good-day to thee:—
ubrace her for her beauty's sake.
ll make the man mad, to make a

g budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
,
; or where is thy abode?
nts of so fair a child;
an, whom favourable stars
is lovely bed-fellow!
ow now, Kate! I hope thou art not
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
*Vin.* Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,— [Pisa:
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
*Pet.* What is his name?
*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.
*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.
*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*
*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Padua. Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter, on one side,* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA: GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.
*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.
[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*
*Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.
*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
(*Knocks.*)
*Gre.* They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

*Enter Pedant above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?
*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.
*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?
*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! (*To Vincen.*) why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp.

(*Seeing Biondello.*)

*Bion.* I hope, I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? (*Beats Biondello.*)

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

(*Exit from the window.*)

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. (*They retire.*)

*Re-enter Pedant below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! —O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer: (*Enter one with an Officer*) carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business; I dare
is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, tha

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior I

*Bap.* Away with the dotard; to the ga

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled an
O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO, *a*

*Bion.* O, we are spoiled, and—Yo
deny him, forswear him, or else we ar

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father.

*Vin.* Lives my sw

(*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedan*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou o
Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucenti
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daught
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine

*Gre.* Here's packing, with a witness,
us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, T
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matte

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Ca

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Locent

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. B
Made me exchange my state with Tran
While he did bear my countenance in th
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my s

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that
sent me to the gaol.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? (*To Luce*
you married my daughter without askin
will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will c
But I will in to be revenged for this vil

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of t

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy fat
frown. [*Exeunt Luc.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough: But I'll in amo
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the f

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *adv*

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see
this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the stre

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir; God forbid:—but asha

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again:—
rah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss:
thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sw
Better once than never, for never too late

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's*

*A Banquet set out. Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *the Pedant,* LUCENTIO, B TRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *a* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and tending.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring n
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcom
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving wi
Feast with the best, and welcome to my
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, si

ow we sit to chat, as well as eat.
(*They sit at table.*)
t. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
p. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
t. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
r. For both our sakes, I would that word were

t. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
d. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
t. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
s, Hortensio is afeard of you.
d. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns
t. Roundly replied. [round.
tA. Mistress, how mean you that?
d. Thus I conceive by him. [that?
. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio
. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow. [round:——
tA. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns
you, tell me what you meant by that.
d. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
ires my husband's sorrow by his woe:
ow you know my meaning.
tA. A very mean meaning.
d. Right, I mean you.
. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
. To her, Kate!
. To her, widow!
. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
. That's my office. [down.
. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
(*Drinks to Hortensio.*)
. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
n. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
d say, your head and butt were head and horn.
. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
n. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again. [begun,
. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
t you for a bitter jest or two.
n. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
hen pursue me as you draw your bow:—
re welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina and Widow.*
. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
ird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
here, a health to all, that shot and miss'd.
. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
h runs himself, and catches for his master.
. A good swift simile, but something currish.
. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
ought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio,
. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
s the jest did glance away from me,
n to one it maim'd you two outright.
n. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
t thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
each one send unto his wife;
n, whose wife is most obedient
me at first, when he doth send for her,
win the wager, which we will propose.
. Content:——what is the wager?
n. Twenty crowns.
. Twenty crowns!
ature so much on my hawk, or hound,
wenty times so much upon my wife.
n. A hundred, then.
r. Content.
n. A match; 'tis done.
r. Who shall begin?
n. That will I.—Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
*Bion.* I go [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
*Luc.* I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
*Pet.* I hope, better.
*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? [hand;
*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O
Intolerable, not to be endur'd! [vile,
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
*Hor.* I know her answer.
*Pet.* What?
*Hor.* She will not come.
*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina! [me?
*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for
*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
*Pet.* Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands;
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
*Hor.* And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet
An awful rule, and right supremacy; [life,
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
*Bap.* Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never been.
*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter* KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow*

See, where she comes: and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
(*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*)
*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
*Bian.* Fy! what a foolish duty call you this?
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper time
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head strong women,
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
*Wid.* She shall not.
*Pet.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fy, fy! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worm
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for fro
But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past co
That seeming to be most, which we least ar
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband'
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for th

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when child toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women ward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed:——
We three are married, but you two are spe
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the
[*To L*
And, being a winner, God give you good ni
[*Exeunt Petruchio an*

*Hor* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd shrew.

*Luc.* Tis a wonder, by your leave, she tam'd so.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

*Petruchio.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

# Explanatory Notes.

## INDUCTION.

### SCENE I.

!. 4. *I'll pheese you,*] To *pheese* or
) separate a twist into single threads.
ırative sense it may well enough be
: *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harass*, to
· to *beat*. Perhaps *I'll pheese you*,
uivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a
garly used by persons of Sly's cha-
ike occasions.
ıo rogues:] That is, *vagrants*, no
ws, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.
*aucas pallabris*;] Sly, as an igno-
r, is purposely made to aim at lan-
ıt of his knowledge, and knock the
of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas*
i. e. few words: as they do likewise,
e. be quiet.
*you have* burst?] To *burst* and to
re anciently synonymous. *Burst* is
for *broke* in the North of Eng-

. *Go by*, says *Jeronimy*:—*Go to*
*ed, and warm thee.*] These phra-
llusions to a fustian old play, called
o, 'or the Spanish Tragedy, which
sommon butt of raillery to all the
hakspeare's time. Mr. Malone reads
. Jeronimy."
- *the* thirdborough.] The office of
*ugh* is the same with that of *con-*
:cept in places where there are both,
ase the former is little more than the
s assistant.
ch *Merriman*,—*the poor cur is* em-
The Commentators are not agreed as
eaning of *brach*; it is a species of
ıt of what kind, uncertain. Mr. Ma-
ts that brach is a verb; and Sir T.
reads *leech* Merriman: i. e. apply
to him.
*'d* is a hunting term. When a deer
n, and foams at the mouth, he is said
*boss'd*. A dog also when he is strain-
hard-running (especially upon hard
will have his knees swelled, and then
d to be *emboss'd*: from the French
*se*, which signifies a tumour.
. *This do, and do it* kindly,] *Kindly*
*turally*.
- *modesty*.] By *modesty* is meant *mo-*
, without suffering our merriment to
o an excess

*Id. l.* 44. —— *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

*P.* 302, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. *take them to the* buttery.] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: "—the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*: and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Coudelle, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

At the period when this comedy was written and for many years after, the profession of a player was scarcely allowed to be reputable. The imagined dignity of these who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy consideration. I can as easily believe that the blundering editors of the first folio were suffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of state, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leicester, or the toilette of Lady Hunsdon. Like Stephen in *Every Man in his Homour*, the greatest indulgence our histrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 33. "this seven." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 37. *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *of* Burton-heath:—— *Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of* Wincot.] I suspect we should read—*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmanoot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

*Id. c* 2, *l.* 3. —— *I am not* bestraught;] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or distracted.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *leet*,] At the *court-leet*, or courts of the manor.

*P.* 303, *c.* 1, *l.* 51 *Is not a* commonty *a Christ-*

*mas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read — *It is* not a *commodity*, &c. *Commonly* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 303, *c.* 1, *l.* 69 —— *ingenious*—] It was probably written — *ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. In Cole's *Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked — "*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

*Id. l.* 75. —— *to* serve *all hopes conceiv'd*.] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. In the preceding line, Mr. Malone reads "Vicentio's son."

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. —— *Aristotle's* checks,] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethics*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *to* quicken *you*;] i. e. *animate*.

*Id. l.* 67. *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* for *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

*P.* 304, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— *cunning men* —] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 19. —— *your* gifts —] *Gifts* for *endowments*.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *I will* wish *him to her father*.] i. e. I will *recommend* him.

*Id. l.* 29. —— *upon* advice,] i. e. on *consideration*, or *reflection*.

*Id. l.* 54. *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *is not* rated —] Is not driven out by chiding.

*Id. l.* 78. *Redime*, &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it might not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *longly* —] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 4. —— *daughter of Agenor* —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull.

*Id. l.* 39. *Basta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spanish.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *I have it full*.] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *port*,] *Port* is figure, show, appearance.

*Id. l.* 46. Mr. Malone reads, "meaner man of Pisa."

*P.* 305, *c.* 1, *l.* 15 —— *good and weighty*.] The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where the speeches of the tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 43. —— wring *it*;] Here see quibble between *ringing* at a doo *ing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *what he* 'leges *in La* suppose, what he *alleges* in VENS.

*Id. l.* 72. —— knock me *soundly?*] seems to design a ridicule on thi ungrammatical phraseology; whi introduced in *Othello:*

"I pray *talk me* of Cassio

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. *Where small experienc in a* few,] *In a few*, means th *short, in few* words. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 22. (*As wealth is* burthen *of* dance)] The *burthen* of a *dance* sion which I have never heard; th *his wooing song* had been more p son.

*Id. l.* 23. *Be she as foul as was Flor* The allusion is to a story told by first Book *De Confessione Amar* is the name of a knight who had self to marry a deformed hag, taught him the solution of a rid his life depended.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *aglet-baby*;] i. e. a dimi not exceeding in size the tag of *aglet-baby* was a small image or the tag of a point, or lace.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *shrewd*,] here means qualities of a *shrew*. The adje used only in the sense of *acute, in*

*Id. l.* 67. —— *an be begin once, he'l* rope-tricks.] *Ropery* or *rope-tric* signified abusive language, withou minate idea; such language as parr to speak.

*Id. l.* 66. —— stand *him* —] i. e. with him.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *that she shall have n to see withal than a cat*:] It ma he shall swell up her eyes with bl shall seem to peep with a contracte a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

*P.* 306, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. *Therefore this* orde *tista* ta'en;] To *take order* is to *sures*.

*Id. l.* 9. *Well* seen *in music*,] *Seen* practised.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *at any hand*;] i. e. at

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. —— *with* bugs.] i. e *bears*.

*Id. l.* 30. Mr. Malone gives this spee dello.

*P.* 307, *c.* 1, *l.* 12. *Please ye we may* c *afternoon*,] *Contrive* does not sig *project*, but to *spend* and *wear ou* from *contero*.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *as* adversaries *do in* law *versaries in law*, I believe, our at not suitors, but *barristers*, wh warm in their opposition to each o courts of law, live in greater ha friendship in private, than perhaps other of the liberal professions. T seldom "eat and drink with their as friends." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 16. —— Fellows, *let's begone*, means *fellow-servants*. Grumio an address each other, and also the dis centio. MALONE.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *hilding* —] The word

'. 317, c 1, l. 10. Mr. Malone reads "expect;" i. e. wait the event.

d. l. 12. —— *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:*] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED.

'd. l. 13. —— *to the church;*] i. e. go to the church, &c.

SCENE V.

Id. l. 47. "I know it is the moon."—MALONE.

Id. c. 2, l. 5. *That every thing I look on seemeth green:*] Shakspeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics. BLACKSTONE.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

'. 318, c. 1, l. 46. —— *a copatain hat!*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

l. c. 2, l. 1. ——*coney-catched*—] i. e. deceived, cheated.

l. l. 22. *While counterfeit* supposes *blear'd thine eyne.*] *To blear the eye* was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive.*

Id. l. 23. *Here's* packing,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance.

Id. l. 47. *My cake is dough:*] A phrase generally used when any project miscarried, or rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation.

SCENE II.

Id. l. 76. *My* banquet—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books), an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit.

P. 319, c. 1, l. 8. —— fears *his widow.*] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

Id. l. 10. "You are very sensible, &c. MALONE.

Id. l. 58. —— *that* gird,] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*

Id. c. 2, l. 30. Mr. Malone omits the word *come*.

P. 318, c. 1, l 5. "As frosts do bite," &c. MALONE.

Id. c. 2, l. 2. —— *our soft* conditions,] The gentle qualities of our minds.

Id. l. 10. "we indeed least are." MALONE.

Id. l. 11. —— *Then vail your stomachs,*] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit.

Id. l. 23. ——*you two* are sped.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives to exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

Id. l. 24. —— *though you* hit the white;] To *hit the white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*.

# Winter's Tale.

Act III.—Scene 3.

*Shepherd.* What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one.

# Historical Notes.

roughout, is written in the very
ıor. And in telling this homely
ugh agreeable, country tale,

*ıt Shakspeare, fancy's child,*
*s native wood-notes wild.*

ssary to observe in mere justice
ı the meanness of the fable, and
conduct of it, had misled some
ıto a wrong judgment of its me-
far as it regards sentiment and
ırce inferior to any in the whole
ıRBURTON.

s' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward
"A book entitled *A Wynter*
ıe." STEEVENS.

this play is taken from the
*ry of Dorastus and Fawnia,*
ert Greene. JOHNSON.

l, the King of Sicilia, whom
ıes

| | |
|---|---|
| called..... | Egistus. |
| K. of Bohemia..... | Pandosto. |
| P. of Sicilia..... | Garinter. |
| . of Bohemia..... | Dorastus. |
| ..... | Franion. |
| ırd..... | Porrus. |
| ..... | Bellaria. |
| ..... | Faunia. |
| ..... | Mopsa. |

Antigonus, Paulina, and Auto-
poet's own invention; but many
ɔf the novel are omitted in the
s.

ɔn, by "some of great name,"
ınd Pope. See the Essay at the
nd Part of *The Conquest of Gre-*
ıs the lameness of their plots
ıakspeare and Fletcher); many of which especially those which they wrote first (for even that age refined itself in some measure), were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (and here, by the by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production), nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us: "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poesie*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie under king

domes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

*The Winter's Tale* is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, *nor a nest of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget TALES, *Tempests* and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond, of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: "He (Jonson) said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense: for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words, therefore, are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1611. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*; but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the sea?*"—There is a similar mistake [illegible] *Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to [illegible] Milan. FARMER.

*The Winter's Tale* may be ran[illegible] the historic Plays of Shakspeare, [illegible] one of his numerous critics and co[illegible] have discovered the drift of it. It [illegible] intended (in compliment to Queen [illegible] as an indirect apology for her m[illegible] Boleyn. The address of the poet [illegible] where to more advantage. The sub[illegible] delicate to be exhibited on the stag[illegible] veil; and it was too recent, and [illegible] Queen too nearly, for the bard to ha[illegible] so home an allusion on any other [illegible] compliment. The unreasonable [illegible] Leontes and his violent conduct in c[illegible] form a true portrait of Henry the [illegible] generally made the law the engine [illegible] terous passions. Not only the gen[illegible] the story is most applicable, but seve[illegible] are so marked, that they touch the [illegible] nearer than the fable. Hermione [illegible] says:

> "———— for honour,
> "'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
> "And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from th[illegible] of Anne Boleyn to the king before [illegible] tion, where she pleads for the inf[illegible] his daughter. Mamillius, the yo[illegible] an unnecessary character, dies in [illegible] but it confirms the allusion, as Q[illegible] before Elizabeth, bore a still-born [illegible] the most striking passage, and whic[illegible] ing to do in the tragedy, but as [illegible] Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, des[illegible] new-born princess, and her like[illegible] father, says: "*She has the very* [illegible] *frown*." There is one sentence in [illegible] plicable, both to Elizabeth and her [illegible] I should suspect the poet inserted [illegible] death. Paulina, speaking of the ch[illegible] king:

> "———— 'Tis yours;
> "And might we lay the old proverb to y[illegible]
> "So like you, 'tis the worse."

*The Winter's Tale* was, therefor[illegible] a second part of *Henry the Eighth*.

# WINTER'S TALE.

as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of s naturally conceived, and strongly represented. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*King of Sicilia.*
IS, *his Son.*
IS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
ES, }
*ilian Lord.*
*a Sicilian Gentleman.*
*nt on the young Prince Mamillius.*
*s Court of Judicature.*
S, *King of Bohemia.*
*, his Son.*
IUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
*Gaoler.*
*An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.*
*Clown, his Son.*
*Servant to the old Shepherd.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
*Time, as Chorus.*
HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*
*Two other Ladies,* }
MOPSA,—DORCAS,—*Shepherdesses.*
*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.*

SCENE,—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

## ACT I.

*Sicilia. An Ante-chamber in Leontes' Palace.*

*nter* CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

f you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bo-
he like occasion, wherein my services are
t, you shall see, as I have said, great dif-
twixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.
think, this coming summer, the king of
ns to pay Bohemia the visitation which he
s him.
Wherein our entertainment shall shame us,
justified in our loves: for, indeed,—
Beseech you,——
Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my
: we cannot with such magnificence—
—I know not what to say——We will
leepy drinks; that your senses, unintel-
r insufficience, may, though they cannot
as little accuse us. [given freely.
ou pay a great deal too dear for what's
believe me, I speak as my understanding
e, and as mine honesty puts it to utter-

icilia cannot show himself over kind to
They were trained together in their
; and there rooted betwixt them then
ffection, which cannot choose but branch
ce their more mature dignities, and royal
, made separation of their society, their
, though not personal, have been royally
with interchange of gifts, letters, loving
; that they have seemed to be together,
sent; shook hands, as over a vast; and
as it were, from the ends of opposed
he heavens continue their loves!
think, there is not in the world either
matter, to alter it. You have an un-
comfort of your young prince Mamillius;
tleman of the greatest promise, that ever
my note.
very well agree with you in the hopes
t is a gallant child; one that, indeed,
e subject, makes old hearts fresh: they,
on crutches ere he was born, desire yet
to see him a man.
Would they else be content to die?
Yes; if there were no other excuse, why
ld desire to live.
If the king had no son, they would desire
crutches, till he had one.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of state in the Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more,
That go before it.
*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them, when you part.
*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
*This is put forth too truly!* Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
*Pol.* No longer stay.
*Leon.* One seven-night longer.
*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.
*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then: and
I'll no gain-saying. [in that
*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue, that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
*Leon.* Well said, Hermione
*Her.* To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence (*to Polixenes*) I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
*Pol.* No, madam.
*Her.* Nay, but you will?
*Pol.* I may not, verily.
*Her.* Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
*Pol.* Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
*Her.* Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.
*Pol.* We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?
*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty;* the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
*Her.* By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had not then cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
*Her.* Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
*Leon.* Is he won yet?
*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.
*Leon.* At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
*Her.* Never?
*Leon.* Never, but once.
*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.
*Leon.* Why, that was, when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
*I am yours for ever.*
*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.
(*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*)
*Leon.* Too hot, too hot: (*Aside.*)
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.
*Leon.* I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
(*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*)
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf?
*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.
*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
*Pol.* What means Sicilia?
*Her.* He something seems unsettled.
*Pol.* How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
*Her.* You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.
*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be his dole!—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

If at home, sir,
ıy exercise, my mirth, my matter:
rworn friend, and then mine enemy;
te, my soldier, statesman, all:
a July's day short as December;
ı his varying childness, cures in me
that would thick my blood.
So stands this squire
th me: We two will walk, my lord,
you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
ıyself, and my young rover, he's
to my heart.
If you would seek us,
pours i' the garden: Shall's attend you
here? [found,
To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
neath the sky:—I am angling now,
ıu perceive me not how I give line.
to!
. *Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*)
holds up the neb, the bill to him!
her with the boldness of a wife
owing husband! Gone already;
, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
ne.—
*t Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
me to my grave; contempt and clamour
ny knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
ave been,
ıuch deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
a man there is, even at this present,
le I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
ond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
ther men have gates; and those gates
pen'd,
gainst their will: Should all despair,
revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
ng themselves. Physic for't there is none;
rdy planet, that will strike
ı predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
, west, north and south: Be it concluded,
ıdo for a belly; know it;
in and out the enemy,
and baggage: many a thousand of us
disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
am like you, they say.
Why, that's some comfort.—
ıamillo there!
y, my good lord.
So play, Mamilius; thou'rt an honest
an.— [*Exit Mamillius.*
his great sir will yet stay longer.
ou had much ado to make his anchor hold:
cast out, it still came home.
Didst note it?
le would not stay at your petitions; made
es more material.
Didst perceive it?
ere with me already; whispering, round-
s *so forth:* 'Tis far gone, [ing,
ıall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
d stay?
At the good queen's entreaty.
ıt the queen's, be't: good should be per-
, it is not. Was this taken [tinent;
derstanding pate but thine?
nceit is soaking, will draw in
the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
finer natures? by some severals,
ece extraordinary? lower messes,
, are to this business purblind; say.
usiness, my lord? I think, most under-
tays here longer. [stand
Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.
*Leon.* Ay, but why?
*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
*Leon.* Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!
*Leon.* To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
*Cam.* My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight; say it, and justify it.
*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
If this be nothing. [things,
*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
*Leon.* Say, it be; 'tis true.
*Cam.* No, no, my lord.
*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her medal,
Ahont his neck, Bohemia; who—if I [hanging
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that,
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——

*Leon.* Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady!—But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that have struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter* Polixenes.

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?——
Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i'the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lo

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:
For to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness,
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him [pel;
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my coun-
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed Him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen't, or been an instrument [swears
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—

ɪsed in this trunk, which you
ɪg impawn'd,—away to-night.
s I will whisper to the business;
wos, and threes, at several posterns,
the city: For myself, I'll put
› your service, which are here
ery lost. Be not uncertain;
ɪnour of my parents, I
ruth: which if you seek to prove,
ɪd by; nor shall you be safer
ɔdemn'd by the king's own mouth,
sworn. [thereon
I do believe thee;
t in his face. Give me thy hand;
, and thy places shall
mine: my ships are ready, and
l expect my hence departure
—This jealousy
us creature: as she's rare,
at; and, as his person's mighty,
lent; and as he does conceive
ɪr'd by a man which ever
im, why, his revenges must
le more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
on be my friend, and comfort
queen, part of his theme, but nothing
suspicion! Come, Camillo;
thee as a father, if
ny life off hence: let us avoid.
n mine authority, to command
ɪll the posterns: please your highness
ɪrgent hour: Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

ɪMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

the boy to you: he so troubles me,
ɪring.
Come, my gracious lord,
ɪr play-fellow?
No, I'll none of you.
'hy, my sweet lord?
'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
still.—I love you better.
ɪd why so, my good lord?
Not for because
re blacker; yet black brows, they say,
women best; so that there be not
r there, but in a semi-circle,
made with a pen.
Who taught you this?
ɪrn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
ɪre your eye-brows? [now
Blue, my lord.
, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's

ı blue, but not her eye-brows.
Hark ye:
ɪur mother, rounds apace: we shall
ervices to a fine new prince,
lays: and then you'd wanton with us,
ɪave you.
She is spread of late
bulk: Good time encounter her!
wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
ow
ɪgain: pray you, sit by us,
ɪle.
Merry, or sad, shall't be?
erry as you will.
A sad tale's best for winter;
sprites and goblins.
Let's have that, sir.
lown:—Come on, and do your best
with your sprites: you're powerful at
e was a man,—— [it.
Nay, come, sit down; then on.
ɪlt by a church-yard:—I will tell it
r;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
*Her.* Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him? [never
I *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
*Leon.* How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander!—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?
I *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
*Leon.* I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some sign of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
*Her.* What is this? sport?
*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
*Her.* But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
*Leon.* You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
*'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:*
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she's honest: But be it known
From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be
She's an adultress.
*Her.* Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
*Leon.* No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.
*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!
*Leon.* Shall I be heard?
(*To the Guards.*)
*Her.* Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd a prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.——My women, come; you have
*Leon.* Go, do your bidding; hence. [leave.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
*Ant.* If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife: I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
*Leon.* Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, [lain,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the vil-
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
*Leon.* Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.
*Ant.* If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
*Leon.* What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
*Leon.* Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
*Leon.* How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.
*Ant.* (*Aside.*) To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.—The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter* PAULINA *and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,
*Re-enter Attendant with the Keeper.*
You know me, do you not?
*Keep.* For a worthy lady
And one whom I much honour.
*Paul.* Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
*Keep.* I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
*Paul.* Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
*Keep.* So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
*Paul.* I pray now, call her—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*
*Keep.* And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

[redacted]

*Re-enter Keeper, with* EMILIA.

lewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
together: on her frights, and griefs,
ever tender lady hath borne greater,)
nething before her time, deliver'd.
A boy?
A daughter; and a goodly babe,
l like to live: the queen receives
fort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
*cent as you.*
I dare be sworn:——
gerous unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
em!
e told on't, and he shall: the office
woman best; I'll take't upon me:
honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
to my red-look'd anger be
et any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
my best obedience to the queen;
s trust me with her little babe,
the king, and undertake to be
ate to th' loudest: We do not know
ay soften at the sight o'the child;
often of pure innocence
when speaking fails.
Most worthy madam,
ur, and your goodness, is so evident,
free undertaking cannot miss
issue; there is no lady living,
this great errand: Please your ladyship
next room, I'll presently
he queen of your most noble offer;
o-day, hammer'd of this design;
ot tempt a minister of honour,
ould be denied.
Tell her, Emilia,
tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
s from my bosom, let it not be doubted
ood.
Now be you blest for it!
queen: Please you, come something
arer. [babe,
adam, if't please the queen to send the
what I shall incur, to pass it,
warrant.
u need not fear it, sir:
as prisoner to the womb; and is,
process of great nature, thence
enfranchis'd: not a party to
f the king; nor guilty of,
e trespass of the queen.
o believe it.
Do not you fear: upon
r, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

*—The same. A Room in the Palace.*

TES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

or night nor day, no rest: It is but
akness
matter thus; mere weakness, if
ere not in being;—part o'the cause,
ltress;—for the harlot king
ood mine arm, out of the blank
my brain, plot-proof: but she
me: Say, that she were gone,
fire, a moiety of my rest
to me again.——Who's there?
My lord? (*Advancing.*)
w does the boy?
He took good rest to-night;
is sickness is discharg'd.
To see
s!
e dishonour of his mother,
eclin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fy, fy! no
thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter* PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, [me:
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.
*Ant.* That's enough.
1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded
None should come at him.
*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
*Leon.* What noise there, ho?
*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
*Leon.* How?——
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.
*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?
*Paul.* From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour), trust it,
He shall not rule me.
*Ant.* Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.
*Leon.* Good queen!
*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
*Leon.* Force her hence.
*Paul.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do mine errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
(*Laying down the child.*)
*Leon.* Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
*Paul.* Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
*Leon.* Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard (*to Antigonus*), thou art woman-tir'd,
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Tak't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
*Paul.* For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
*Leon.* He dreads his wife.
*Paul.* So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
*Leon.* A nest of traitors!
*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.
*Paul.* Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
*Leon.* A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
*Paul.* It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
*Leon.* A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
*Ant.* Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
*Leon.* Once more, take her hence
*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.
*Paul.* I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call thee tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
*Leon.* On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
*Ant.* I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
*Leon.* You are liars all. [*exeunt.*
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us leave
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows.—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
(*To Antigonus.*)
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life? [*Exit.*
*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
*Leon.* It shall be possible: swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
*Ant.* I will, my lord.
*Leon.* Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be [*Exit.*
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear'st
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.
*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and blessing
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit, with the Child.*
*Leon.* No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
*Leon.* Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

—*The same. A Street in some Town.*

*Enter* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

ie climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
e isle; the temple much surpassing
ion praise it bears.
I shall report,
it caught me, the celestial habits,
, I so should term them,) and the reverence
ive wearers. O, the sacrifice!
monious, solemn, and unearthly
ie offering!
But, of all, the burst
ar-deafening voice o'the oracle,
re's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
s nothing.
If the event o'the journey
successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
is worth the use on't.
Great Apollo,
o the best! These proclamations,
faults upon Hermione,
e.
The violent carriage of it
r, or end, the business: When the oracle,
Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
contents discover, something rare
will rush to knowledge.——Go,—fresh
orses;—
ous be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

*Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.*

This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce,)
bes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
hter of a king; our wife; and one
much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
tyrannous, since we so openly
n justice; which shall have due course,
he guilt, or the purgation.——
he prisoners.
is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
person here in court.—Silence!

E *is brought in, guarded;* Paulina *and Ladies, attending.*

Read the indictment.
*ermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,*
*Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-*
*f high treason, in committing adultery*
*xenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring*
*illo to take away the life of our sove-*
*l the king, thy royal husband: the pre-*
*ereof being by circumstances partly laid*
*u, Hermione, contrary to the faith and*
*e of a true subject, didst counsel and*
*, for their better safety, to fly away by*

ince what I am to say, must be but that
ntradicts my accusation; and
nony on my part, no other
comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
*Not guilty:* mine integrity
nted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
eiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
r human actions (as they do),
t then, but innocence shall make
usation blush, and tyranny
at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
st will seem to do so,) my past life
n as continent, as chaste, as true,
ow unhappy; which is more
ory can pattern, though devis'd,
'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
of the royal bed, which owe
of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fy upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude [spoke,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,
You speak a language, that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hated out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you.

'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

*1 Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

*Her.* The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [brought
Been both at Delphos: and from thence have
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest: and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* (*Reads.*) *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant hastily.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone?

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves [now there?
Do strike at my injustice. (*Hermione faints.*) How

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Herm.*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recal the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter* Paulina.

*Paul.* Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

*1 Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

*1 Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*1 Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd [help,
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

*Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.*

ONUS, *with the Child; and a Mariner.*

ı art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
of Bohemia? [upon
Ay, my lord; and fear
ded in ill time; the skies look grimly,
ı present blusters. In my conscience,
with that we have in hand are angry,
pon us. [aboard;
ir sacred wills be done!—go, get
bark; I'll not be long, before
see.
e your best haste; and go not
land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
place is famous for the creatures
t keep upon't.
Go thou away;
tantly.
I am glad at heart
o'the business. [*Exit.*
Come, poor babe:——
, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the
d
gain: if such thing be, thy mother
me last night; for ne'er was dream
king. To me comes a creature,
er head on one side, some another;
a vessel of like sorrow,
so becoming: in pure white robes,
nctity, she did approach
here I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
; to begin some speech, her eyes
spouts: the fury spent, anon
k from her: *Good Antigonus,*
*gainst thy better disposition,*
*thy person for the thrower-out*
*babe, according to thine oath,—*
*te enough are in Bohemia,*
*and leave it crying; and, for the babe*
*ost for ever, Perdita,*
*all't: for this ungentle business,*
*by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see*
*ulina more*:—and so, with shrieks,
nto air. Affrighted much,
collect myself; and thought
and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
once, yea, superstitiously,
ar'd by this. I do believe,
th suffer'd death; and that
I, this being indeed the issue
ixenes, it should here be laid,
e, or death, upon the earth
ather.—Blossom, speed thee well!
(*Laying down the child.*)
d there thy character: there these;
(*Laying down a bundle.*
, if fortune please, both breed thee
ty, [wretch,
st thine.——The storm begins:—Poor
mother's fault, art thus expos'd
what may follow:—Weep I cannot,
t bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
h enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
ns more and more; thou art like to have
rough: I never saw
so dim by day. A savage clamour?—
get aboard!—This is the chace;
r ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

ould, there were no age between ten
d-twenty; or that youth would sleep
: for there is nothing in the between
wenches with child, wronging the an-
dling, fighting.—Hark you now!——
ut these boiled brains of nineteen, and
ty, hunt this weather? They have
two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? (*Taking up the child.*) Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer, that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. (*Aside.*)

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—open't: what's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him. [him i'the ground.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: what of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter* Polixenes *and* Camillo.

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which, if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my services, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her extended more, than can be thought to begin fr such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. B I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Th shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, appearing what we are, have some question w the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thith Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this busine and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise o selves. [*Exeun*

Scene II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepher Cottage.*

*Enter* Autolycus, *singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—*
*With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*
*Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;*
*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—*
*With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—*
*Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;*
*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—*
*With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—*
*Are summer songs for me and my aunts,*
*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wo three-pile; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*
*The pale moon shines by night:*
*And, when I wander here and there,*
*I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live*
*And bear the sow-skin budget;*
*Then my account I well may give,*
*And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see:—Every 'leven wether-tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine. (*Aside.*)

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies; *mace,—dates,*—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger;* but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

(*Grovelling on the ground.*)

*Clo.* I'the name of me,——

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends

more than the stripes I have received, which are
nty ones, and millions.
*Flo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may
e to a great matter.
*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money
apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable
gs put upon me.
*Flo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?
*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.
*Flo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the gar-
ts he hath left with thee: if this be a horse-
's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me
hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.
(*Helping him up.*)
*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, oh!
*Flo.* Alas, poor soul.
*Aut.* O! good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir,
shoulder-blade is out.
*Flo.* How now? canst stand?
*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; (*picks his pocket.*) good
softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.
*Flo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money
thee.
*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir:
ave a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile
ce, unto whom I was going; I shall there have
ney, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I
y you: that kills my heart. [you?
*Flo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed
*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about
th trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of
prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his
ues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of
court.
*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue
ipped out of court: they cherish it, to make it
y there; and yet it will no more but abide.
*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man
ll: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a
ocess-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a mo-
n of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife
thin a mile where my land and living lies, and,
ving flown over many knavish professions, he set-
d only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.
*Clo.* Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he
nts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.
*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue
t put me into this apparel.
*Flo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia;
ou had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have
*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter:
a false of heart, that way; and that he knew, I
rant him.
*Flo.* How do you now?
*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can
d, and walk: I will even take my leave of you,
pace softly towards my kinsman's.
*Flo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?
*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.
*Flo.* Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices
our sheep-shearing.
*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*]—
r purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice.
be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I
e not this cheat bring out another, and the
rers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my
e put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*
*And merrily hent the stile-a:*
*A merry heart goes all the day,*
*Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [*Exit.*

NE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you
give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora
ring in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
s a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.
*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd,
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
*Flo.* I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I trembie
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
*Flo.* Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
*Per.* O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.
*Per.* O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised; Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
*Shep.* Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing.
As your good flock shall prosper.
*Per.* Welcome, sir! (*To Polixenes.*)

It is my father's will. I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!
(*To Camillo.*)
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock:
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What? like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds
That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.—

*Mop.* Now, in good time!

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that,
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings: jump her and thump her;* and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;*
*Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;*
*Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;*
*Masks for faces, and for noses;*
*Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,*
*Perfume for a lady's chamber:*
*Golden quoifs, and stomachers,*
*For my lads to give their dears;*
*Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,*
*What maids lack from head to heel:*
*Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;*
*Buy lads, or else your lasses cry;*
*Come, buy,* &c.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or else be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a wedry-lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true; and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Deborter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* 'Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold

*Clo.* Lay it by too: Another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
*Where, it fits not you to know.*
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well*
*Thou to me thy secrets tell:*
D. *Me too, let me go thither*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. (*Aside.*)

*Will you buy any tape,*
*Or lace for your cape,*
*My dainty duck, my dear-a?*
*Any silk, any thread,*
*Any toys for your head,*
*Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?*
*Come to the pedler;*
*Money's a medler,*
*That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much. (*Aside.*) How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: But what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,
(*Discovering himself.*)
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

*Shep.* O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dread blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. (*Exit.*

*Per.* Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
(*To Florizel.*)
I told you, what would come of this: Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
(*To Florizel.*)
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
(*To Perdita.*)
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. (*Exit.*

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

lure your sight as yet, I fear:
e fury of his highness settle,
efore him.
I not purpose it,
nillo.
Even he, my lord.
r often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
said, my dignity would last
re known?
It cannot fail, but by
n of my faith: And then
crush the sides o'the earth together,
e seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
ccession wipe me, father! I
thy affection.
Be advis'd.
; and by my fancy: if my reason
o be obedient, I have reason;
enses, better pleas'd with madness,
elcome.
This is desperate, sir.
all it: but it does fulfil my vow;
t think it honesty. Camillo,
emia, nor the pomp that may
lean'd; for all the sun sees, or
arth wombs, or the profound seas hide
fathoms, will I break my oath
fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
e ever been my father's honour'd friend,
ull miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
any more,) cast your good counsels
ssion: Let myself and fortune
time to come. This you may know,
ver. I am put to sea
whom here I cannot hold on shore;
pportune to our need, I have
les fast by, but not prepar'd
sign. What course I mean to hold,
g benefit your knowledge, nor
the reporting.
O, my lord,
r spirit were easier for advice,
for your need.
Hark, Perdita.— (*Takes her aside.*)
by and by. (*To Camillo.*)
He's irremovable,
r flight: Now were I happy, if
could frame to serve my turn;
om danger, do him love and honour;
e sight again of dear Sicilia,
happy king, my master, whom
hirst to see.
Now, good Camillo,
ght with curious business, that
ceremony. (*Going.*)
Sir, I think,
eard of my poor services, i'the love
borne your father?
Very nobly
eserv'd: it is my father's music,
our deeds: not little of his care
em recompens'd as thought on.
Well, my lord,
please to think I love the king;
h him, what is nearest to him, which is
us self; embrace but my direction,
e ponderous and settled project
alteration,) on mine honour
u where you shall have such receiving
come your highness; where you may
mistress; (from the whom, I see,
disjunction to be made, but by,
forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
my best endeavours, in your absence,)
tenting father strive to qualify,
him up to liking.
How, Camillo,
most a miracle, be done?
call thee something more than man,
that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?
*Flo.* Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind, that blows.
*Cam.* Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—make for Sicilia:
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes,
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.
*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
*Cam.* Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
*Flo.* I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
*Cam.* A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity is the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
*Per.* One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
*Cam.* Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
Be born another such. [years,
*Flo.* My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.
*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.
*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——
*Cam.* My lord
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
(*They talk aside.*)

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,

ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

(*Cam. Flo. and Per. come forward.*)

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those, that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!
All, that you speak, shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?
(*Seeing Autolycus.*)
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,—why hanging. (*Aside.*)

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. (*Aside.*)

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— (*Aside.*)

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
(*Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.*)
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy.—
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. (*They converse apart.*)

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
(*Aside.*)
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and*

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hea
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimb
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose
site also, to smell out work for the other se
see, this is the time that the unjust man dot
What an exchange had this been, withou
what a boot is here, with this exchange? S
gods do this year connive at us, and we ma
thing *extempore*. The prince himself is
piece of iniquity; stealing away from his
with his clog at his heels: If I thought it
a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
would do't: I hold it the more knavery to
it: and therein am I constant to my profess

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a he
every lane's end, every shop, church, session
ing, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a
ling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and
your flesh and blood has not offended the
and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be pu
by him. Show those things you found abou
those secret things, all but what she has wit
This being done, let the law go whistle; I w
you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, ye
his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no
man neither to his father, nor to me, to go ab
make me the king's brother in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthe
you could have been to him; and then your bloo
been the dearer, by I know how much an ounc

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [A

*Shep.* Well; let us to the king; there is th
this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this com
may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I
sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up m
ler's excrement. (*Takes off his false beard.*)
now, rustics? whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worsh

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whoo
condition of that fardel, the place of your d
your names, your ages, of what having, br
and any thing that is fitting to be known, di

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: I
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesme
they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pa
for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel:
fore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given
if you had not taken yourself with the manne

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a c
See'st thou not the air of the court, in these
ings? hath not my gait in it, the measure
court? receives not thy nose court-odour fro
reflect I not on thy baseness court-cont
Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze fro
thy business, I am therefore no courtier?
courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either
on, or pluck back thy business there: where
command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.
*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?
*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.
*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; r, you have none. [hen.
*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor
*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! t nature might have made me as these are, erefore I'll not disdain.
*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.
*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them handsomely.
*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the king on's teeth.
*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? herefore that box?
*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, d box, which none must know but the king; and ich he shall know within this hour, if I may me to the speech of him.
*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
*Shep.* Why, sir?
*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone oard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air mself: For, if thou be'st capable of things sesa, thou must know the king is full of grief.
*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should ave married a shepherd's daughter.
*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let im fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he hall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of [monster.
*Clo.* Think you so, sir?
*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make avy, and vengeance bitter; but those, that are ermane to him, though removed fifty times, shall l come under the hangman: which though it be ost pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-hiting rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his aughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: raw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too w, the sharpest too easy.
*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear,'t like you, sir?
*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; en, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters d a dram dead; then recovered again with aquaa, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he , and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, all he be set against a brick-wall, the sun-looking ith a southward eye upon him; where he is to hold him with flies blown to death. But what k we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? ll me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) ust have you to the king: being something gently nsidered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in ur behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, effect your suits, here is man shall do it.
*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority; close th him, give him gold; and though authority be tubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with d: show the inside of your purse to the outside his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, l flayed alive.
*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the siness for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make s much more; and leave this young man in pawn I bring it you.
*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?
*Shep.* Ay, sir.
*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a ty in this business?
*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out t.
*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.
*Clo.* Comfort: good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.
*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.
*Clo.* We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.
*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*
*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass; at the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.
*Leon.* Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
*Paul.* True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all, that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
*Paul.* You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
*Dion.* If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
*Paul.* There is none worthy,
Respecting her, that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
(*To Leontes.*)
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse: and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

*Paul.* Had she such power,
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words, that follow'd,
Should be, *Remember mine.*

*Leon.* Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over much.

*Paul.* Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One, that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *she had not been,*
*Nor was not to be equall'd;*—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd
To say, you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam.
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange
[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.*
He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter* Cleomenes, *with* Florizel, Perdita, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

*Flo.* By his command
Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me: and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,

e the charge my father gave me,
g your highness: my best train
m your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Bohemia bend, to signify
ny success in Libya, sir,
rival, and my wife's, in safety
re we are.
The blessed gods
infection from our air, whilst you
e here! You have a holy father,
l gentleman: against whose person,
as it is, I have done sin:
the heavens, taking angry note,
me issueless; and your father's bless'd
m heaven merits it,) with you,
is goodness. What might I have been,
son and daughter now have look'd on,
ly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

Most noble sir,
h I shall report, will bear no credit,
the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
greets you from himself, by me:
u to attach his son; who has
ty and duty both cast off,)
his father, from his hopes, and with
d's daughter.
Where's Bohemia? speak.
Here in the city; I now came from him:
nazedly; and it becomes
l, and my message. To your court
was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
r couple,) meets he on the way
of this seeming lady, and
er, having both their country quitted
young prince.
Camillo has betray'd me;
nour, and whose honesty, till now,
ll weathers.
Lay't so to his charge;
the king your father.
Who? Camillo?
Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
poor men in question. Never saw I
so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
themselves as often as they speak;
tops his ears, and threatens them
rs deaths in death.
O, my poor father!—
ns set spies upon us, will not have
act celebrated.
You are married?
e are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
I see, will kiss the valleys first:
for high and low's alike.
My lord,
daughter of a king?
She is,
e she is my wife. [speed,
hat once, I see, by your good father's
on very slowly. I am sorry,
, you have broken from his liking,
u were tied in duty: and as sorry,
ce is not so rich in worth as beauty,
might well enjoy her.
Dear, look up:
rtune, visible an enemy,
ase us, with my father; power no jot
o change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
r since you ow'd no more to time
now: with thought of such affections,
mine advocate; at your request,
will grant precious things, as trifles.
Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
counts but a trifle. [mistress,
Sir, my liege,
hath too much youth in't: not a month
queen died, she was more worth such
t you look on now. [gazes

*Leon.* I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
(*To Florizel.*)
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture: they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder has broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione: her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two [kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that, they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows. [lowers?

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his fol-

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

1 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

3 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.
[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four [hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother: and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

*Enter* Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O, grave and good Paulina, the great [comfort
That I have had of thee!

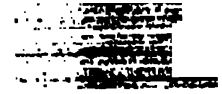
*Paul.* What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen; your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.
(*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*)
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

*Leon.* Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,

SCENE FROM WINTER'S TALE.



l grace.—But yet, Paulina,
not so much wrinkled; nothing
s seems.
O, not by much.
ch the more our carver's excellence;
y some sixteen years, and makes her
w.
As now she might have done,
good comfort, as it is
o my soul. O, thus she stood,
life of majesty, (warm life,
y stands,) when first I woo'd her!
Does not the stone rebuke me,
stone than it?—O, royal piece,
n thy majesty; which has
'd to remembrance; and
ing daughter took the spirits,
one with thee!
And give me leave;
, 'tis superstition, that
n implore her blessing.—Lady,
at ended when I but began,
and of yours, to kiss.
O patience;
it newly fix'd, the colour's

d, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
winters cannot blow away,
ers, dry: scarce any joy
g live; no sorrow,
much sooner.
Dear my brother,
as the cause of this have power
much grief from you, as he
a himself.
Indeed, my lord,
it the sight of my poor image
ave wrought you, (for the stone is
ow'd it. [mine,)
Do not draw the curtain.
nger shall you gaze on't; lest your
, it moves. [fancy
Let be, let be.
dead, but that, methinks, already—
hat did make it?—See, my lord,
t deem, it breath'd? and that those
blood? [veins
Masterly done:
eems warm upon her lip.
ure of her eye has motion in't,
k'd with art.
I'll draw the curtain;
st so far transported, that
n, it lives.
O sweet Paulina,
nk so twenty years together;
es of the world can match
f that madness. Let't alone.
sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
but
ou further.
Do, Paulina;
n has a taste as sweet
comfort.—Still, methinks,
comes from her: what fine chisel
cut breath? Let no man mock me,
her.
Good, my lord, forbear:
upon her lip is wet;
you kiss it; stain your own
ing: shall I draw the curtain?
ot these twenty years.
So long could I
ker on.
Either forbear,
the chapel; or resolve you
ement: if you can behold it,
atue move indeed; descend,
y the hand: but then you'll think,
st against I am assisted
ers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
*Paul.* It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
*Leon.* Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
*Paul.* Music; awake her; strike.—
(*Music.*)
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:
(*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*)
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.
*Leon.* O, she's warm! (*Embracing her.*)
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
*Pol.* She embraces him.
*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?
*Paul.* That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady
Our Perdita is found.
(*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*)
*Her.* You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
*Paul.* There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.
*Leon.* O peace, Paulina:
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth and ho-
Is richly noted; and here justified [nesty
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother;—both your par-
dons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

*'er heard yet.*
*bolder vices* wanted
*unsay what they did,*
It is apparent
, or at least, ac-
words, *less* should
*had.* But Shak-
use of nega-
ce to observe,
atives did not
the negation.
time changed,
ade in opposition
ded gradually, and
ned but through an
JOHNSON.
the level—] To be *in*
*within the reach.*
*ur* fact *are so*)] i. e. *guilt.*
Mr Malone adds these words
line.
*d most unluckily.*] i. e. born
auspicious planet.
strength *of* limit.] *Strength to pass*
s of the childbed chamber.
1, *l.* 11. *The* flatness *of my misery;*]
, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my
unity. JOHNSON.
11. *Of the queen's* speed,] Of the *event* of
ne queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped*
well or ill. JOHNSON.
*l.* 69. "to the hazard"—MALONE.
*d. l.* 70. —— commended,] i. e. committed.
*Id. l.* 73. *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.
*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 17. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this.
*Id l.* 21. ———————— *though a devil*
*Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:*] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action.
*Id. l.* 53. *I am sorry for't;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

SCENE III.

*P.* 339, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. *Thou art* perfect *then.*] *Perfect* is often used for *certain, well assured,* or *well informed,* by almost all our ancient writers.
*Id. l.* 56. —— *thy* character:] thy *description;* i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.
*Id. c* 2, *l* 5. —— *A boy or* a child,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant,* in contradistinction to a *male one* is still termed, among the peasantry,—*a child.* STEEVENS.
*Id. l.* 35. —— flap-dragoned *it:*] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient topers swallowed *flap-dragons*
*Id l* 52. —— *a bearing cloth*—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.
*Id. l.* 55. —— *some changeling:*] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies in the room of one which they had stolen.

*P.* 330, *c.* 2, *l.* 74. *This* squash,] A *squash* is a *pea-pod*, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.

*Id. l.* 75. *Will you take eggs for money?*] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez-vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my Lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *happy may be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See *The History of Lambeth Palace*, p. 31, in *Bibl. Top. Brit.* NICHOLS.

*P.* 331, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. *Apparent*—] that is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *the neb*,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*.

*Id. l.* 25. *To her* allowing *husband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *a* fork'd *one*.] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*.

*Id. l.* 60. —— *it still came home*.] This is a seafaring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*.

*Id. l.* 63. ———— *made*
*His business more material*.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *whispering*, rounding.] *To round in the ear* is to *whisper*, or *to tell secretly*.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *gust it*—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *lower messes*,] *Lower messes* is perhaps used as an expression to signify the *lowest degree* about the court.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 17. —— hoxes *honesty behind*.] To *hox*, is to ham-string. The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-string.

*Id. l.* 34. *Whereof the execution did cry out.*
*Against the non-performance*.] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than a *thing necessary to be done*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *the* pin *and* web.] Disorders in the eye.

*P.* 333, *c.* 1, *l.* 8. —— *like* her *medal*,] i. e. her *portrait*. Mr. Malone reads "*his* medal."

*Id. l.* 28. *Make't thy* question, *and go rot!* &c. This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity.

*Id. l.* 37. *Could man so* blench?] To *blench is to start off, to shrink*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 31. *In whose* success *we are* gentle.] *Success* here means *succession*. *Gentle* is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry.

*Id. l.* 53. *I am appointed* Him *to murder you*.] i. e. I am the person appointed by him to murder you.

*Id. l.* 59. *To* vice—] i. e. to draw, persuade you; probably for *advice*.

*Id. l.* 63. i. e. Judas.

*Id. l.* 74. ———— *whose foundation*
*Is pil'd upon his faith*,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 333, *c.* 1, *l.* 45. ———— "my lo
LONE.

*Id. l.* 73. "sir,"—Mr Malone reads "g

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. *In my just* censure?
*opinion?*] *Censure*, in the time of
was generally used (as in this in
judgment, opinion.

*Id. l.* 12. *Alack, for lesser knowled*
is, *O that my knowledge were less*

*Id. l.* 14. *A spider steep'd*] Spiders we
venomous.

*Id. l.* 19. —— hefts:] *Hefts* are heavi
heaved up.

*Id. l.* 25. *He has discover'd my desig*
*Remain* a pinch'd thing;] The se
is, He hath now discovered my d
am treated as a mere child's bal
pinched out of clouts, a puppet
move and actuate as they please.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *will* sear —] i. e. will
or *brand* as infamous.

*Id. l.* 74. *A* federary —] i. e. *confeder*

*Id. l.* 76. But *with her most vile princ*
that knows what we should be a
even if the knowledge of it rest
her own breast and that of her
without the participation of any c
*But*, which is here used for *only*,
passage somewhat obscure.

*Id. l.* 78. "bold'st titles;"—MALONE.

*P.* 334, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. He, *who shall spe*
*is afar* off *guilty*
*But that he speaks*.] *Far* off
nifies, *guilty in a remote degree*.
speaks—means, *in merely speaking*

*Id. l.* 51. —— *I'll keep my stables whe*
*I lodge my wife*;] If Hermione
faithful, I'll never trust my wife
sight; I'll always go in *couples* with
in that respect, my house shall
stable, where dogs are kept in pairs.

*Id. l.* 53. "Then when," &c. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 60. —— *putter-on*,] i. e. one who

*Id. l.* 62. —— *land*-damn *him*:] Mr.
after giving various opinions on th
sion, says, After all these awkward
to obtain a meaning, we might, I
unsafely read—
"I'd *laudanum* him,—"
i. e. poison him with *laudanum*.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *I see't and feel't*,
*As you feel doing thus; and see*
*The instruments that feel*.] S
direction seems necessary in this p
what that direction should be, it is n
decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*La*
*of his arm*: Dr. Johnson—*striking h*
Mr. Henley thinks that *Leontes*,
*touches the forehead of Antigonus*
*fore and middle fingers forked in*
*of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; *for these*, or
horns of his own like them, *are th*
*ments that feel*, to which he allu
Malone reads "but I do see't," &c.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 12. "Relish a truth,"—MALON

*Id. l.* 24. —— *nought for approbation*,
*bation* is put for *proof*.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *stuff'd sufficiency*:] i. e.
more than enough.

### SCENE II.

*P.* 335, *c.* 1. *l.* 13. *These dangerous un*
*o' the king!*] I have no where, b

erved this word adopted in our ignify *frenzy*, *lunacy*. But it is xpression with the French—*Il y a* (i. e. he has got the moon in his s frantic.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, femmes ont des* lunes *dans la* let." THEOBALD.

SCENE III.

—— *Leave me solely*:] That is, ne.
professes.—MALONE.
*n* comforting *your evils*.] *Com-* re used in the legal sense of *com-* abetting in a criminal action.
*e worst about you*.] Were I the your servants, I would yet claim against any accuser.
kind *witch!*] i. e. masculine.
*hou art woman-tir'd*.] *Woman-k'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*.
2 —— *thy crone*.] i. e. thy old oman. A *croan* is an old toothless ce an old woman.
*rable be thy hands, if thou the princess, by that* forced base- ontes had ordered Antigonus to *bastard*; Paulina forbids him to princess under that appellation.
*false*, uttered with violence to SON.
*ellow in't*;] *Yellow* is the colour
ozel,] A term of contempt, meaning *lishonest*.
—— *Swear by this sword*,] It was e custom to swear by the cross on f a sword.
mmend *it* strangely *to some place*,] to some place, *as a stranger*, e provision.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

20. *The* time *is worth the* use *time is worth the use on't*, means, ch we have spent in visiting Delos, nsed us for the trouble of so spend-

SCENE II.

*to the guilt, or the purgation*.] *ven* is not to be understood here *-b*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *lifferent*.
*retence*—] is, in this place, taken *laid*, a *design formed*.
*nine integrity*, &c.] that is, my accounted *wickedness*, my asser- ill pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood treachery* and *lie* JOHNSON.
—— *For life, I prize it*—] *Life* is only *grief*, and as such only is by me: I would therefore willingly JOHNSON.
*z derivative from me to mine*.] ent, which is probably borrowed *siasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too ssed on the female mind: "The man is from the honour of his *a mother in dishonour is a re- her children*." STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 16. *I ne'er heard yet*,
*That any of these bolder vices* wanted
Less *impudence to gainsay what they did*,
*Than to perform it first*.] It is apparent that according to the proper, or at least, according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.
*Id. l.* 45. *My life* stands in the level—] To be *in the level* is, *to be within the reach*.
*Id. l.* 47. *(those of your* fact *are so)*] i. e. *guilt*.
*Id. l.* 47. "For as"—Mr. Malone adds these words to the preceding line.
*Id. l.* 61. *Starr'd most unluckily*.] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet.
*Id. l.* 68. —— strength *of* limit.] *Strength to pass the limits* of the childbed chamber.
*P.* 338, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. *The* flatness *of my misery*;] that is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.
*Id. l.* 41. *Of the queen's* speed,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.
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*Id. l.* 55. —— *some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies in the room of one which they had stolen.

*P.* 339, *c.* 2, *l.* 57. *You're a* made *old man;*] i. e. your fortune's made.

*Id. l.* 61. —— *the* next *way.*] i. e. the nearest way.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *never* curst,] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous.*

## ACT IV.

*P.* 340, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. —— *and leave the* growth *untried*
*Of that wide* gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is, *to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 29. *Is the* argument *of time:*] *Argument* is the same with *subject.*

*Id.* 29. —— *Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve.*

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 39. *It is* fifteen *years.*] We should read—*sixteen*, according to several preceding passages.

*Id. l.* 56. —— *and my profit therein, the* heaping friendships.] *Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient license merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. missingly,] *Missingly*, i. e. at *intervals*, not constantly.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. —— *some* question—] i. e. some talk.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 18. *When daffodils begin to peer,*——
And
*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*] "Two *nonsensical* songs, by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney: who subsequently observes, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux." I believe, that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pickpockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 21. *For the red blood* reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] The meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.* The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis.* FARMER.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *pugging tooth*—] perhaps *progging*, i. e. thievish.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *my aunts*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd.*

*Id. l.* 31. —— *wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *With die, and drab,*] i. e. with gaming and whoring.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *the* silly *cheat:*] Cant term for picking pockets.

*Id. l.* 50. —— *tods;*] "Every eleven wether *tods;* i. e. *will produce a tod* or twenty-eight pounds of wool: every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?" Mr. Malone considers *tods* as a verb.

*Id. l.* 60. —— *three-man song-men all*
gers of catches in three parts.

*Id. l.* 62. —— means—] *Means* are ten

*Id. l.* 64. —— warden *pies;*] *War*
species of large pears.

*P.* 341, *c.* 1, *l.* 31. —— *with* trol-m
*Trou-madame*, French. The old l
of this game was *pigeon-holes;* a
in the machine through which th
rolled, resemble the cavities made
in a *dove-house.*

*Id. l.* 41. —— motion *of the prodigal*
the *puppet-show*, then called *m*
term frequently occurring in our au

*Id. l.* 45. —— Prig, *for my life, prig*
is to *filch.*

*Id. l.* 70. —— hent *the stile-a:*] To *he*
is to take hold of it.

### SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *your* extremes,] T
*extravagance of his conduct*, in
himself "in a swain's wearing,"
"pranked her up most goddess-like

*Id. l.* 5. *The gracious* mark—] The *a*
men's *notice.*

*Id. l.* 7. —— prank'd *up:*] To *prank*
with ostentation.

*Id. l.* 16. *To me, the* difference—] i.
his rank and hers.

*Id. l.* 20. *his work, so noble,*
*Vilely bound up?*] It is impossil
man to rid his mind of his profes
authorship of Shakspeare has su
with a metaphor, which, rather tha
lose it, he has put with no great
into the mouth of a country maid.
of his own works, his mind passe
to the binder. I am glad that he h
at an editor. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 36. "O but, sir,"—MALONE.

*P.* 342, *c.* 1, *l.* 23. For *I have*—] *F*
place, signifies—*because that.*

*Id. l.* 40. —— *dibble*—] An instrumen
gardeners to make holes in the ear
reception of young plants.

*Id. l.* 63. ——————*violets, dim,*
*But sweeter than the lids of Jun*
I suspect that our author mistake
Pallas, who was *the goddess of b*
Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd i
perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general
*delightful.* JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 9. *Each your doing*, &c.]
your manner in each act crowns the a

*Id. l.* 36. —— *we stand*, &c.] That is, w
on our behaviour.

*Id. l.* 44. —— *a worthy* feeding:] I
*feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worth*
to be a tract of pasturage not incom
not unworthy of my daughter's fortun
SON.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *He looks like* sooth:] *Sooth*
Obsolete.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *fadings:*] An Irish danc
name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in
*Masque at Court.* It is called *Rin*
and is still practised in some parts of
but here *fading* means the burthen o

*P.* 343, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. —— *unbraided wares?*
*braided wares*, the clown means, h
thing besides *laces* which are *brai*
are the principal commodity sold b
singing pedlers?

*Id. l.* 6. —— *caddisses,*] *Caddis* is, I b
narrow worsted galloon. I remem

g to have heard it enumerated by a
ong the articles of his pack. There
narrow dight serge of this name, now
France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

*l.* 9. —— *the sleeve*-hand, *and the*
*ut the* square *on't.*] Perhaps the sleeves
m part of a shift.
-*hole*,] *Kiln-hole* is the place into
als are put under a stove, a copper,
in which lime, &c. are to be dried or
To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking*-
art of the office of female servants in
ses.
- Clamour *your tonques*,] Perhaps
ng is, *give one grand peal, and then*
*e.* "A good *clam*" (as I learn from
ols) in some villages is used in this
nifying a grand peal of all the bells at
ALONE.
- *you promised me a* tawdry lace,]
s were a kind of necklaces worn by
enches.
. —— *sad*—] For *serious.*
*t doth* utter;—] To *utter;* to vend

*all men of hair;*] *Men of hair*, are
*n*, or *satyrs.* A dance of satyrs was
al entertainment in the middle ages.
- *they call themselves* saltiers:] He
*tyrs.*
- *gallimaufry* ——] A confused heap
together.
- *by the* squire.] i. e. by the foot rule.
*e*, Fr.
l. *O, father, you'll know more of*
*after.*] This is an answer to some-
ich the shepherd is supposed to have
olixenes during the dance.
*l.* 11, —— *straited*—] i. e. put to
t.
*or the fann'd snow,*
bolted, &c.] The fine sieve used by
separate flower from bran is called
cloth.
- *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps
*te* we might read *compute:* but *dis-*
*estate* may be the same with *talk over*
*s.* JOHNSON.
30. Mr. Malone reads, "shalt never

*as not much afeard;* &c.] The cha-
here finely sustained. To have made
astonished at the king's discovery of
had not become her birth; and to
en her presence of mind to have made
to the king, had not become her edu-
WARBURTON.
, *l.* 17. —— *and by my* fancy:] It
remembered that *fancy* in our author
n, as in this place, means *love.*
*ur* discontenting *father strive to qua-*
*iscontenting* is in our author's lan-
same as *discontented.*
*But as the* unthought-on accident is
guilty.
*at we wildly do;*] *Guilty to*, though
harsh to our ears, was the phraseo-
he time, or at least of Shakspeare;
is one of those passages that should
is not to disturb his text merely be-
language appears different from that
se. MALONE.
*t not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in*
meant to *conquer*, to *get the better*

- She is i'the rear our birth." MA-

pomander,] A *pomander* was a little
ball made of perfumes and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to present infection in times of plague.

*P.* 346, *c.* 1, *l.* 47. —— *boot*,] that is, *something over and above;* or, as we now say, *something to boot.*

*Id. l.* 51. —— *is half* flayed *already.*] i. e. half *stripped* already.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *what have we twain forgot?*] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a conversation apart, account for a sudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius suddenly exclaims— "*Q'ay j'oublié?*—and Mrs. Quickly —"Out upon't! *what have I forgot?*" STEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 20. "If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *of what* having,] i. e. estate, property.

*Id. l.* 66. —— *therefore they do not* give *us the lie*,] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *sell* it us.

*Id l.* 68. —— *with the manner.*] In the fact.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *insinuate*, or toze—] To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toase*, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it.

*P.* 347, *c* 1, *l.* 51. —— *the hottest day* prognostication *proclaims*,] that is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.*

*Id. l.* 58. —— *being something gently considered*, Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, *will bring you*, &c.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 50. *Or, from the all that are, took something good*,] This is a favourite thought; it is bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind. JOHNSON.

*P.* 348, *c.* 1, *l.* 31. —— incense *me*—] i. e. *instigate* me, set me on.

*Id. l.* 37. *Shou'd* rift—] i. e. *split.*

*Id. l.* 39. "Stars, stars,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 49. Affront *his eye.*] To *affront*, is to *meet.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 5. *Is colder than that* theme)] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 50. "Once more to look on him." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *that a king*, at *friend*,] *At* friend, perhaps means, *at friendship.*

*P.* 349, *c.* 1, *l.* 44. —— *in* question.] i. e. *conversation.*

*Id. l.* 55. *The odds for* high and low's *alike.*] A quibble upon the false dice so called.

*Id. l.* 70. *Remember since you ow'd no more to time*, &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age.

### SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 31. —— *if the* importance *were joy, or sorrow:*] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported.*

*Id. l.* 53. —— *the* affection *of nobleness*,] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality.*

*Id. l.* 65. —— *favour*] i. e. *countenance, features.*

*Id. l.* 70. —— *with* clipping *her;*] i. e. *embracing* her.

*P.* 350, *c.* 1, *l.* 31. —— *most marble there,*] i. e. those who had the hardest hearts.

*Id. l.* 53. *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience and therefore could not properly be shown again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 28. —— franklins *say it.*] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*.

SCENE III.

*P.* 351, *c.* 1, *l.* 33. —— *wrought* —] i. e. worked, agitated.

*Id. l.* 50. *The* fixure *of her eye has* motio The meaning is, though the eye be fix the eye of a statue always is] yet it s have motion in it: that tremulous motio is perceptible in the eye of a living how much soever one endeavour to fix

*Id. l.* 51. As *we are mock'd with art* used by our author here as in some othe for "as *if*." *With* has the force of *by*

*Id. l.* 53. *You precious* winners *all;*] Y by this discovery have *gained* what sired, may join in festivity, in which have lost what never can be recove have no part.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *your exultation.*

Partake *to every one.*] *Partake* her *participate.*

# Historical Notes.

might have taken the general
medy from a translation of the
Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (accord-
William Warner, in 1695, whose
e acrostical argument hereafter
llows : —

borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
ne, and Sosicles the other;
father lost, a little lad;
namde the latter like his brother:
e a man; long travell took to seeke
nd to Epidamnum came,
ther dwelt inricht, and him so like,
there take him for the same,
, neighbours, each mistaking either,
error, ere they meet together "

last of these lines suggested to
e title for his piece.
nslation of the *Menæchmi*, among
*on which Shakspeare founded*,
by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.
ning of an address *Ad Lectorem*,
e errata of Decker's *Satiromastix*,
following passage, which apparent-
e title of the comedy before us :
f the Trumpets sounding thrice
y begin, it shall not be amisse (for
read) first to beholde this short
*ors*, and where the greatest enter,
nstead of a hisse, a gentle correc-
ENS.
is and all other plays where much
d, and especially long hobbling
e been among Shakspeare's more
ions. BLACKSTONE.
y singular in thinking that Shak-
t under the slightest obligation, in
comedy, to Warner's translation
*hmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and
ch do not occur in that translation,
never invent, are, alone, a suffi-
ent to believe that he was no way
:. But a further and more con-
is, that he has not a name, line,
n the old play, nor any one inci-
t must, of course, be common to
every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects "this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of these "long hobbling verses" have the honour of proceeding from his pen : and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceed from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* as I think a late editor *(O si sic omnia!)* has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Richard II.*, in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvas-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays, (except *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure*," &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1592. MALONE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Ægeon.* My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea faring men provide for storms.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ıl revision of the following scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two :rs. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an ı (as Benedict says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are ılus Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only *stæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

ıedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly use we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject ve been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene; where the same mistakes are ı the power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. *Steevens.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*ıke of Ephesus.*
*Merchant of Syracuse.*
:S, *of Ephesus,* } *twin Brothers, and Sons*
'S, *of Syracuse,* } *to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*
*Ephesus,* } *twin Brothers, and Attendants*
*Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholus's.*
t, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.*
ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*
ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *her Servant.*
*A Courtezan.*
*Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Ephesus.*

### ACT I.

.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

:eed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
doom of death, end woes and all.
rchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
tial to infringe our laws:
ınd discord, which of late
the rancorous outrage of your duke
ı, our well-dealing countrymen,—
ıg gilders to redeem their lives,
ıs rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
pity from our threat'ning looks.
ı mortal and intestine jars
:ditious countrymen and us,
ımn synods been decreed,
ıyracusans and ourselves,
traffic to our adverse towns:

ıt Ephesus, be seen
ısan marts and fairs;
Syracusan born
ıay of Ephesus, he dies,
ıfiscate to the duke's dispose
sand marks be levied,
enalty, and to ransom him.
e, valued at the highest rate,
ıt unto a hundred marks;
law thou art condemn'd to die.
this my comfort; when your words
lone,
l likewise with the evening sun.
ll, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
partedst from thy native home;
cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
ıvier task could not have been impos'd,
ak my griefs unspeakable:
world may witness, that my end
: by nature, not by vile offence,
t my sorrow gives me leave.
vas I born; and wed
n, happy but for me,
ıo, had not our hap been bad.
v'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
ı voyages I often made
m, till my factor's death;
: care of goods at random left)
ı kind embracements of my spouse:
ıy absence was not six months old,
f (almost at fainting under
punishment that women bear.)
ovision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before. [so:

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

ch being violently borne upon,
helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
at, in this unjust divorce of us,
ne had left to both of us alike
to delight in, what to sorrow for.
rt, poor soul! seeming as burdened
esser weight; but not with lesser woe,
arried with more speed before the wind;
our sight they three were taken up
men of Corinth, as we thought.
another ship had seiz'd on us;
ving whom it was their hap to save,
ful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
would have reft the fishers of their prey,
not their bark been very slow of sail,
therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
ell sad stories of my own mishaps. [for,
*ke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
ne the favour to dilate at full
at hath befall'n of them, and thee till now.
*Ege.* My youngest boy, and yet
ighteen years became inquisitive
r his brother; and importun'd me,
his attendant, (for his case was like,
of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
ear him company in the quest of him,
whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
ed the loss of whom I lov'd.
ummers have I spent in furthest Gre
ning clean through the bounds of Asia,
, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus
eless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
hat, or any place that harbours men.
here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Ege.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.—*A Public Place.*

*Enter* Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* He, that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
(Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell.
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me. [foolishness,

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou? [Phœnix;
*E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the doth fast, till you come home to dinner, ys, that you will hie you home to dinner.
*S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
rbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
*E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
*S.* Upon my life, by some device or other, in is o'er-raught of all my money.
, this town is full of cozenage;
ole jugglers, that deceive the eye,
rking sorcerers, that change the mind,
ng witches, that deform the body;
d cheaters, prating mountebanks,
ly such like liberties of sin:
e so, I will be gone the sooner.
Centaur, to go seek this slave;
fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
uch haste I sent to seek his master!
ciana, it is two o'clock.
Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
ter, let us dine, and never fret:
master of his liberty:
heir master; and, when they see time,
o, or come: If so, be patient, sister.
Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Because their business still lies out o'door.
Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
othing, situate under heaven's eye,
its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
ts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
males' subject, and at their controls:
e divine, the masters of all these,
the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
ith intellectual sense and souls,
pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
ers to their females, and their lords:
your will attend on their accords.
his servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
ow if your husband start some other where?
Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
be meek, that have no other cause.
ed soul, bruis'd with adversity,
e quiet, when we hear it cry;
we burden'd with like weight of pain,
or more, we should ourselves complain:
hat hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
ng helpless patience would'st relieve me:
ou live to see like right bereft,
begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
es your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

ay, is your tardy master now at hand?
Nay, he is at two hands with me, and wo ears can witness.
ay, didst thou speak with him? know'st hou his mind?
Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.
*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn mad!
*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain? [stark mad:
*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
*'Tis dinner-time,* quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
*Your meat doth burn,* quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
*Will you come home?* quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?*
*The pig,* quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold,* quoth he:
*My mistress, sir,* quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*
*Luc.* Quoth who?
*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:
*I know,* quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy head across.
*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head. [home.
*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master
*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
*Luc.* Fy, how impatience lowereth in your face!
*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.
*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fy, beat it hence.
*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—*The same.*

*Enter* Antipholus *of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

[illegible] inn, and mine host's report,
[illegible] with Dromio, since at first
[illegible] the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a word? [since.

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. (*Beating him.*)

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometime
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it; so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time? [have.

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for his peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit. [to lose his hair.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself:
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
In Ephesus I am but two hours old, [not
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

'y, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
ere you wont to use my sister thus?
for you by Dromio home to dinner.
. By Dromio?
. By me? [him,—
By thee; and this thou didst return from
bid buffet thee, and, in his blows,
ey house for his, me for his wife.
. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
the course and drift of your compact?
. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
u deliver to me on the mart.
. I never spake with her in all my life.
. How can she thus then call us by our names,
be by inspiration?
How ill agrees it with your gravity,
erfeit thus grossly with your slave,
him to thwart me in my mood?
wrong, you are from me exempt,
g not that wrong with a more contempt.
will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
an elm, my husband, I a vine;
reakness, married to thy stronger state,
e with thy strength to communicate:
possess thee from me, it is dross,
ivy, brier, or idle moss;
l for want of pruning, with intrusion
y sap, and live on thy confusion.
. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
vas I married to her in my dream?
I now, and think I hear all this?
ror drives our eyes and ears amiss?
now this sure uncertainty,
tain the offer'd fallacy.
Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
he fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
ey them not, this will ensue,
ack our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not? [sot?
thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
S. Thou hast thine own form.
S. No, I am an ape.
If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
I am an ass; else it could never be,
ould know her, as well as she knows me.
Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
he finger in the eye and weep,
man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—
ir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
l, I'll dine above with you to-day,
ive you of a thousand idle pranks:—
f any ask you for your master,
dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
ister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
s they say, and persever so,
this must at all adventures go.
S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I.—*The same.*

*Enter* Antipholus *of Ephesus*, Dromio *of Ephesus*, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart: and that I beat him,
And chang'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? [I know;
*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show: [gave were ink,
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.
*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer [here.
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear. [fish,
*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast. [ing guest:
*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; [heart.
Better cheer may you have, but not with better
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in. [Jen!
*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
*Dro. S.* (*Within.*) Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch: [such store,
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.
*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner? I have not din'd to-day.
*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.
*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name; [blame.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
*Luce.* (*Within.*) What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.
*Luce.* Faith no; he comes too late;

I so tell your master.
*Dro. E.* O lord, I must laugh:—
: at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my
staff? [can you tell?
*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's,—When?
*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.
*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us
in, I hope?
*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.
*Dro. S.* And you said no.
*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was
blow for blow.
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.
*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.
*Luce.* Let him knock till it ache.
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.
*Luce.* What needs all this, and a pair of stocks
in the town?
*Adr.* (*Within.*) Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise? [unruly boys.
*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with
*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have
come before. [door.
*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the
*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go sore.
*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome;
we would fain have either.
*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither.
*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid
them welcome hither.
*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we
cannot get in.
*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your gar-
ments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in
the cold: [and sold.
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought
*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope
the gate. [your knave's pate.
*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir;
and words are but wind; [behind.
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
*Dro. S.* It seems thou wantest breaking: Out
upon thee, hind!
*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray
thee, let me in.
*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
fish have no fin. [crow.
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me a
*Dro. E.* A crow without a feather; master, mean
you so? [feather:
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow to-
gether. [crow.
*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron
*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in
quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild and yet, too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour
hence.
*Ant. E.* Do so; this jest shall cost me some
expense. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The same.*

*Enter* Luciana *and* Antipholus *of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be, that you have quite forget
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-
ness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
*Luc.* It is a fault, that springeth from your eye.
*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.
*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.
*Luc.* That's my sister.
*Ant. S.* No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.
*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

*Enter, from the house of Antipholus of Ephesus,* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?
*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
*Ant. S.* What is she?
*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage?
*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?
*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why, she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.
*Ant. S.* That's a fault, that water will mend.
*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.
*Ant. S.* What's her name?
*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.
*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?
*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.
*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?
*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.
*Ant. S.* Where France?
*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.
*Ant. S.* Where England?
*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.
*Ant. S.* Where Spain?
*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.
*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?
*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks, to be ballast to her nose.
*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?
*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.
*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her, that would be my wife. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?
*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.
*Ang.* I know it well, sir; Lo, here is the chain:
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?
*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.
*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* What I should think of this I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same*

*Enter a Merchant,* ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,

[illegible] you by this officer.
[illegible] n just the sum, that I do owe to you,
I [illegible] o me, [illegible] Antipholus:
And in [illegible] hat I met with you,
He ha[illegible] n; at five o'clock,
I shall rece[illegible] money for the same:
Pleaseth yo[illegible] with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter* An[illegible] *of Ephesus, and* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he c[illegible] [thou
*Ant. E.* [illegible] go to the goldsmith's house, go
And buy [illegible] d; that will I bestow
Among [illegible] her confederates,
[illegible] of my doors by day.—
I [illegible] oldsmith:—get thee gone;
[illegible] pe, d bring it home to me.
*Dr* [illegible] I buy [illegible] thousand pound a year! I buy
[illegible] ope! [*Exit Dromio.*
*Ant. E.* A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, a[illegible]
But neither chain, nor golds[illegible]
Belike, you thought our love [illegible] ong,
If it were chain'd together; a[illegible] came not.
*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, [illegible] note,
How much your chain weighs to the [illegible] rat;
The fineness of the gold, and charg[illegible] ;
Which doth amount to three odd d[illegible]
Than I stand debted to this gentle[illegible]
I pray you, see him presently discha[illegible]
For he is bound to sea, and stays bu[illegible]
*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd wi[illegible] present money;
Besides, I have some business in the [illegible]
Good signior, take the stranger to [illegible]
And with you take the chain, a[illegible] fe
Disburse the sum on the receip[illegible]
Perchance, I will be there as soon [illegible]
*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? [time enough.
*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not
*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: have you the chain about you?
*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
*Mer.* The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, despatch. [chain—
*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me; the
*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money. [now;
*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
*Ant. E.* Fy! now you run this humour out of breath: [it.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see
*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
*Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?
*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.
*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.
*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
*Ang* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it;
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.
*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my sui[illegible]
*Off.* I do; and charge you, in the duk[illegible] to obey me.
*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I nev[illegible]
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, offi[illegible]
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the [illegible]
*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee [illegible]
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as de[illegible]
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Eph[illegible]
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not [illegible]

*Enter* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epi[illegible]
That stays but till her owner comes abo[illegible]
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtag[illegible]
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bou[illegible]
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for no[illegible]
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
*Ant. E.* How now! a madman? W[illegible] peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire [illegible]
*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent t[illegible] rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what [illegible]
*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's en[illegible]
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at mor[illegible]
And teach your ears to listen with more b[illegible]
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; b[illegible]
On, officer, to prison, till it come.
[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, an*[illegible]
*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we [illegible]
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her hus[illegible]
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil[illegible]

Scene II.—*The same.*

*Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee s[illegible]
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his[illegible]
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or [illegible]
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no[illegible]
*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the [illegible] spite.
*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stra[illegible]
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet for[illegible]
*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
*Adr.* And what [illegible]
*Luc.* That love, I begg'd for you, he [illegible] me.
*Adr.* With what persuasion did he t[illegible] love?
*Luc.* With words, that in an honest s[illegible]
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my [illegible]
*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?
*Luc.* Have patience, I[illegible]
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me s[illegible]
My tongue, though not my heart, shall [illegible]
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every w[illegible]

tle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
naking, worse in mind.
vould be jealous then of such a one?
wail'd when it is gone.
it I think him better than I say,
ould herein others' eyes were worse:
est the lapwing cries away;
prays for him, though my tongue do

*ter* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

e, go; the desk, the purse; sweet
nake haste.
ast thou lost thy breath?
By running fast.
is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
verlasting garment hath him,
rd heart is button'd up with steel;
, pitiless and rough;
orse, a fellow all in buff;
a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-
nds
f alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
[hell.
e the judgment, carries poor souls to
man, what is the matter?
not know the matter; he is 'rested
case. [suit.
is he arrested? tell me, at whose
ow not at whose suit he is arrested,
[can I tell:
uit of buff, which 'rested him, that
him, mistress, redemption, the money
desk?
h it, sister.—This I wonder at.
[*Exit Luciana.*
wn to me, should be in debt:—
e arrested on a band?
on a band, but on a stronger thing;
n; do you not hear it ring?
the chain? [gone.
no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were
I left him, and now the clock strikes
[hear.
ours come back! that did I never
es, if any hour meet a sergeant, a
ack for very fear.
ime were in debt! how fondly dost
eason?
e is a very bankrupt, and owes more
e's worth, to season.
f too: have you not heard men say,
s stealing on by night and day?
, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
ason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter* Luciana.

romio; there's the money, bear it
it;
thy master home immediately.—
am press'd down with conceit;
y comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Antipholus *of Syracuse.*

ere's not a man I meet, but doth
me
eir well-acquainted friend;
doth call me by my name.
oney to me, some invite me;
e me thanks for kindnesses;
commodities to buy:
ilor call'd me in his shop,
e silks that he had bought for me
al, took measure of my body.
but imaginary wiles,
sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd? [thou mean?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he, that go s in the calf's-skin, that was killed for the prodigal, he, that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he, that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What! thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one, that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark, Expedition, put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her. [sir.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry,
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad.

[illegible] ne never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the door against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter* DROMIO *of Ephesus, with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. (*Beating him.*)

*Off.* Good sir, be patient. [adversity.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue. [hands.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: Nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the Courtezan, with* PINCH, *and others.*

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? (*Beats him.*)

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'
man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee s
I conjure thee by all the saints in heav

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peac
mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor dis

*Ant. E.* You, minion, you, are th
tomers?
Did this companion with the saffron fa
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were
And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O husband, God doth know,
home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until t
Free from these slanders, and this ope

*Ant. E.* I din'd at home! Thou
say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you din

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd u
out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were loc

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself res

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself resi

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid ra
scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart

*Dro. E.* In verity you did;—my bon
ness,
That since have felt the vigour of his r

*Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these

*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow f
And, yielding to him, humours well h

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the
arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to rede
By Dromio here, who came in haste for

*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and g
night,
But, surely, master, not a rag of mone

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her fo
ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd

*Luc.* And I am witness with her, tha

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, b
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is
I know it by their pale and deadly looks
They must be bound, and laid in some d

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lo
to-day;
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold!

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd o

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak
both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art f
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these f
That would behold me in this shameful s

[*Pinch and his Assistants bind A*
*Dro. E.*

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him
near me. [s

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wa

*Ant. E.* What, wilt thou murder m
gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is fra

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

age and displeasure to himself?
He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
at he owes will be requir'd of me.
I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
forthwith unto his creditor,
owing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
aster doctor, see him safe convey'd
my house.—O most unhappy day!
*E.* O most unhappy strumpet!
*E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
*E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
*E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
aster; cry, the devil.—
God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
*eunt Pinch and Assistants, with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*
, whose suit is he arrested at?
One Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know him?
I know the man: What is the sum he owes?
Two hundred ducats.
Say, how grows it due?
Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
my house, and took away my ring,
g I saw upon his finger now,)
after, did I meet him with a chain.
It may be so, but I did never see it:—
aoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
know the truth hereof at large.

ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
them bound again.
Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*
S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you. [from thence:
S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
hat we were safe and sound aboard.
S. Faith, stay here this night, they will
us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,
gold: methinks, they are such a gentle
that but for the mountain of mad flesh that
narriage of me, I could find in my heart to
still, and turn witch.
S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
re away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter Merchant and* ANGELO.

I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
rotest, he had the chain of me,
most dishonestly he doth deny it.
How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Of very reverent reputation, sir,
t infinite, highly belov'd,
o none that lives here in the city;
d might bear my wealth at any time.
Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
e forswore, most monstrously, to have.
, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Antipholus, I wonder much,
would put me to this shame and trouble;
without some scandal to yourself,
cumstance, and oaths, so to deny
in, which now you wear so openly:
the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
*Ant. E.* I think I had; I never did deny it.
*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee;
Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk, where any honest men resort.
*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
(*They draw.*)

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory:—In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people: Wherefore throng you hither?
*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?
*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.
*Adr.* Why, so I did.
*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.
*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.
*Abb.* Haply, in private.
*Adr.* And in assemblies too.
*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.
*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
*Abb.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid- [ings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.
*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.
*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit Abbess.*
*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
*Ang.* Upon what cause?
*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his death.
*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter* Duke, *attended;* Ægeon, *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in the wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.
*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.
*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.
*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter* Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life: even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.
*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She, whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she, with harlots, feasted in my house.
*Duke.* A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so.
*Adr.* No, my good lord:—myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together: so befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!
*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

in his company, that gentleman.
e did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
ch, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
lid arrest me with an officer.
obey, and sent my peasant home
certain ducats: he with none return'd.
fairly I bespoke the officer,
o in person with me to my house.
he way we met
wife, her sister, and a rabble more
ile confederates; along with them
brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
eer anatomy, a mountebank,
ireed-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
eedy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
ving dead man: this pernicious slave,
ooth, took on him as a conjurer;
, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
s out, I was possess'd: then altogether
y fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
in a dark and dankish vault at home
re left me and my man, both bound together;
gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
n'd my freedom, and immediately
hither to your grace; whom I beseech
give me ample satisfaction
these deep shames and great indignities.
*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
at he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
e people saw the chain about his neck.
*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
rd you confess you had the chain of him,
r you first forswore it on the mart,
thereupon I drew my sword on you;
then you fled into this abbey here,
whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,
ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
er saw the chain, so help me heaven!
this is false, you burden me withal.
*Duke.* What an intricate impeach is this!
ak, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
e you hous'd him, here he would have been;
were mad, he would not plead so coldly;—
say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
es that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?
*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.
*Mer.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
*Mer.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
*Duke.* Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
ak, you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
y, I see a friend will save my life,
ay the sum that may deliver me.
*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
is not that your bondman, Dromio?
*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
ee, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.
*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
ately we were bound, as you are now.
are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.

*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
*Ant. E.* Neither.
*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?
*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.
*Æge.* I am sure, thou dost.
*Dro. E.* Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
*Æge.* Not know my voice! O, time's extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.
*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.
*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy
Thou know'st, we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter the Abbess, with* Antipholus, *Syracusan; and* Dromio, *Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. (*All gather to see him.*)
*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons;
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son,
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
*Duke.* Why, here begins this morning story right;
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first
*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.
*Adr.* And are not you my husband?
*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.
*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.
*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
*Dro. E.* No, none by me.
*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.
*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.
*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
*Ant. E.* There, take it: and much thanks for my good cheer.
*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!
*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this
[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, chant, Angelo, and Attend*
*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff shipboard! [emba
*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast
*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, i Centaur. [Dro
*Ant. S.* He speaks to me: I am your ma
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Antipholus S. and E., Adr., and L*
*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your mas house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
*Dro. S.* Not I, sir, you are my elder.
*Dro. E.* That's a question: How shall we try it.
*Dro. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior: ti then, lead thou first.
*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [Exeun

Act II.—Scene 2.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*l.* 18. "Syracusians," uniformly in ıe's edit.

*s wrought by nature, not by vile* All his hearers understood that the ıt he was about to undergo was in ce of no private crime, but of the nity between two states, to *one* of ɔelonged: but it was a general super- ɔng the ancients, that every great and sfortune was the vengeance of heaven nen for their secret offences. Hence ent put into the mouth of the speaker r. By my past life (says he), which ; to relate, the world may understand, present death is according to the or- ırse of Providence [*wrought by na-* l not the effects of divine vengeance ; me for my crimes [*not by vile* WARBURTON.

ıl meaning of this passage is much ıse than that which Warburton attri- ;. By *nature* is meant *natural af-* Ægeon came to Ephesus in search and tells his story, in order to show leath was in consequence of natural 'or his child, not of any criminal in- M. MASON.

d the great care of goods at random ALONE.

ı. "wished light,"—MALONE. Next scover'd." We have not thought it ecessary to notice these trifling vari- lany of them seem accidental, and are found in Mr. Malone's first edition.

'. 24. *My* youngest boy, *and yet my* re,] Shakspeare has here been guilty forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, p. 8, *youngest son* was that which his wife ı care of: —

ıfe, more careful for the *latterborn.* ısten'd him unto a small spare mast." ıself did the same by the other; and fixing their eyes on whom their care , fastened themselves at either end of M. MASON.

his case was like."—MALONE.

rthest—" MALONE.

*ıaning* clean *through the bounds of* In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.*

*Id. l.* 33. "if no,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 58. —— *wend,*] i. e. go. An obsolete word.

### SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. *A trusty* villain.] i. e. servant.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *confounds himself:*] i. e. destroys himself. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *I shall be* post *indeed;*

*For she will score your fault upon my pate.*] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning, concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post,* till it could be entered on the books of a trader.

*Id. l.* 71. *bestow'd*] i. e. stowed or lodged it.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *that merry* sconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is head.

*P.* 363, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. —— *o'er-raught*—] That is, *over-reached.*

*Id. l.* 14. *They say, this town is full of cosenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Εφεσια δ' λεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Εφεσια γραμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 19. —— liberties of sin:] By *liberties of sin* Shakspeare perhaps means *licensed offenders,* such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity; or it may mean *sinful liberties.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 39. Adr. *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

Luc. *Why headstrong liberty is* lash'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd* i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound? Or perhaps the meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash,* and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. Mr. M. Mason inclines to *leashed.*

*Id. l.* 44. "subject"—Mr. Malone reads *subjects*

*Id. l.* 56. —— *start some other* where?] Probably *where* has here the power of a *noun.* The sense is, *How if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?*

*Id. l.* 58. —— *though she* pause;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

363, c. 1, l. 59. *They can be meek, that have* no other cause.] That is, who have *no cause to be otherwise.*

*Id. l.* 65. *With urging* helpless *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience which *affords no help.*

*Id. l.* 67. —— fool-begg'd—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 6. —— *that I could scarce* understand *them.*] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare.

*Id. l.* 37. *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies *spherical*, applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free* in *speech* or *action* spoken of his mistress.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather.

*Id. l.* 54. *Of my* defeatures:] By *de* here meant *alteration of featur* worse. At the end of this play the is used with a somewhat different si

*Id. l.* 54. —— *My decayed fair*—] *fairness.*

*Id. l.* 57. —— *poor I am but his stale.*] i. e. *pretence.*

*Id. l.* 69. "and no man."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 70. *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*
*Will lose his beauty; and,* though *gold*
*'bides still,*
*That others touch,* yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold; and so no man, that hath a name,*
But *falsehood and corruption doth it shame.*
The sense is this: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

*P.* 364, *c.* 1, *l.* 32. *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons.*

*Id. l.* 35. —— *know my aspect,*] i. e. study my countenance.

*Id. l.* 41. —— *and* insconce *it too;*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *by fine and recovery!*] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 20. —— *falsing,*] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false.* Mr. Heath would read *falling.*—STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 28. "e'en no time." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 36. —— wafts *us*—] i. e. beckons us.

*Id. l.* 46. "or look'd, or touch'd,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *may'st thou* fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active.

*P.* 365, *c.* 1, *l.* 23. —— *you are from me* exempt,] Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted;* yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON.

*Id. l.* 30. —— idle *moss;*] That is moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless.

*Id. l.* 67. *And shrive you*—] That is I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. —— *carkanet.*] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck.

*Id. l.* 48. *Mome.*] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post; from one of those similar words in many languages, signifying something foolish. It may also owe its original to the French word *momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is that a strict silence is to be observed; whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken. From hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS, and DOUCE.

*l. l.* 49. —— *patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the party-coloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age.

*l.* 67. —— *I* owe?] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of.

56, *c.* 1, *l.* 32. —— *we shall part with neither,*] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that in our old language, to *part*, signified *to have part.* But *part* does not signify to *share* or divide, but to *depart* or *go away;* and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either.

*l.* 66. Once this,] *Once this*, may mean, *once for all, at once.*

*Id. l.* 70. —— *the doors are* made *against you,*] To *make* the door is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.*

*Id. l.* 77. "of it." MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. "where it gets possession." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 6. *And, in despight of* mirth.] Though mirth has withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despight of her and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 47. —— "shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?"
MALONE.

*Id. l.* 49. *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity.*

*Id. l.* 54. —— *vain,*] Is *light of tongue, not vora cious.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *sweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren.*

*P.* 367, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. *Not mad, but* mated;] I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife:* and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

*Id. l.* 19. *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON. Mr. Malone thinks he means "all that I claim from heaven hereafter."

P. 367, c. 1, l. 48. —— sir-reverence:] a corruption of *save*-reverence, *salva-reverentia*.

Id. l. 60. *Swart*,] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown.

Id. c. 2, l. 2. "her heir."—MALONE.

Id. l. 18. —— assured to *her*;] i. e. *affianced* to her.

Id. l. 31. "If every one know us,"—MALONE.

Id. l. 48 —— *at the Porcupine*:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentino* is used instead of *Porcupine*. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STEEVENS.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

Id. l. 76. —— *want* gilders —] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings.

P. 368, c. 1, l. 3. *Is growing to me*—] i. e. *accruing* to me.

Id. c. 2, l. 22. "And then, sir, she bears away."—MALONE.

Id. l. 29. —— *thou* peevish *sheep*,] *Peevish is silly*.

Id. l. 35. "You sent me for a rope's end as soon." MALONE.

Id. l. 38. "list me"—MALONE.

### SCENE II.

Id. l. 59. —— *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock.

Id. l. 61. Mr. Malone, in this play, constantly reads *spight*, a word not to be found in our dictionaries.

Id. l. 77. —— *cere*,] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

P. 369, c. 1, l. 2, *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

Id. l. 7. *Far from her nest the* lapwing, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial—I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. STEEVENS.

Id. l. 17. —— *an* everlasting *garment*—] The sergeants, in those days, were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting* garment: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is, of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad. "—What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

Id. l. 23. —— *and narrow lands*;] *Lands* in the present instance may mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-side.

Id. l. 24. *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well*:] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

A hound that draws *dry-foot*, means what is usually called a *bloodhound*, trained to follow men by the scent.

Id. l. 26. —— *poor souls to hell*.] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons.

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermost farthing." STEEVENS.

An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the Commons passed through it to *King William and Queen Mary's Coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's Reports*, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of "one *Christopher Hole* Secondary del Treasurie, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le *office del Clerke del Treasurie* al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treasury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the Court of *Exchequer*. The *office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincoln's Inn*. These, therefore, belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. Other rooms are turned into coal-cellars.—There is a *pump* still standing of excellent water, called HELL *Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

Id. l. 33. "But is in," &c.—MALONE.

Id. l. 39. —— *was he arrested on a* band?] A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a neckcloth. On this circumstance the humour of the passage turns.

Id. l, 51. "bankrout,"—MALONE.

Id. l. 61. —— *conceit*;] i. e. fanciful conception.

### SCENE III.

Id. c. 2, l. 3. —— *What have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?*] The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the sergeants of the counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. Mr. Malone reads thus, "What have you got *rid* of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?"

Id. l. 17. —— *he that sets up his* rest *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike*.] The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. JOHNSON.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the morris-pike was used in the morris-dance. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *His-*

*the* ish *Army*. Vol. I. p. 135.

*that sets up his rest*, in this only, I believe, "he that *t in his expectation*. Thus, its have been final to the when princes *set up their* attle." Again Clarendon: solved to *set up their* REST and to go through with it, figure of speech is certainly military exercise, as that of *rest* which was ever *set*

*—We'll mend our dinner* hasing something additional arket. MALONE.

*do expect spoon-meat*, or *oon.*] i. e. "if you do expect *r stay away*, or bespeak Mr. Malone reads, "Master, spoon-meat or bespeak a

*Id.* —MALONE.

SCENE IV.

*P.* 370, *c.* 1, *l.* 28. ——*wilt* pay *them all*] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 49. ——*by my* long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. ——*companion*—] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 19. "Din'd at home!"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 24 *Perdy*.] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it.

*Id. l.* 29. *Certes*.] i. e. *certainly*.

*Id. l.* 29. ——*kitchen-vestal*—] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

*P.* 371, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. —— unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 45. ——*our* stuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the Royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 20. ——*get within him*,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him.

*Id. l.* 23. ——*take a house*.] i. e. go into a house. So, we say—a dog *takes the water*.

*Id. l.* 36. "And much different," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 55. ——*the* copy—] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys.—STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 73. (Kinsman *to grim and comfortless despair*;)] *Kinsman* means *near relation*. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

*Id. l.* 74. "their heels,"—MALONE.

*P.* 372, *c.* 1, *l.* 21. ——*a* formal *man again*:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour.

*Id. l.* 48. ——sorry *execution*,] So, in *Macbeth*: "Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making. *Sorry* had anciently a stronger meaning than at present, and seems to have meant *sorrowful*: here perhaps it means *dismal*.

*Id. l.* 60. *At your* important *letters*,] For *importunate*.

*Id. l.* 68. ——*to take* order—] i. e. to *take measures*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 16. *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. successively, one after another.

*Id. l.* 20. "My master preaches patience to him, and the while"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 21. *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool*:] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. FOLLET.

Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. *They are shaven and notched on the head like fooles*."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 42. To *bestride* one in battle is an act of friendship, or assistance, frequently mentioned in these plays.

*Id. l.* 57. ——*with* harlots—] *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women.

*Id. l.* 67. ——*I am advised*—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration.

*Id. l.* 68. "disturbed"—MALONE, who considers *the effect* as making only two syllables.

*P.* 373, *c.* 2, *l.* 3. ——*deformed*] For *deforming*.

*Id. l.* 4. ——*strange defeatures*—] *Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Ægeon, hath placed new *and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON.

*Id. l.* 16. ——*my feeble key of untun'd cares!*] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

*Id. l.* 17. ——*this* grained *face*—] i. e. furrowed, like the *grain of wood*.

*Id. l.* 68. *Why, here begins his* morning *story right*:] "The *morning* story" is what Ægeon tells the duke in the first scene of this play.

*P.* 374, *c.* 2, *l.* 3. Mr. Malone reads—"until this present hour,

"My heavy burthen not delivered."

*Id. l.* 7. *After so long grief, such nativity!*] She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

# Macbeth.

## Historical Notes.

order to make a true estimate of the abili- and merit of a writer, it is always neces- to examine the genius of his age, and the ions of his contemporaries. A poet who ld now make the whole action of his tragedy nd upon enchantment, and produce the f events by the assistance of supernatural its, would be censured as transgressing the ds of probability, be banished from the tre to the nursery, and condemned to write tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of notions that prevailed at the time when this was written, will prove that Shakspeare in no danger of such censure, since he only ed the system that was then universally itted, to his advantage, and was far from rburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, ch, though not strictly the same, are con- ded in this play, has in all ages and coun- s been credited by the common people, and nost, by the learned themselves. The phan- s have indeed appeared more frequently, in portion as the darkness of ignorance has n more gross; but it cannot be shown, that brightest gleams of knowledge have at any e been sufficient to drive them out of the ld. The time in which this kind of credu- was at its height, seems to have been that he holy war, in which the Christians imputed their defeats to enchantments or diabolical osition, as they ascribed their success to assistance of the military saints; and the ned Dr. Warburton appears to believe *(Sup- ent to the Introduction to Don Quixote)* the first accounts of enchantments were ght into this part of the world by those returned from their eastern expedi- s. But there is always some distance een the birth and maturity of folly as of kedness: this opinion had long existed, gh perhaps the application of it had in no going age been so frequent, nor the re- ion so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's *tracts*, tells us of one Libanius who practised kind of military magic, and having pro- ed χωρὶς ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ Βαρβάρων στρατεῖν, *perform great things against the Barba- ns without soldiers*, was, at the instance the empress Placidia, put to death, when he about to have given proofs of his abilities. e empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction and the arts of slaughter. Δείκνυτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένας ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσην γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies flying horses by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Demonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter

his speculations, the system of *Demonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, (chap. xii.) That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. MALONE.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

1 *Witch*. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

# MACBETH.

s deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular disp the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.
r of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts eem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive

ns are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Mac- es some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

*King of Scotland.*
N, { *his Sons.*
*Generals of the King's Army.*
*Noblemen of Scotland.*
*Son to Banquo.*
*Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*

*Young* SIWARD, *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth*
*Son to Macduff.*
*An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.*
*A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.*

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
*Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.*
HECATE, *and three Witches.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.*

*In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*

## ACT I.

I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter three Witches.*

. When shall we three meet again
lightning, or in rain?
. When the hurlyburly's done,
battle's lost and won
. That will be ere set of sun.
. Where the place?
Upon the heath;
. There to meet with Macbeth.
. I come, Graymalkin!
dock calls:—Anon.—
, and foul is fair:
ugh the fog and filthy air
(*Witches vanish.*)

-*A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

g DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LE- *Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

hat bloody man is that? He can report,
by his plight, of the revolt
t state.
This is the sergeant,
a good and hardy soldier, fought
captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
king the knowledge of the broil,
lst leave it.
Doubtfully it stood;
nt swimmers, that do cling together,
their art. The merciless Macdonwald
be a rebel; for, to that,
lying villanies of nature
upon him,) from the western isles
and Gallowglasses is supplied;
e, on his damned quarrel smiling,
a rebel's whore: But all's too weak;
Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
k'd with bloody execution,
's minion,
his passage, till he fac'd the slave:
hook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
am'd him from the nave to th' chaps,
is head upon our battlements.
valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
*Dun.* Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
*Sold.* Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
*Dun.* So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

*Enter* ROSSE.

Who comes here?
*Mal.* The worthy thane of Rosse.
*Len.* What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.
*Rosse.* God save the king!
*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
*Rosse.* From Fife, great king.
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
*Dun.* Great happiness.
*Rosse.* That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
inte[illegible] Go, pronounce his death,
[illegible]tle greet Macbeth.
[illegible]ne.
[illegible] lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene [illegible] II.—*A Heath.*

[illegible]*nter three Witches.*

[illegible]st thou been, sister?
[illegible]vine.
[illegible]ere thou?
[illegible]'s wife had chesnuts in her lap,
[illegible]mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
[illegible]:
[illegible]he rump-fed ronyon cries.
[illegible]po gone, master o'the Tiger:
[illegible]er sail,
[illegible]t a tail,
[illegible] do.
[illegible]ee a wind.
[illegible]kind.
[illegible]
[illegible]l the other:
[illegible],
[illegible]ow
[illegible]
[illegible]ry as hay:
[illegible]er night nor day,
[illegible]is pent-house lid;
[illegible] a man forbid:
[illegible]ights, nine times nine,
[illegible]e, peak, and pine;
[illegible] cannot be lost,
[illegible]empest-toss'd.
[illegible]ave.
Show me, show me.
1 Here I have a pilot's thumb,
W[illegible] homeward he did come. (*Drum within.*)
3 [illegible] A drum, a drum;
Macb[illegible] doth come.
*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—The charm's wound up.

*Enter* Macbeth *and* Banquo.

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—What are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed,
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
Ye greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.
1 *Witch.* Hail!
2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more!
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. (*Witches vanish.*)
*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?
*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!
*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?
*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.
*Ban.* You shall be king.
*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

*Enter* Rosse *and* Angus.

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
*Ang.* We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.
*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?
*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
*Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
*Macb.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those, that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
*Ban.* That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
*Macb.* Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,

h it given me earnest of success,
:ing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
why do I yield to that suggestion,
orrid image doth unfix my hair,
.e my seated heart knock at my ribs,
he use of nature? Present fears
than horrible imaginings:
ght, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
o my single state of man, that function
r'd in surmise; and nothing is,
: is not.
Look, how our partner's rapt.
If chance will have me king, why, chance
my stir. [may crown me,
New honours come upon him
strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
the aid of use.
Come what come may;
l the hour runs through the roughest day.
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Give me your favour:—my dull brain was
wrought
ngs forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
ter'd where every day I turn
to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
on what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
im having weigh'd it, let us speak
hearts each to other.
Very gladly.
Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

: IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

. *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
commission yet return'd?
My liege,
not yet come back. But I have spoke
: that saw him die: who did report,
y frankly he confess'd his treasons;
your highness' pardon; and set forth
epentance: nothing in his life
im like the leaving it: he died
at had been studied in his death,
away the dearest thing he ow'd,
: a careless trifle.
There's no art,
he mind's construction in the face:
gentleman, on whom I built
ute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

f my ingratitude even now
vy on me: Thou art so far before,
ftest wing of recompense is slow
ike thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
proportion both of thanks and payment
ve been mine! only I have left to say,
hy due than more than all can pay.
The service and the loyalty I owe,
it, pays itself. Your highness' part
ive our duties: and our duties
ur throne and state, children, and servants;
o but what they should, by doing every thing
ard your love and honour.
Welcome hither:
gun to plant thee, and will labour
thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
: no less deserv'd, nor must be known
o have done so, let me infold thee,
l thee to my heart.
There if I grow,
est is your own.
My plenteous joys,
in fulness, seek to hide themselves
of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
whose places are the nearest, know,
establish our estate upon
st, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
e of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland:—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
(*Aside.*)
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle. Enter Lady* MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

*Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thouadst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*
*Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your
tidings?

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Atten.* So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

*Enter* Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
*Macb.* My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
*Lady M.* And when goes hence?
*Macb.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.
*Lady M.* O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
*Macb.* We will speak further.
*Lady M.* Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. — *The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.*

*Enter* Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, *and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
*Ban.* This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

*Enter Lady* Macbeth.

*Dun.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
*Lady M.* All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
*Lady M.* Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
*Dun.* Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* Macbeth.

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With this surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

*Enter Lady* Macbeth.

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?
*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?
*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?
*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'the adage?
*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
*Lady M.* What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.
*Macb.* If we should fail,——
*Lady M.* We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

vite him,) his two chamberlains
h wine and wassel so convince,
ory, the warder of the brain,
fume, and the receipt of reason
only: When in swinish sleep
ched natures lie, as in a death,
ot you and I perform upon
rded Duncan? what not put upon
officers; who shall bear the guilt
at quell?
Bring forth men-children only!
launted metal should compose
at males. Will it not be receiv'd,
have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
have done't?
Who dares receive it other,
l make our griefs and clamour rear
eath?
I am settled, and bend up
eral agent to this terrible feat.
mock the time with fairest show:
must hide what the false heart doth
now. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

*-The same. Court within the Castle.*

QUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant with a torch before them.*

ow goes the night, boy?
e moon is down; I have not heard the
ock.
d she goes down at twelve.
I take't, 'tis later, sir.
ld, take my sword:—There's husbandry
heaven,
ess are all out.—Take thee that too.
immons lies like lead upon me,
would not sleep: Merciful powers!
me the cursed thoughts, that nature
to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

ACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

e?
A friend. [a-bed:
hat, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
en in unusual pleasure, and
reat largess to your offices:
nd he greets your wife withal,
e of most kind hostess; and shut up
less content.
Being unprepar'd,
came the servant to defect;
should free have wrought
All's well.
st night of the three weird sisters:
have show'd some truth.
I think not of them:
we can entreat an hour to serve,
nd it in some words upon that business,
ld grant the time.
At your kind'st leisure.
you shall cleave to my consent,—when
e honour for you. ['tis,
So I lose none,
o augment it, but still keep
ranchis'd, and allegiance clear,
ounsell'd.
Good repose, the while!
anks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exit Banquo.*
o, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
dy,
pon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
gger, which I see before me,
toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
e:——
not, and yet I see thee still.
t, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, [sign
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
(*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter Lady* MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

*Macb.* (*Within.*) Who's there?—what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband?

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—
Who lies i'the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is sorry sight,
(*Looking on his hands.*)

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried *murder!* [them:
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.
*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;*
*Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,*
*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*
*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,*
*Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*
*Lady M.* What do you mean?
*Macb.* Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house: [*Cawdor*
*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore*
*Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*
*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
*Macb.* I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

*Re-enter Lady* Macbeth.

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame [ing
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knock-
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—(*Knocking.*) Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
*Macb.* To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself. (*Knock.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same.*

*Enter a Porter.* (*Knocking within.*)

*Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking.*) Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

*Enter* Macduff *and* Lenox.

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.
*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?
*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.
*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.
*Port.* That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.
*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter* Macbeth.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir!
*Macb.* Good-morrow, both!
*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
*Macb.* Not yet.
*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.
*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
*Macb.* The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.
*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit Macduff.*
*Len.* Goes the king
From hence to-day?
*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint it so.
*Len.* The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.
*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter* Macduff.

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?
*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building.
*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?
*Len.* Mean you his majesty? [ight
*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sig-
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! Awake!
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

ɔk on death itself!—up, up, and see
ıat doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
ı your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
ıtenance this horror! (*Bell rings.*)

*Enter Lady* MACBETH.

*r M.* What's the business,
ch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
epers of the house? speak, speak,——
*d.* O, gentle lady,
: for you to hear what I can speak:
ɔetition, in a woman's ear,
murder as it fell.—— Banquo! Banquo!

*Enter* BANQUO.

ıl master's murder'd!
*r M.* Woe, alas!
in our house?
Too cruel, any where.——
uff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
y, it is not so.

*Re-enter* MACBETH *and* LENOX.

*b.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,
v'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
nothing serious in mortality:
ıt toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
ne of life is drawn, and the mere lees
his vault to brag of.

*Enter* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

What is amiss?
*b.* You are, and do not know it:
ring, the head, the fountain of your blood
ɔ'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
*d.* Your royal father's murder'd.
O, by whom?
Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:
ands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
e their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
heir pillows:
tar'd, and were distracted; no man's life
be trusted with them.
*b.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
did kill them.
*d.* Wherefore did you so?
*b.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
and neutral, in a moment? No man:
pedition of my violent love
ı the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
er skin lac'd with his golden blood;
ı gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
n's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
l in the colours of their trade, their daggers
nerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
ıd a heart to love, and in that heart
e, to make his love known?
*y M.* Help me hence, ho!
*d.* Look to the lady.
Why do we hold our tongues,
ıost may claim this argument for ours?
What should be spoken here,
our fate, hid within an auger-hole,
ısh, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
t yet brew'd.
Nor our strong sorrow on
ɔt of motion.
Look to the lady:—
(*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*)
hen we have our naked frailties hid,
uffer in exposure, let us meet,
ıestion this most bloody piece of work,
w it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
t the undivulg'd pretence I fight
ısonous malice.
*b.* And so do I.
So all.
*b.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.
*All.* Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*
*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office [them:
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
*Don.* To Ireland I; our separate fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

*Enter* ROSSE *and an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
Hath trifled former knowings. [night
*Rosse.* Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?
*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
*Old M.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.
*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes, [duff:—
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-

*Enter* MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
*Macd.* Why, see you not?
*Rosse.* Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed?
*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.
*Rosse.* Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
*Macd.* They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
*Macd.* He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?
*Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?
*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.
*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there;
—adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
*Rosse.* Father, farewell.
*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*
*Enter* BANQUO.

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter* MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.
*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
*Ban.* Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?
*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.
*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
*Macb.* Fail not our feast.
*Ban.* My lord, I will not.
*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
*Macb.* Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
*Macb.* Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives—
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought

require a clearness: And with him,
ve no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
his son, that keeps him company,
absence is no less material to me
his father's, must embrace the fate
dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
e to you anon.
r. We are resolv'd, my lord.
. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
cluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
l heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

ENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*nter Lady* MACBETH *and a Servant.*

*M.* Is Banquo gone from court?
Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
*M.* Say to the king, I would attend his
w words. [leisure
Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
*M.* Nought's had, all's spent,
our desire is got without content:
r to be that which we destroy,
y destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

w, my lord? why do you keep alone,
est fancies your companions making?
ose thoughts, which should indeed have died
em they think on? Things without remedy,
be without regard: what's done, is done.
. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
lose, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
s in danger of her former tooth.

me of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
fliction of these terrible dreams,
ake us nightly: better be with the dead,
we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
the torture of the mind to lie
as ecstacy. Duncan is in his grave;
e's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
lomestic, foreign levy, nothing,
h him further!
*M.* Come on;
ny lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
t and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
remembrance apply to Banquo;
him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
he while, that we
e our honours in these flattering streams;
e our faces vizards to our hearts,
g what they are.
*M.* You must leave this.
. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
ow'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.
*M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
ter'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
d-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
g night's yawning peal, there shall be done
of dreadful note.
*M.* What's to be done?
. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,
applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
the tender eye of pitiful day;
h thy bloody and invisible hand,
and tear to pieces, that great bond
keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
ring to the rooky wood: [crow
ngs of day begin to droop and drowse;
ight's black agents to their prey do rouse.
rvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter Three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust: since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
*Ban.* (*Within.*) Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a Servant with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.—
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
(*Assaults Banquo.*)
*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!
(*Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.*)
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the wind?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter* MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.
*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.
*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for he's good.
*Macb.* Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
*Mur.* Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

ty trenched gashes on his head;
a death to nature.
Thanks for that:—
the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
ature that in time will venom breed,
the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
, ourselves again.
[*Exit Murderer.*
*M.* My royal lord,
not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
not often you d, while 'tis a making,
wel ne: To feed, were best at
to meat is ceremony;
out it.
Sweet remembrancer!——
it on appetite,
please your highness sit?
(*Th* *Banquo rises, and sits in*
*ebeth's place.*)
*Mac* had now our country's honour
erson of our
challenge fo
hance!
His absence, sir,
ne his promise. Please it your high-
us our royal company? [ness
T e's full.
a place reserv'd, sir.
re?
Here, my lord. What is't that
your highness?
of you have done this?
What, my good lord?
not say, I did it: never shake
s highness is not well.
ds:—my lord is often
[seat;
And n from his youth: 'pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
*Lady M.* O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. (*Ghost disappears.*)
*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?
*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.
*Lady M.* Fy, for shame!
*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden
time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
*Lady M.* My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
*Macb.* I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all; [full:—
Then I'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
*Ghost rises.*
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.
*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
(*Ghost disappears.*)
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
*Macb.* Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?
*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
*Len.* Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which
which.
*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
person,
At our great bidding?
*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir
*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.
*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.
*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] gashes on his head;
[illegible] to nature.
[illegible] Thanks for that:—
[illegible] serpent lies, the worm, that's fled,
[illegible] that in time will venom breed,
[illegible] the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
[illegible] ourselves again.
(*Exit Murderer.*
*Lady M.* My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
*Mach.* Sweet remembrancer!——
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
*Len.* May it please your highness sit?
(*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*)
*Mach.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
*Rosse.* His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
*Mach.* The table's full.
*Len.* Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
*Mach.* Where?
*Len.* Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
*Mach.* Which of you have done this?
*Lords.* What, my good lord?
*Mach.* Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well; If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
*Mach.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
*Lady M.* O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
*Mach.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. (*Ghost disappears.*)
*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?
*Mach.* If I stand here, I saw him.
*Lady M.* Fy, for shame!
*Mach.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
*Lady M.* My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
*Mach.* I do forget:—
Do not mind at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, [illegible]
all:
Then I'll sit down:——Give [illegible]
I drink to the general joy of the [illegible]
*Ghost rises.*
And to our dear friend Banquo, [illegible]
Would he were here! to all, and him, we [illegible]
And all to all.
*Lords.* Our duties, and [illegible]
*Mach.* Avaunt! and quit [illegible]
hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, [illegible]
Thou hast no speculation [illegible]
Which thou dost glare with!
*Lady M.* [illegible]
But as a thing of custom: [illegible]
Only it spoils the [illegible]
*Mach.* What [illegible]
Approach thou like the [illegible]
The arm'd rhinoceros, [illegible]
Take any shape but [illegible]
Shall never tremble: [illegible]
And dare me to the desert [illegible]
If trembling I inhibit thee, [illegible]
The baby of a girl. Hence, [illegible]
Unreal mockery, hence!—[illegible]
I am a man again.—[illegible]
*Lady M.* You have [illegible]
the good [illegible]
With most admir'd [illegible]
*Mach.* [illegible]
And overcome us like a [illegible]
Without our special [illegible]
Even to the disposition [illegible]
When now I think you [illegible]
And keep the natural [illegible]
When mine are blanch [illegible]
*Rosse.* [illegible]
*Lady M.* I pray you, [illegible]
and worse;
Question enrages him: [illegible]
Stand not upon the order of your [illegible]
But go at once.
*Len.* Good night, [illegible]
Attend his majesty!
*Lady M.* A [illegible]
(*Exeunt.*)
*Mach.* It will have [illegible]
have blood:
Stones have been known [illegible]
Augurs, and understand [illegible]
By magot pies, and [illegible]
forth
The secret'st man of [illegible]
*Lady M.* Almost at [illegible]
which.
*Mach.* How say'd thou, [illegible]
person,
At our great bidding?
*Lady M.* Did [illegible]
*Mach.* I hear it by the way [illegible]
There's not a one of them, [illegible]
I keep a servant for [illegible]
(Betimes I will,) unto the [illegible]
More shall they speak; [illegible]
By the worst means, [illegible]
good,
All causes shall give way; [illegible]
Stept in so far, that, should I [illegible]
Returning were as [illegible]
Strange things I have in head, [illegible]
Which must be acted, [illegible]
*Lady M.* You lack the [illegible]
sleep.
*Mach.* Come, we'll to [illegible]
self abuse
Is the initiate fear, that [illegible]
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

—ch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
ething wicked this way comes:—
n, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, you secret, black, and mid-
you do? [night hags?
A deed without a name.
ch. I conjure y , by that which you profess,
ar you come t know it,) answer me:
untie the winds, and let them fight
churches, though the yesty waves
allow navigation up;
corn be lodg'd, and trees blown

on their warders' heads;
yramids, do slope
ndations: though the treasure
nble all together,
cken, answer me

ak,
Demand.
We'll
Say, if thou'dst rather hear i
r masters'?
Call them, let me
, Pour in sow's blood, that hat..
ine ; grease, that's sweaten
erer's gibbet, throw

Come, high, or low;
and , deftly show.

*under. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*

el thou unknown power,——
He knows thy thought;
t say thou nought.
Macbeth! Macbeth! beware

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
(*Descends.*)
*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks; [more:—
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

*Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
*App.* Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
(*Descends.*)
*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
*All.* Listen, but speak not.
*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. (*Descends.*)
*Macb.* That will never be;
Who can impress the forest? bid the tree
x his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
*All.* Seek to know no more.
*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
(*Hautboys.*)
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO *following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo, down! [hair,
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy
other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
ird is like the former:—Filthy hags.
y do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes! [doom?
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
ther yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
ch shows me many more; and some I see,
two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
ible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
points at them for his.—What is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay
(*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*)
*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

*Enter* LENOX.

*Len.* What's your grace's will?
*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?
*Len.* No, my lord.
*Macb.* Came they not by you?
*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.
*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
*Macb.* Fled to England!
*Len.* Ay, my good lord.
*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter Lady* MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

*Lady Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land?

SCENE FROM MACBETH

SCENE TIRÉE DE MACBETH

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Mach.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
*All.* A deed without a name.
*Mach.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
*Mach.* Call them, let me see them.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
*All.* Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

*Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*

*Mach.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
(*Descends.*)
*Mach.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

*Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
*Mach.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
(*Descends.*)
*Mach.* Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,
Rebellious head, rise never till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
*All.* Seek to know no more.
*Mach.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what is this?
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show!
*All.* Show his eyes, and grief, his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.*

*Mach.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
(*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*)
*Mach.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

*Enter* LEN[OX].

*Len.* What's your grace's will?
*Mach.* Saw you the weird sisters?
*Len.* No, my lord.
*Mach.* Came they not by you?
*Len.* No indeed, my lord.
*Mach.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
*Mach.* Fled to England?
*Len.* Ay, my good lord.
*Mach.* Time, thou anticipatest my dispatch.
This diffident proceeding
I shall the deed [illegible]

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

[illegible] like the [illegible]
[illegible] the round
[illegible] of seven kings?
[illegible] but speak not
[illegible] and take no [illegible]
[illegible] conspirers are
[illegible] until
[illegible] all
(*Descends.*)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Reinoles Normand fils

SCENE FROM MACBETH

SCENE THREE OF MACBETH

You must have patience, madam.
*d.* He had none:
was madness: When our actions do not,
do make us traitors.
You know not,
t was his wisdom, or his fear.
*d.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
is babes,
on, and his titles, in a place
nce himself does fly? He loves us not;
the natural touch: for the poor wren,
diminutive of birds, will fight,
ones in her nest, against the owl.
fear, and nothing is the love;
the wisdom, where the flight
gainst all reason.
My dearest cos',
, school yourself: but, for your husband,
e, wise, judicious, and best knows
he season. I dare not speak much further:
are the times, when we are traitors,
t know ourselves; when we hold rumour
t we fear, yet know not what we fear;
pon a wild and violent sea,
, and move.—I take my leave of you:
e long but I'll be here again:
the worst will cease, or else climb upward
hey were before.—My pretty cousin,
pon you!
*d.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
e my disgrace, and your discomfort:
leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*
*d.* Sirrah, your father's dead;
will you do now? How will you live?
birds do, mother.
*d.* What, with worms and flies?
ith what I get, I mean; and so do they.
*d.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
ll, nor the gin. [nor lime,
hy should I, mother? Poor birds they
re not set for.
is not dead, for all your saying.
*d.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
father?
ay, how will you do for a husband?
*d.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any
arket.
en you'll buy 'em to sell again.
*d.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
et i'faith,
enough for thee.
as my father a traitor, mother?
*d.* Ay, that he was.
hat is a traitor?
*d.* Why, one that swears and lies.
nd be all traitors, that do so?
*d.* Every one that does so, is a traitor,
be hanged. [and lie?
nd must they all be hanged, that swear
*d.* Every one.
ho must hang them?
*d.* Why, the honest men.
en the liars and swearers are fools: for
liars and swearers enough to beat the
n, and hang up them.
*d.* Now God help thee, poor monkey!
wilt thou do for a father?
he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
, it were a good sign that I should quickly
w father.
*d.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,
your state of honour I am perfect.
ome danger does approach you nearly:
I take a homely man's advice,
and here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty, [you!
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*
*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these
faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?
*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
*Mur.* He's a traitor.
*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
*Mur.* What, you egg? (*Stabbing him.*)
Young fry of treachery?
*Son.* He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. (*Dies.*)
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—*England. A room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
Weep our sad bosoms empty. [there
*Macd.* Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.
*Macd.* I am not treacherous.
*Mal.* But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
Yet grace must still look so. [grace,
*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.
*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
*Mal.* Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
*Macd.* What should he be?
*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
*Macd.* Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
*Mal.* I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
*Macd.* Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
*Mal.* With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
*Macd.* This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
*Mal.* But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
*Macd.* O Scotland! Scotland!
*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
*Macd.* Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast
Thy hope ends here!
*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit Doctor.*
*Macd.* What's the disease he means?
*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter* Rosse.

*Macd.* See, who comes here?
*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.
*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
*Mal.* I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.
*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?
*Rosse.* Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
*Macd.* O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
*Mal.* What is the newest grief?
*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
*Macd.* How does my wife?
*Rosse.* Why, well.

*l.* And all my children?
*s.* Well too.
*l.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
*s.* No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.
*l.* Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it? [tidings,
*s.* When I came hither to transport the
I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
worthy fellows that were out;
was to my belief witness'd the rather,
I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
the time of help; your eye in Scotland
create soldiers, make our women fight,
their dire distresses.
Be it their comfort,
coming thither: gracious England hath
good Siward, and ten thousand men;
r, and a better soldier, none
ristendom gives out.
*s.* Would I could answer
mfort with the like! But I have words,
ould be howl'd out in the desert air,
hearing should not latch them.
*l.* What concern they?
eral cause? or is it a fee-grief,
some single breast?
*s.* No mind, that's honest,
it shares some woe; though the main part
to you alone.
*l.* If it be mine,
not from me, quickly let me have it.
*s.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
er yet they heard.
*l.* Humph! I guess at it.
*s.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and
babes,
y slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
n the quarry of these murder'd deer,
the death of you.
Merciful heaven!—
nan! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
rrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
rs the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
*l.* My children too?
*s.* Wife, children, servants, all
uld be found.
*l.* And I must be from thence!
kill'd too?
*s.* I have said.
Be comforted:
ke us med'cines of our great revenge,
this deadly grief.
*l.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
ll my pretty chickens, and their dam,
ell swoop?
Dispute it like a man.
*s.* I shall do so;
ast also feel it as a man;
but remember such things were, [on,
re most precious to me.—Did heaven look
ld not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
re all struck for thee! naught that I am,
their own demerits, but for mine,
ughter on their souls: heaven rest them
now! [grief
Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
*s.* O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, [heaven,
aggart with my tongue! —— But, gentle
t all intermission; front to front,
on this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
forgive him too!
This tune goes manly.
o we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed: yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady* MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand [close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:———Hell is murky!—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in [him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting. [should not.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh! [charged.

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* 'Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your

What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed. [*Exit.*
... Will she go now to bed?
*t.* Directly. [deeds
*t.* Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural
ed unnatural troubles: infected minds
r deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
...eds she the divine, than the physician.—
...s all! Look after her;
...e means of all annoyance,
... upon her:—So, good night:
...as mated, and amaz'd my sight:
...re not speak.
Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

...—*The ...ountry near Dunsinane.*

*drum ...d colours,* MENTETH, CATH-
... ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

... English power is near, led on by
colm,
...vard, and the good Macduff.
burn in them: for their dea...
the bleeding, and the grim ...,
... mortified man.
Near Birnam wo...
meet them; that way are the
... knows, if Donalbain be
...ther?
For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
he gentry; there is Siward's son,
...ough youths, that even now
...irst of manhood.
What does the tyrant?
Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
...y, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
...ll it valiant fury: but, for certain,
...not buckle his distemper'd cause
... the belt of rule.
Now does he feel
...t murders sticking on his hands;
Now ...ntely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
*Ment.* Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
*Cath.* Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
*Len.* Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,*
*Shall e'er have power on thee.*—Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
*Serv.* There is ten thousand——
*Macb.* Geese, villain?
*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.
*Macb* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
*Serv.* The English force, so please you.
*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

*Enter* SEYTON.

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?
*Macb.* What news more?
*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
...e me my armour. [hack'd.
*...ey.* 'Tis not needed yet.
*...acb.* I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine ar-
How does your patient, doctor? [mour.—
*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord.
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
*Macb.* Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
*Doct.* Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
*Macb.* Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.
*Siw.* What wood is this before us?
*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.
*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a
And bear't before him; thereby shall we sh...
The numbers of our host, and make discove...
Err in report of us.
*Sold.* It shall be done.
*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant,
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

; down before't.
'Tis his main hope:
there is advantage to be given,
and less hath given him the revolt;
serve with him, but constrained things,
arts are absent too.
Let our just censures
: true event, and put we on
s soldiership.
The time approaches,
with due decision make us know
shall say we have, and what we owe.
speculative their unsure hopes relate;
n issue strokes must arbitrate:
which, advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

*7.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

*with drums and colours,* MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
a a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
e, and the ague, eat them up:
not forc'd with those that should be ours,
t have met them dareful, beard to beard,
t them backward home. What is that
noise? (*A cry within, of women.*)
is the cry of women, my good lord.
I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
has been, my senses would have cool'd
night-shriek; and my fell of hair
a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
ere in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
ice start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
he queen, my lord, is dead.
She should have died hereafter;
uld have been a time for such a word.—
w, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
this petty pace from day to day,
ast syllable of recorded time;
ur yesterdays have lighted fools
to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
t a walking shadow; a poor player,
its and frets his hour upon the stage,
is heard no more: it is a tale
an idiot, full of sound and fury,
nothing.——

*Enter a Messenger.*

n'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Gracious my lord,
port that which I say I saw,
not how to do it.
Well, say, sir.
As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
d began to move.
Liar, and slave!
(*Striking him.*)
Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
his three mile may you see it coming;
moving grove.
If thou speak'st false,
e next tree shalt thou hang alive,
ine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
ot if thou dost for me as much.—
resolution; and begin
t the equivocation of the fiend,
s like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
*e to Dunsinane:*—and now a wood
oward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
which he avouches, does appear,
nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
be a-weary of the sun,
h the estate o the world were now undone.—
e alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
t we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
*Siw.* Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,
*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young* SIWARD.

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?
*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell. [name
*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.
*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine ear. [a title
*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.
*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword
(*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*)
*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

*Enter* MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

*Siw.* This way, my lord;—the castle's gently ren-
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; [der'd:
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
*Mal.* We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

*Re-enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.
*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
*Macd.* I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! (*They fight.*)
*Macb.* Thou losest labour:

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
*Macd.* Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these jaggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
*Here may you see the tyrant.*
*Macb.* I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,* Malcolm, *old* Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth, *and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
*Siw.* Then he is dead?
*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?
*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.
*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow
And that I'll spend for him.
*Siw.* He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter* Macduff, *with Macbeth's head on a pole.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!
*All.* King of Scotland, hail!
[*Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Act II.—Scene 2.

*Macbeth.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

# Explanatory Notes.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

., *l.* 7. i. e. when the storm is over.
re the set of sun." MALONE.
— *Graymalkin!*] To understand this
:, we should suppose one familiar calling
ie voice of a cat, and another with the
g of a toad, which in the north is called
*k.*
*air is foul, and foul is fair:*] I believe
ning is, that *to us*, perverse and malig-
we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.*
N.

### SCENE II.

Doubtful."—MALONE.
— to *that*, &c.] i, e. *in addition* to
r, to that end.
'Kernes *and* Gallowglasses *is supplied:*]
*and* Gallowglasses are light and heavy
foot, "Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam
nt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis an-
similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis ar-
: quos *Kernos* vocant, nec non secures
:æ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris ar-
, quos *Galloglassios* appellant." *Waræi*
*Hiber.* cap. vi.
*tad fortune, on his damned* quarrel—]
*el* was formerly used for *cause*, or for
*ssion of a quarrel*, and is to be found
t sense in Holinshed's account of the
f Macbeth, who, upon the creation of
ince of Cumberland, thought, says the
an, that he had *a just quarrel* to endea-
fter the crown. The sense therefore is,
*e smiling on his execrable cause*, &c.
N.
*le whence the sun* 'gins *his reflexion*—]
ought is expressed with some obscurity,
e plain meaning is this: *As the same*
*r, whence the blessing of day-light*
, *sometimes sends us, by dreadful re-*
*the calamities of storms and tempests;*
*glorious event of Macbeth's victory,*
*promised us the comforts of peace, was*
*iately succeeded by the alarming news*
*Norweyan invasion,*
. 34. —— flout *the sky.*] The banners
e poetically described as waving in
ry or *defiance* of the sky. The sense of
mage, however, collectively taken, is
*Where the triumphant flutter of the*
*yan standards ventilates or cools the*
*soldiers who had been heated through their*
*efforts to secure such numerous trophies of*
*victory.*

*Id. l.* 39. *Till that Bellona's* bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,] *Lapt in proof*, is, defended by armour of proof. By Bellona's bridegroom we may understand Macbeth, but why, the critics have not told us.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *Saint* Colmes' inch,] *Colmes' inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden, *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba.*

P. 382, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. "his present death,"—MALONE.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 15. Aroint *thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

*Id. l.* 15. —— *the* rump-fed *ronyon* —] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c., which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals. *Ronyon* means scabby or mangy-woman. Fr. *rogneux.*

*Id. l.* 26. —— *the shipman's card,*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age.

*Id l.* 30. *He shall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction.* To *bid* is originally *to pray.* As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

*Id. l.* 41. *The* weird *sisters, hand in hand,*] These *weird* sisters, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skulldu: per aëra et maria equitant semper ad moituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three;* and calls them,

*Posters of the sea and land;*

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota et Skullda*, but also *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Condula*, and *Geiroscogula*. Bartholinus adds that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms*; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*. STEEVENS.

*P.* 382, *c.* 1, *l.* 61. ——*thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore.

*Id. l.* 63. —— *thane of* Cawdor!] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining.

*Id. l.* 67. *Are ye* fantastical,] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy?] JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 70. *Of noble* having,] *Having*, is estate, possession, fortune.

*Id. l.* 71. *That he seems* wrapt *withal;*] *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. *By Sinel's death*,] The father of Macbeth.

*Id. l.* 24 —— *eaten of the* insane *root*,] The *insane* root is the root which makes insane, and which the commentators have not discovered.

*Id. l.* 35. *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
*Which should be thine, or his:* &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them public justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

*Id. l.* 39. —— *As thick as* tale,] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*.

*Id. l.* 45. "Only to herald," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 55. Mr Malone reads,
——— "Whether he was combin'd
"With those of Norway," &c.

*Id. l.* 66. —— *trusted home*,] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on, or perhaps we should read *thrusted home*.

*Id. l.* 67. *Might yet* enkindle *you*—] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek.

*Id. l.* 74. Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction.

*Id. l.* 77. *This supernatural* soliciting—] *Soliciting* for information. WARBURTON.

*Soliciting* is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. JOHNSON.

*P.* 383, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. —— *seated*—] i. e. fixed, firmly placed.

*Id. l.* 9. —— *single state of man*,] Dr. Johnson says, that the *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. But Mr. Steevens thinks that the *single* state of Macbeth may signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind.

*Id. l.* 9. ——— *function*
*Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is*
*But what is not.*] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 19. Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*] i. e. time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will. Mrs. MONTAGUE.

*Id. l.* 21. —— *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *my dull brain was* wrought—] My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 50. *Tu find the mind's* construction *in the face:*] Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place in the sense of *frame* or *structure;* but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is—*We cannot* construe *or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face*. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 69, —— full *of growing*.] is, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *hence to* Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at *Inverness*, are yet standing. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 10. *The prince of* Cumberland!] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the lifetime of a king (as was often the case), the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 31. —— missives *from the king*,] i. e. messengers.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *the* golden round,
*Which fate and metaphysical aid*—] The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*.

*Metaphysical*, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means something *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysics* are thus explained; "Supernatural arts."

*P.* 383, *c.* 2, *l.* 70. —— *The raven himself is hoarse*,] The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage:—

*Give him tending;* the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit* Attendant] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himself* is spent, is *hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSELI.

*Id. l.* 74. —— *mortal thoughts*,] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortal*, but *murderous, deadly*, or *destructive designs.*

*Id. l.* 77. —— *remorse;*] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity.

*P.* 384, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. *And* pall *thee*—] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall.*

To *pall*, however, in the present instance (as Mr. Douce observes), may simply mean—to *wrap*, to *invest.*

*Id. l.* 8. *That my keen* knife—] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword* or *dagger.*

*Id. l.* 10. *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testisfy her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 23. *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*

*May read*, &c.] that is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

*Id. l.* 35. *To* alter favour *ever is to fear:*] *Favour* is—look, countenance.

SCENE VI.

*Id. l* 42. *This castle hath a pleasant* seat;] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose.* Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. —This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *coigne of vantage*,] Convenient corner. Mr. Malone reads this passage thus:—

——— "no jutty, frieze,
"Buttress, nor coin of vantage, but this bird
"Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
"Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
"The air is delicate."

*Id. l.* 58. *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,*
*Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you*
*How you shall bid God* yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer:—

*Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers or thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.*—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense—to *pray.* STEEVENS.

*Id. l* 65. *We rest your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for *beadsmen.*

*Id. l.* 72. *Your servants ever.* &c.] The sense is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.*

SCENE VII.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 5. *Enter*——*a* Sewer.] A *sewer* was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.

*P.* 384, *c.* 2, *l.* 9. —— *If the assassination*, &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:—

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* would secure *its surcease*, if being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 24. *Hath borne his* faculties *so meek*,] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c.

*Id. l.* 36. *Enter Lady*—] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

*I dare do all that may become a man,*
*Who dares do more, is none.*

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan; another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a higher power, could not be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 54. —— *Would'st thou* have *that*
*Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,*
And *live a coward in thine own esteem;*] *Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper,* "I dare not," *to controul your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 56. *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."

*Id l.* 76. *But screw your courage to the* sticking-place,] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c.

*P.* 385, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. *Will I with wine and* wassal *so* convince, &c.] To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower*, or *subdue*. What was anciently called *was-haile*, (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil;* he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English; but *wassel* is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 3. —— *the* warder *of the brain*—] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

*Id. l.* 4. —— *the* receipt *of reason*,] i. e. the *receptacle*.

*Id. l.* 5. *A* limbeck *only:*] The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass and nothing remain.

*Id l.* 10. —— *who shall bear the guilt*
*Of our great* quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murderers* is now used.

*Id. l.* 24. Till this instant the mind of Mabeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repento fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

"——when once our grace we have forgot,
"Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—"

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 26. *Scene I.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where the encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

P. 385, c. 1, l. 34.——*There's* husbandry *in heaven*,] *Husbandry* here means, *thrift, frugality*.

*Id. l.* 40. —— *Merciful powers!* &c.] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

*Id. l.* 46. *Sent forth great largess to your* offices:] *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone reads, *officers*.

*Id. l.* 48. ——*shut up*—] To *shut up*, is to conclude

*Id. l.* 52. *Being unprepared*, &c.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the king our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

*Id. l.* 61. *If you shall cleave to my* consent,—*when 'tis*,] *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

Mr. Malone thinks we should read *content*, and strengthens his opinion by various quotations.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 10. *And on thy blade*, and dudgeon, gouts of *blood*.] Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft*, or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it.

*Id. l.* 14. —— *Now o'er the one half world*

*Nature seems dead*,] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased*. This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico*:—

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat.
Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep, in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 24. *And take the present horror from the time*,

*Which now suits with it*.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 25. —— *Whiles I threat he lives*;

*Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath* gives.] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *Had he not resembled*

*My father as he slept, I had done't*.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 76. *As they had seen me*,] i. e. *as if*

P. 386, c. 1, l. 10. —— *the ravell'd* sleave *of care*,] *Sleave* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver

*Id. l.* 18. Glamis *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Cawdor

*Shall sleep no more*, Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*] This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous; as for instance—

Norfolk *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Surrey

*Shall sleep no more*, Howard *shall sleep no more!*

*Id. l.* 43. *The* multitudinous *seas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. By multitudinous, the poet is supposed to mean seas of every denomination: or, the seas which swarm with inhabitants; or, perhaps alludes to the multitude of waves. The commentators are not agreed on this point.

*Id. l.* 44. "Making the green one red."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 59. "I would thou could'st!—MALONE.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *he should have* old *turning the key*] i. e *frequent, more than enough*.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— *till the second* cock:] Cock-crowing, i. e. as Mr. Malone thinks, till three o'clock

*Id. l.* 45. *For 'tis my* limited *service*.] *Limited*, for *appointed*.

*Id. l.* 46. "Goes the king hence to-day?"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 48. He does:—*he did appoint so*.] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theo-

bald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falshood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the king's journey was effectually prevented by his death.

*P.* 387, *c.* 1, *l.* 49. ——— *Here lay Duncan,*
*His* silver *skin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood;*] It is not improbable that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. Yet some of these metaphors are to be found in old plays. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 53. *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore:*] According to Mr. Steevens, the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts*, or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms; but Dr. Farmer says that the sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood*, and has given an example where *sheaths* are called *breeches*.

*Id. l.* 61. "Here, where our fate, hid in an augre hole,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 65. ——— "Nor are strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 69. *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
*That suffer in exposure.*] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 74. *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,*
*Against the undivulg'd* pretence *I fight*
*Of treasonous malice.*] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light.* STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 10. —— *the near in blood,*
*The nearer bloody.* Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 12. *This murderous shaft that's shot,*
*Hath not yet lighted;*] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect; or, the end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *they* pretend?] i. e. *intend*, or *design*.

*Id. l.* 65. —— *Colmes-kill;*] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western iles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying place*.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*P.* 388, *c.* 1, *l.* 56. "Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men.
Our pleasure?"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 61. —— royalty *of nature*—] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies *nobleness, supreme excellence.*

*Id. l.* 64. —— *to*—] i. e. in addition to.

*Id. l.* 77. *For Banquo's issue have I* fil'd—] i. e. *defiled.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. —— *the common enemy of man,*] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy;* a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *come, fate, into the list,*
*And champion me to the utterance!*] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat a *l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 8. "Now go to the door,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 18. —— *pass'd in* probation with you,
*How you were* borne in hand; &c.] *Pass'd in probation* is, perhaps, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify—*proved.*—To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

*Id. l.* 27. —— *Are you so* gospell'd] Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 34. Shoughs,] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ;* dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

*Id. l.* 35. —— *the* valued file—] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice. *The valued file* is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike.* *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it: *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

*Id. l.* 60. —— *in such* bloody distance,] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute*

*ing* is represented as *thrusting at the part where life resides.*

*l.* 65. For *certain friends*—] *For*, in ent instance, signifies *because of.*

*quaint you with the* perfect spy o'the time,

oment *on't;*] i. e. in ancient language, nt *yourselves*" with the exact time vourable to your purposes; for such a must be *spied* out by you, be selected own attention and scrupulous observa- *You* is ungrammatically employed, in- *yourselves.*

*l.* 1. —— *always thought,*

*I require a clearness:*] i. e. you must matters so, that throughout the whole ion I may stand clear of suspicion.

SCENE II.

— sorriest *fancies*—] i. e. worthless, vile.

without all remedy,"—MALONE.

—*scotch'd*—] i. e. cut slightly.

But let the frame of things disjoint, the worlds suffer,"—MALONE.

*restless* ecstasy.] *Ecstasy*, for mad- agony.

*resent him eminence,*] i. e. do him the honours.

——— "unsafe the while, that we have," &c.—MALONE.

— *nature's copy's not* eterne.] The he *lease* by which they hold their lives ture, has its time of termination limited. ON.

*The* shard-borne *beetle,*] The *shard-* beetle is the beetle borne along the air *hards* or *scaly wings.*

— *Come*, seeling *night,*] *Seeling*, [i. e. g. It is a term in falconry.

to their preys," &c.—MALONE.

SCENE III.

— *lated* —] i. e. belated, benighted.

— *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they e set down in the list of guests, and ex- to supper.

'leance, &c. *escape.*] Fleance, after the nation of his father, fled into Wales, by the daughter of the prince of that , he had a son named Walter, who after- became Lord High Steward of Scotland, m thence assumed the name of *Walter rd.* From him, in a direct line, King I. was descended; in compliment to our author has chosen to describe Banquo, as equally concerned with Macbeth in rder of Duncan, as innocent of that

*Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means ld take to evade discovery; or, perhaps, t our purpose.

SCENE IV.

*Our hostess keeps her state*, &c.] i. e es in her chair of state at the head of le.

*l.* 1. ——trenched *gashes*—] *Trancher*, Fr.

— *the feast is* sold, &c.] The meaning hat which is not *given cheerfully*, can- called a *gift*, it is something that must d for.

Here, my good lord."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *upon a* thought—] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *O, these flaws, and starts,*

(Impostors to true fear) *would well become*, &c.] Flaws are sudden gusts. Impostors to true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place.

*Id. l.* 69. *Ere human statute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes:* or rather that state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 8. —— *to all, and him, we* thirst.] We *thirst*, perhaps, means we desire to drink.

*Id. l.* 9. *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.*

*Id. l.* 25. *If trembling I* inhibit—] i. e. *forbid.*

*Id. l.* 35. *Can such things be,*

*And* overcome *us like a summer's cloud,*
*Without our special wonder?*] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us?

*Id. l.* 36. ——*You make me strange*

*Even to the disposition that I owe,*] Mr. Steevens explains these words thus:—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words—*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it.*

*Id. l.* 54. *Augurs, and understood* relations, &c.] Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood (says he), have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, of which the modern *mag* is the abbreviation

*Id. l.* 62. *How say'st thou,* &c.] i. e. *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter?* The circumstance on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *be* scann'd.] To *scan* is to examine nicely.

*Id. l.* 76. *You lack the* season *of all natures, sleep*] i. e. you stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require.

SCENE V.

*P.* 391, *c.* 1, *l.* 24. "Unto a dismal and a fatal end."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 27. —— *vaporous drop profound;*] This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to have shed on particular herbs, or other objects when strongly solicited by enchantment.

*Id. l.* 29. —— *slights,*] Arts; subtle practices.

ENE VI.

P. 2 "upon his aid"—MALONE.

Id. m our feasts and banquets ;] The construction is—Free banquets from bloody knives.

I. l receive free honours,] Free honours freely bestowed, not mes; or honours without dread of a tyrant. JOHN-

,] i. e. Macbeth.

y prayers with him." MA-

CT IV.

ENE I.

:] Harper may be a mis- int for harpy. The word ns to countenance this sun- of ... oise mad

and gulf, The gulf is the nt.

alt sea-shark;] Ravin'd is

he moon's eclipse;] Sliver word in the North, where it a piece or a slice.

of Turk, and Tartar's lips:] dients, in all probability, owed ction to the detestation in which ere held, on account of the holy

as, indeed, were our neighbours, whom most of our prejudices, are derived), to keep this even in their military-sport e ... ir soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 62. *Add thereto a tiger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*.

*P.* 392, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. —— *yesty waves*—] that is, *foaming*, or *frothy waves*.

*Id. l.* 13. *Thou bladed corn be* lodg'd.] Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning.

*Id. l.* 14. *Though castles* topple—] *Topple is* used for *tumble*.

*Id. l.* 17. *Of nature's* germins—] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate*] or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr.

*Id. l.* 31. —— deftly—] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North country word.

*Id. l.* 32. *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

*Id. l.* 43. *Thou hast* harp'd—] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

*Id. l.* 64. —— "speak not to't." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 71. *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.

*Id c.* 2, *l.* 11. —— *what* noise—] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *music*.

*Id. l.* 22. —— "And thy air,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense.

*Id. l.* 30. *That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

*Id. l.* 31. Mr. Malone omits *Ay*.

*Id. l.* 32. —— *the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*.

*Id. l.* 36. —— *cheer we up his* sprights,] i. e. *spirits*.

*Id. l.* 70. *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it. Mr. Malone reads "trace him in his line."

SCENE II.

*P.* 393, *c.* 1, *l.* 11. —— *natural touch:*] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

*Id.* 20. *The fits o'the season.*] What is most fitting to be done in every conjuncture.

*Id.* 22. —— *when we are traitors,*

*And do not* know *ourselves;*] When we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*.

*Id. l* 22. —— *when we* hold *rumour*—] i. e. *believe* rumour.

*Id. l.* 76 —— *in your state of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour.

SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 32. *Bestride our* down-fall'n birthdom:] The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution.

*Id l.* 39. —— *to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend*.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *and wisdom*—] That is, and 'tis wisdom.

*Id. l.* 51. *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*

*In an imperial charge.*] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 51. "But I shall crave your pardon;"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 54. *Though all things foul*, &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this: *My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 59. *Why in that* rawness—] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel.

*Id. l.* 69. *Thy title is* affeer'd!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd.

*P.* 394, *c.* 1, *l.* 50.—— *grows with more pernicious root*

*Than summer*-seeding *lust;*] The allusion

is to plants; and the sense is,—"Avarice is a perennial weed: it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE. But Mr. Malone reads, "summer-seeming."

*P.* 394, *c.* 1, *l.* 52. —— *foysons*, plenty ——

*Id. l.* 53. *All these are* portable.] *Portable*, i. e. bearable.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. *From over-credulous haste:*] From over-hasty credulity.

*Id. l.* 31. —— *convinces* —] i. e. *overpowers, subdues.*

*Id. l.* 44. *The mere despair of surgery, he cures;*] Dr. Percy, in his notes on *The Northumberland Houshold Book*, says, "that our ancient kings, even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected the cure of the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets.

*Id. l.* 45. —— a *golden stamp*, &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*, of the value of ten shillings.

*Id. l.* 54. *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

*P.* 395, *c.* 1, *l.* 24. —— *should not* latch *them.*] To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *fee-grief*,] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. It must be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet.

*Id. l.* 41. *Were, on the* quarry *of these murder'd deer.*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed.

*Id. l.* 59. *At one fell* swoop?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

*Id. l.* 76. *Cut short all* intermission;] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.*

*Id. l.* 78. ——— *if he 'scape,*
*Heaven forgive him too!*] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14. *Since his majesty* went into the field,] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers.

*Id. l.* 37. —— "are shut." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 48. *Hell is* murky!] *Murky* is *dark.* Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed), and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

*Id. l.* 57. —— *you mar all this with starting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

*P.* 396, *c.* 1, *l.* 12. *My mind she has* mated,] i. e. *amated*, dismayed.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 24. *Excite* the mortified *man*:] i. e. a *religious*, an ascetic.

*Id. l.* 31. ——unrough *youths*,] i. e. *smooth-faced, unbearded.*

*Id. l.* 49. *When all that is within him does condemn.*
*Itself, for being there?*] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

*Ia. l.* 52. —— *the* medecin—] i. e. *physician.*

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 65. "All mortal consequences have pronounced," &.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 67. "upon thee."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 70. *Shall never* sagg *with doubt*,] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. *I have liv'd long enough: my* way of life, &c.] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:
—— *my* May *of life.*
*I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.*
The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.
This opinion, however, has been ably controverted by some of the commentators.

*Id. l.* 10. —— *the* sear,] *Sear* is dry.

*Id. l.* 26. —— skirr *the country round;*] To *skirr*, signifies to *scour*, to ride hastily.

*Id. l.* 46. ——— *cast*
*The water of my land.*] To *cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

### SCENE IV.

*P.* 397, *c.* 1, *l.* 14. —— *arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.*

### SCENE V.

*Id. l.* 31. —— fell *of hair* —] My hairy part, my *capillitium. Fell* is *skin.*

*Id. l.* 53. "do't."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 65. *Till famine* cling *thee:*] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up.

### SCENE VII.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 50. *Seems* bruited.] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise.

*P.* 398, *c.* 1, *l.* 1. *As easy may'st thou the* intrenchant air —] That is, air which cannot be cut.

*Id. l.* 13. —— palter *with us in a double sense;*] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. "And so," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 20 —— *thy* kingdom's pearl,] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament.

*Id. l.* 24. "Hail, king of Scotland!"—MALONE.

[illegible] ngs are found in Sir William [illegible] of this play, printed in 1674 [illegible] of them were, I believe, [illegible] troduced at the end of the [illegible] e of which he undoubtedly was [illegible] e other song, which is sung in the third Act. th[illegible] rst words *(Come away)* are in the original [illegible] *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at lengt[illegible] ddleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, whic[illegible] been lately printed from a manuscript in the [illegible] llection of Major Pearson. Whether this song [illegible] written by Shakspeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

## ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow:
Nor single: following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He will—
1 *Witch.* He shall—
3 *Witch.* He must spill much more blood;
And become worse, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
4 *Witch.* Agreed.
*Chor.* We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew.
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time:
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [Ex

## ACT III.

SCENE V. HECATE *and the three* WITC

MUSIC AND SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O [illegible] away!
*Hec.* Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O [illegible] away!
*Hec.* I come, I come, with all the speed I m[illegible]
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here; [*within.*]
*Hec.* Where's Puckle?
3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too?
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
*Hec.* I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but noint, &c.
[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his [illegible]
[*A machine with* Malkin *in it, descen*
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
*Hec.* O, art thou come? What news?
[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or else refuse.
*Hec.* Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herself in the machi*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains
Over hills and misty fountains;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters breach,
Nor cannons' throat our height can reach
[Hecate *ascen*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll so[illegible] back again.
2 *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepar[illegible]
Ex

# King John.

## Historical Notes.

*some Reign of King John* was
o parts, by W. Shakspeare and
nd printed 1611. But the present
y different, and infinitely superior

n of 1611 has no mention of
in the account of Rowley's works
n made of his conjunction with
a any play. *King John* was re-
parts, in 1622. The first edition
found of this play, in its present
of 1623, in folio. The edition
e not seen. JOHNSON.

n mistakes, when he says there is
Rowley's works, of any conjunc-
kspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is
em jointly, though I cannot be-
are had any thing to do with it.
equally mistaken, when he says
that Rowley is called his partner
ge of *The Merry Devil of Ed-*

have been some tradition, how-
s, upon which Mr. Pope's account
I make no doubt that Rowley
st *King John;* and when Shak-
was called for, and could not be
m the players, a piratical book-
ed the old one, with *W. Sh.* in
. FARMER.

play of *King John* was first pub-
l. Shakspeare has preserved the
of the conduct of it, as well as
lines. The number of quotations
, and similar scraps of learning
this motley piece, ascertain it to
e work of a scholar. It contains
uantity of rhyming Latin, and
; and in a scene where the Bastard
is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our outhor's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

A play entitled *The troublesome Raigne of John King of England,* in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play, in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which, at that time, was not published. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John,* yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed, not only in the conduct, but sometimes

very expressions, throughout the follow-
storical dramas, viz. *Macbeth*, this play,
*ard II. Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V.*
*y VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and
*y VIII.*

A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faul-*
*ridge, bastard son to Richard Cordelion,*"
entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614;
have never met with it, and therefore
not whether it was the old black letter
*ry*, or a play upon the same subject. For
original *King John*, see *Six old Plays on*
*h Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by
roft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

*Historie of Lord Faulconbridge*, &c. is a prose narrative in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1616. But by an entry on the Stationers' Registers, 29th Nov. 1614, it appears that there had been an old edition of the tract, entitled, *The Historie of George W. Faulconbridge, the son of Richard Cordelion*, and that the copy had been assigned by (William) Barley to Thomas Beale.

A book entitled *Richard* Cur *de Lion*, was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play, called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. MALONE.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

*Arthur.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down;
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!

# KING JOHN.

The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing intercourse of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity, which this author delighted to exhibit. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, bastard Son to King Richard the First.*
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER *of Pomfret, a Prophet.*
PHILIP, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*
ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II, and Mother of King John.*
CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King* JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

*King John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!
*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?
*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.
*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.
*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
*K. John.* What art thou?
*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
*K. John.* A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pounds a-year!
*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.
*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was her's;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child, which is not his?
*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think. [bridge,
*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him:
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, [goes,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case. [fortune,
*Eli.* I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.
*K. John.* What is thy name?
*Bast.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand;
*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.
*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth; What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot. [desire.
*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
*Bast.* Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
*Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;*—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:——*My dear sir,*
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
*I shall beseech you*—That is question now;
And, then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
*O, sir,* says answer, *at your best command;*
*At your employment; at your service, sir:*——
*No, sir,* says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady* Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily? [is he?
*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
*Bast.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so? [boy,
*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou? [while?
*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.
*Bast.* Philip?—sparrow!—James
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

his handy-work :—Therefore, good mo-
her,
am I beholden for these limbs?
never holp to make this leg.
? Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
hine own gain shouldst defend mine ho-
our?
ms this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Knight, knight, good mother Basilisco-
ke:
am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
er, I am not sir Robert's son;
claim'd sir Robert, and my land;
ion, name, and all is gone:
d my mother, let me know my father;
er man, I hope: Who was it, mother?
F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?
As faithfully as I deny the devil. [ther;
?. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy fa-
d vehement suit I was seduc'd
oom for him in my husband's bed:——
y not my transgression to my charge!—
he issue of my dear offence,
is so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Now, by this light, were I to get again,
would not wish a better father.
do bear their privilege on earth,
th yours; your fault was not your folly:
st you lay your heart at his dispose,—
tribute to commanding love,—
hose fury and unmatched force
s lion could not wage the fight,
his princely heart from Richard's hand.
erforce robs lions of their hearts,
y win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
ay heart I thank thee for my father!
s and dares but say, thou didst not well
was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
ly, I will show thee to my kin;
y shall say, when Richard me begot,
dst said him nay, it had been sin:
ys it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.
(*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*one side, the* ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA,
*rces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of*
*, and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, AR-
*nd Attendants.*

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
at great fore-runner of thy blood,
that robb'd the lion of his heart,
t the holy wars in Palestine,
ave duke came early to his grave:
mends to his posterity,
portance, hither is he come,
his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
buke the usurpation
atural uncle, English John:
him, love him, give him welcome hither.
God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
r, that you give his offspring life,
g their right under your wings of war:
welcome with a powerless hand,
a heart full of unstained love:
before the gates of Angiers, duke.
noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
this indenture of my love;
y home I will no more return,
rs, and the right thou hast in France,
with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
ot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
s from other lands her islanders,
hat England, hedg'd in with the main,
r walled bulwark, still secure
dent from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love. [swords

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
In such a just and charitable war. [be bent

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him is come along the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
(*Drums beat.*)
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare. [tion!

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedi-

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King* JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard,* PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face.—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

*Const.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an' if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One, that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

*K. John.* For our advantage:—Therefore, hear us, first.——
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparations for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, these sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Philip.* When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,

usly provokes. Be pleased, then,
that duty, which you truly owe,
that owes it; namely, this young prince:
n our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
nons' malice vainly shall be spent
the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
ith a blessed and unvex'd retire,
nback'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
l bear home that lusty blood again,
here we came to spout against your town,
ive your children, wives, and you, in peace.
ou fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
e you from our messengers of war;
all these English, and their discipline,
arbour'd in their rude circumference.
ell us, shall your city call us lord,
behalf which we have challeng'd it?
l we give the signal to our rage,
lk in blood to our possession?
. In brief, we are the king of England's
subjects;
, and in his right, we hold this town.
*ohn.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me
in. [king,
. That can we not: but he, that proves the
will we prove loyal; till that time,
e ramm'd up our gates against the world.
*ohn.* Doth not the crown of England prove
the king?
not that, I bring you witnesses,
fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
. Bastards, and else.
*ohn.* To verify our title with their lives.
*Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as
. Some bastards too. [those,—
*hi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
r the worthiest, hold the right from both.
*ohn.* Then God forgive the sin of all those
their everlasting residence, [souls,
the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
dful trial of our kingdom's king!
*Phi.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to
arms! [e'er since.
. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
his horseback at mine hostess' door,
us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
r den, sirrah, (*to Austria*) with your lioness,
an ox-head to your lion's hide,
ake a monster of you.
. Peace; no more.
. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
*ohn.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set
appointment, all our regiments. [forth,
. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
*hi.* It shall be so;—(*to Lewis*) and at the
other hill
and the rest to stand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*ms and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter*
*ench Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*er.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
t young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
by the hand of France, this day hath made
work for tears in many an English mother,
e sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
a widow's husband groveling lies,
embracing the discolour'd earth;
ictory, with little loss, doth play
the dancing banners of the French;
are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
ter conquerors, and to proclaim
r of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*nter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

*Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows; [fronted power:
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King* JOHN, *with his power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to
cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. [of blood,

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
Or add a royal number to the dead! [bear,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death! [mit?

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet ad-

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your
king? [king.

1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his
right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this.
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy? [heads,

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* And, if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
*(Aside.)*
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear. [Blanch,

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and [seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their [souls
Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you? [son,

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's [face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
*(Whispers with Blanch.)*

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should [he,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,

rty thousand marks of English coin.—
of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
nd thy son and daughter to join hands.
*hi.* It likes us well:—Young princes, close
your hands.
. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
did so, when I was first assur'd,
*hi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
that amity, which you have made;
saint Mary's chapel, presently,
es of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
he lady Constance in this troop?
, she is not; for this match, made up,
esence would have interrupted much:
is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent. [have made,
*hi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we
ve her sadness very little cure.—
of England, how may we content
idow lady? In her right we came;
we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
own vantage.
*ohn.* We will heal up all,
'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
rl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
ke him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
peedy messenger bid her repair
solemnity:—I trust we shall,
ill up the measure of her will,
some measure satisfy her so,
e shall stop her exclamation.
, as well as haste will suffer us,
unlook'd for unprepared pomp.
*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*
. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
stop Arthur's title in the whole,
illingly departed with a part: [on;
rance, (whose armour conscience buckled
zeal and charity brought to the field,
d's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
hat same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
oker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
aily break-vow; he, that wins of all,
s, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
aving no external thing to lose
word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
ooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
dity, the bias of the world;
orld, who of itself is peised well,
o run even, upon even ground;
s advantage, this vile drawing bias,
ray of motion, this commodity,
t take head from all indifferency,
ll direction, purpose, course, intent:
is same bias, this commodity,
awd, this broker, this all-changing word,
l on the outward eye of fickle France,
rawn him from his own determin'd aid,
resolv'd and honourable war,
ost base and vile-concluded peace.—
hy rail I on this commodity?
because he hath not woo'd me yet:
at I have the power to clutch my hand,
his fair angels would salute my palm:
my hand, as unattempted yet,
poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
whiles I am beggar, I will rail,
y, there is no sin, but to be rich;
ing rich, my virtue then shall be,
—there is no vice, but beggary:
ings break faith upon commodity,
e my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*
r Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.
*t.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
lood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro
vinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard,
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done
But spoke the harm, that is by others done?
*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.
*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; [thee:
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
(*She throws herself on the ground.*)

*Enter King* John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, *Bastard,* Austria, *and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
day

ance and [illegible] kept festival:
[illegible]ze this [illegible] the glorious sun
[illegible] his course, [illegible] plays the alchymist;
[illegible], with splen[illegible] of his precious eye,
[illegible]agre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
[illegible]arly course, that brings this day about,
[illegible]ever see it but a holyday.

*[illegible]st.* A wicked day, and not a holyday! —— (*Rising.*)
[illegible] hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
[illegible] in golden letters should be set,
[illegible] the high tides, in the kalendar?
[illegible]ather, turn this day out of the week;
[illegible] of shame, oppression, perjury:
[illegible]ust stand still, let wives with child
[illegible]t their burdens may not fall this day,
[illegible] their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
[illegible]is day, let seamen fear no wreck;
[illegible]s break, that are not this day made:
[illegible]ll things begun come to ill end;
[illegible] itself to hollow falsehood change!
[illegible] By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
[illegible]he fair proceedings of this day:
[illegible] not pawn'd to you my maje[illegible]
[illegible] You have beguil'd me wit[illegible] you
[illegible]ing majesty; which, being touch[illegible]
[illegible]tried,
[illegible]es valueless: You are forsworn, forsw[illegible]
[illegible] came in arms to spill mine enemies' blo[illegible]
[illegible]now in arms you strengthen it with yo[illegible]
[illegible]rappling vigour and rough frown of w[illegible]
[illegible] in amity and painted peace,
[illegible] oppression hath made up this league:—
[illegible]rm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
[illegible]ow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
[illegible]t the hours of this ungodly day
[illegible] out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
[illegible]rmed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
[illegible] me, O, hear me!

*[illegible]st.* Lady Constance, peace.

*[illegible]st.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou litt'e valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak these words to me! [limbs.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. [self.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thy-

*Enter* Pandulph.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn? and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,— That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this. [Christendom.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse, that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
[illegible]gh you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
[illegible]juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
[illegible], alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away, by any secret course,
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse. [right.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse,

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand. [peal,

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France re-
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs. [wrong,

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
Because——

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

a. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt. [lout.
Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
i. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
and excommunicate, and curs'd?
i. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
me, how you would bestow yourself.
d hand and mine are newly knit;
conjunction of our inward souls,
in league, coupled and link'd together
religious strength of sacred vows;
t breath that gave the sound of words,
p-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
before this truce, but new before,—
r than we well could wash our hands,
his royal bargain up of peace,—
nows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
ghter's pencil; where revenge did paint
il difference of incensed kings:
these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
join'd in love, so strong in both,
his seizure, and this kind regreet?
and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
h unconstant children of ourselves,
gain to snatch our palm from palm;
faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
g peace to march a bloody host,
e a riot on the gentle brow
incerity? O holy sir,
end father, let it not be so:
ur grace, devise, ordain, impose
tle order; and then we shall be bless'd
ur pleasure, and continue friends.
All form is formless, order orderless,
it is opposite to England's love.
, to arms: be champion of our church!
church, our mother, breathe her curse,
's curse, on her revolting son.
hou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
lion by the mortal paw,
tiger safer by the tooth,
p in peace that hand, which thou dost hold.
I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
ne against thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
le to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
o be the champion of our church!
ce thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
not be performed by thyself:
which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
iss, when it is truly done;
g not done, where doing tends to ill,
is then most done not doing it:
er act of purposes mistook
stake again; though indirect,
ection thereby grows direct,
hood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
ne scorched veins of one new burn'd.
gion, that doth make vows kept;
hast sworn against religion;
thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
'st an oath the surety for thy truth
n oath: The truth thou art unsure
, swear only not to be forsworn;
at a mockery should it be to swear?
dost swear only to be forsworn;
t forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
e, thy latter vows, against thy first,
self rebellion to thyself:
er conquest never can'st thou make,
thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in.
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair, die under their black weight.
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!
*Bast.* Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
*Lew.* Father, to arms!
*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
*Const.* O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven. [may
*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love: What motive
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
*Const.* That, which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
*Lew.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.
*K. Phi.* Thou shall not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.
*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!
*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour. [time.
*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side, that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray, that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
*Lew.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood, of France.
*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
*K. John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there:
While Philip breathes.

*Enter King* JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,

ta'en, I fear.
*sf* My lord, I rescu'd her;
ighness is in safety, fear you not:
, my liege; for very little pains
ring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*ums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King* IN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the Bastard*, HUBERT, *Lords.*

*John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, (*To Elinor.*)
trongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: (*To Arthur.*)
andam loves thee; and thy uncle will
r be to thee as thy father was.
*h.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.
*John.* Cousin, (*to the Bastard*) away for England; haste before:
re our coming, see thou shake the bags
rding abbots; angels imprison'd
ou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
t by the hungry now be fed upon:
our commission in his utmost force.
*ast.* Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
n gold and silver becks me to come on.
e your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
r I remember to be holy,)
r fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
Farewell, my gentle cousin.
*ohn.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. (*She takes Arthur aside.*)

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion ' teful to my purposes;)
Or if tha. nou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well:
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember ——Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter King* PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this? [praise.
*K. Phi.* Well could I bear, that England had this
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulted brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine:
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For being not mad, but sensible of grief,

sonable part produces reason
may be deliver'd of these woes,
ches me to kill or hang myself:
e mad. I should forget my son;
ly think a babe of clouts were he.
t mad; too well, too well I feel
ferent plague of each calamity. [note
*hi.* Bind up those tresses: O, what love I
air multitude of those her hairs!
but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
that drop ten thousand wiry friends
r themselves in sociable grief;
e, inseparable, faithful loves,
together in calamity.
*t.* To England, if you will.
*hi.* Bind up your hairs.
*t.* Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
em from their bonds; and cried aloud,
*these hands could so redeem my son,*
*have given these hairs their liberty!*
r I envy at their liberty,
ll again commit them to their bonds,
e my poor child is a prisoner.——
ther cardinal, I have heard you say,
e shall see and know our friends in heaven:
be true, I shall see my boy again;
ce the birth of Cain, the first male child,
that did but yesterday suspire,
was not such a gracious creature born.
r will canker sorrow eat my bud,
ase the native beauty from his cheek,
will look as hollow as a ghost;
and meagre as an ague's fit;
he'll die; and, rising so again,
I shall meet him in the court of heaven
not know him: therefore never, never
behold my pretty Arthur more.
*l.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
*t.* He talks to me, that never had a son.
*hi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
*t.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
his bed, walks up and down with me;
his pretty looks, repeats his words,
bers me of all his gracious parts,
ut his vacant garments with his form;
ave I reason to be fond of grief.
n well: had you such a loss as I,
give better comfort than you do.—
t keep this form upon my head,
(*Tearing off her head-dress.*)
here is such disorder in my wit.
my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
, my joy, my food, my all the world!
low-comfort, and my sorrows' cure. [*Exit.*
*hi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*
There's nothing in this world, can make me
as tedious as a twice-told tale, [joy:
the dull ear of a drowsy man;
ter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
yields nought, but shame and bitterness.
*l.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
the instant of repair and health,
is strongest; evils, that take leave,
r departure most of all show evil:
ave you lost by losing of this day?
. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
*l.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.
: when fortune means to men most good,
ks upon them with a threatening eye.
ange, to think how much king John hath lost
which he accounts so clearly won:
you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
*l.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
ear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
n the breath of what I mean to speak
low each dust, each straw, each little rub,
the path, which shall directly lead
t to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so. [fall?
*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
*Pand.* How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots: the times conspire with you:
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it,
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers'-ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.
*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*
*Enter* HUBERT *and Two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.
*Enter* ARTHUR.
*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.
*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.
*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.
*Arth.* Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. (*Aside.*)
*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now, foolish rheum! (*Aside.*)
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
*Hub.* Young boy, I must.
*Arth.* And will you?
*Hub.* And I will.
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd, that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.
*Hub.* Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

*Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heavens sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
*1 Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.
*Arth.* Is there no remedy?
*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.
*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.
*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master, that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.
*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
*Hub.* Silence: no more: Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King* JOHN *crowned*; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

I do wonder, where I was to Poitiers,
[illegible] gentlemen would be as sad as night,
[illegible] unkindness. By my christendom,
[illegible] out of prison, and kept sleep,
[illegible] be as merry as the day is long;
[illegible] so I would be here, but that I doubt
[illegible] my uncle you have more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, 'a not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I love him, with his renowned grace
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* (He words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]
Turning dispatches to you out of door:
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me;)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

[illegible] Around I am [illegible]
[illegible]

*Arth.* Alas! I think he [illegible]
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any uncleanness that offends your sight,
Than, falling water, should wash them away?
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? [illegible]

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not,
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. [illegible]
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument
And wouldst not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, [illegible]

*Arth.* No, indeed, [illegible]
Being create for comfort, to be used
In underprop'd calamity. [illegible]
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can [illegible]

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceeding, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note, for mercy lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I [illegible]

[illegible]

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough,
I will not struggle, I will stand stock-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let not my sight
[illegible] Hubert? stay [illegible]
[illegible] sit as quiet as a lamb;
I [illegible] stirring, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor [illegible] from the iron angrily:
Thrust [illegible] away, and I'll [illegible]
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

[illegible] Pembroke, look to [illegible]
With my soul [illegible]

*Sal.* Therefore, to be [illegible]
To gild refined gold, [illegible]
To paint a lily [illegible]
To throw a perfume [illegible]
[illegible] the rainbow, or with
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Northcote pinx 359.

ARTHUR & HUBERT

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Northcote pinx. 359.

ARTHUR & HUBERT

But that your royal pleasure must be done,
. is as an ancient tale new told:
the last repeating, troublesome,
rged at a time unseasonable.
In this, the antique and well-noted face
old form is much disfigured:
ke a shifted wind unto a sail,
s the course of thoughts to fetch about;
and frights consideration;
ound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
ing on so new a fashion'd robe.
When workmen strive to do better than well,
confound their skill in covetousness:
ntimes, excusing of a fault,
ke the fault the worse by the excuse;
hes, set upon a little breach,
it more, in hiding of the fault,
d the fault before it was so patch'd.
'o this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
ath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your
highness
bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
l and every part of what we would,
ake a stand at what your highness will.
*hn.* Some reasons of this double coronation
ossess'd you with, and think them strong;
re, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
ndue you with: Mean time, but ask
ou would have reform'd, that is not well;
ll shall you perceive, how willingly
th hear and grant you your requests.
Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
d the purposes of all their hearts,)
myself and them, (but, chief of all,
fety, for the which myself and them
eir best studies,) heartily request
ranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
ve the murmuring lips of discontent
k into this dangerous argument,—
in rest you have, in right you hold,
en your fears, (which, as they say, attend
s of wrong,) should move you to mew up
nder kinsman, and to choke his days
rbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
advantage of good exercise?
time's enemies may not have this
occasions, let it be our suit,
have bid us ask his liberty;
for our goods we do no further ask,
ereupon our weal, on you depending,
t your weal, he have his liberty.
*hn.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter* HUBERT.

direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
This is the man should do the bloody deed;
v'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
ge of a wicked heinous fault
his eye: that close aspect of his
ow the mood of a much troubled breast:
o fearfully believe, 'tis done,
e so fear'd he had a charge to do.
The colour of the king doth come and go,
his purpose and his conscience,
ralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set;
ion is so ripe, it needs must break.
And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
l corruption of a sweet child's death.
*hn.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
rds, although my will to give is living,
which you demand is gone and dead:
us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
ndeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
he child himself felt he was sick:
st be answer'd either here, or hence.
*hn.* Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?
ou, I bear the shears of destiny?
commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury: I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent
There is no sure foundation set in blood:
No certain life achiev'd by others' death —

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
*Mess.* From France to England.—Never such a
For any foreign preparation, [power
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
*Mess.* My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter the Bastard, and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
*Bast.* But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day, at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?
*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

[illegible] lord [illegible]ot, and lord Salisbury,
[illegible] [illegible]w-enkindled fire,)
[illegible] to seek the grave
[illegible]ay, is kill'd to-night

Gentle kinsman, go,
[illegible] into their companies:
[illegible]n their loves again;
[illegible] me.
I will seek them out.
Nay, but make haste: the better foot
[illegible]re.——
[illegible]ve no subject enemies,
[illegible]dverse foreigners affright my towns
[illegible]readful pomp of stout invasion!—
[illegible]ers to thy heels;
from them to me again.
[illegible]he time shall teach me speed.
[Exit.
[illegible]oke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
[illegible] for he, perhaps, shall need
[illegible]ger betwixt me and the peers;
[illegible] thou he.
With all my heart, my liege. [
[illegible]. My mother dead!

*Re-enter* Hubert.

[illegible]. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night:
[illegible]ixed; and the fifth did whirl about
[illegible]ther four, in wond'rous motion.
*John.* Five moons?
[illegible]. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
[illegible]obecy upon it dangerously:
[illegible]rthur's death is common in their mouths:
[illegible]n they talk of him, they shake their heads,
[illegible]per one another in the ear;
[illegible]ks, doth gripe the bearer's wrist;
[illegible]ears, makes fearful action,
[illegible]ows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
[illegible]d with his hammer, thus,
[illegible] whil[illegible] iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince
*Hub.* My lord,——
*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off.
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.
*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
[illegible]g Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
[illegible] a maiden and an innocent hand,
[illegible]ainted with the crimson spots of blood.
[illegible]n this bosom never enter'd yet
[illegible]readful motion of a murd'rous thought,
[illegible] you have slander'd nature in my form;
[illegible]h, howsoever rude exteriorly,
[illegible] the cover of a fairer mind
[illegible] to be butcher of an innocent child.
*John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment, that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter* Arthur *on the walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.
(*Leaps down.*)
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
(*Dies.*)

*Enter* Pembroke, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
*Sal.* Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distempered lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
*Bast.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?
(*Seeing Arthur.*)
*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.
*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
*Pem. Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
*Hub.* I am no villain.
*Sal.* Must I rob the law?
(*Drawing his sword.*)
*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
*Big.* Out, dunghill! dars't thou brave a nobleman?
*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.
*Hub.* Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.
*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge
Second a villain, and a murderer?
*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.
*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?
*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
*Bast.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.
*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
*Hub.* Upon my soul,——
*Bast.* If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown
Put but a little water in a spoon, [thyself,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*
*Enter King* JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
*Pand.* Take again
(*Giving John the crown.*)
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;
n his holiness use all your power
their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
ontented counties do revolt;
le quarrel with obedience;
allegiance, and the love of soul,
ger blood, to foreign royalty.
ndation of mistemper'd humour
y you only to be qualified.
nse not; for the present time's so sick,
esent medicine must be minister'd,
rthrow incurable ensues.
*d.* It was my breath that blew this tempest
your stubborn usage of the pope: [up,
nce you are a gentle convertite,
rue shall hush again this storm of war,
ke fair weather in your blustering land.
Ascension-day, remember well,
ur oath of service to the pope,
make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

*John.* Is this Ascension day? Did not the pro-
that, before Ascension-day at noon, [phet
own I should give off? Even so I have:
uppose, it should be on constraint;
aven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*st.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [out.
a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
nobles will not hear you, but are gone
r service to your enemy:
uld amazement hurries up and down
ttle number of your doubtful friends.
*John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
they heard young Arthur was alive?
*st.* They found him dead, and cast into the
pty casket, where the jewel of life [streets;
me damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
*John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.
*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew,
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.
*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers,
Led by the Dauphin.
*Bast.* O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence. [time.
*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present
*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I
know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter in arms,* LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our rememorance:
Return the precedent to these lords again:
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad, that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: O, and there,
re honourable rescue, and defence,
s out upon the name of Salisbury:
such is the infection of the time,
t, for the health and physic of our right
cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter* PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.
*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome: his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:

ore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
me the savage spirit of wild war;
ike a lion foster'd up at hand,
lie gently at the foot of peace,
no further harmful than in show.
. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
o high-born to be propertied,
a secondary at control,
ful serving-man, and instrument,
sovereign state throughout the world.
reath first kindled the dead coal of wars
n this châstis'd kingdom and myself,
ought in matter, that should feed this fire;
ow 'tis far too huge to be blown out
hat same weak wind, which enkindled it.
ught me how to know the face of right,
nted me with interest to this land,
rust this enterprise into my heart;
me you now to tell me, John hath made
ace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
e honour of my marriage-bed,
oung Arthur, claim this land for mine;
ow it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
e that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
men provided, what munition sent,
erprop this action? is't not I,
ndergo this charge? who else but I,
ch as to my claim are liable,
in this business, and maintain this war?
not heard these islanders shout out,
*Roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?
not here the best cards for the game,
this easy match, play'd for a crown?
all I now give o'er the yielded set?
my soul, it never shall be said.
*d.* You look but on the outside of this work.
. Outside or inside, I will not return,
attempt so much be glorified
ny ample hope was promised,
I drew this gallant head of war,
all'd these fiery spirits from the world,
look conquest, and to win renown
n the jaws of danger and of death.—
*(Trumpet sounds.)*
lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter Bastard, attended.*

*f.* According to the fair play of the world,
have audience; I am sent to speak:—
y lord of Milan, from the king
, to learn how you have dealt for him;
s you answer, I do know the scope
arrant limited unto my tongue.
. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
ill not temporize with my entreaties;
ly says, he'll not lay down his arms.
*f* By all the blood, that ever fury breath'd,
uth says well:—Now hear our English king;
as his royalty doth speak in me.
prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
pish and unmannerly approach,
arness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
nhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
ng doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
ip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
out the circle of his territories.
and, which had the strength, even at your door,
lgel you, and make you take the hatch;
e like buckets, in concealed wells;
uch in litter of your stable planks:
like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
with swine; to seek sweet safety out
lts and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
t the crying of your nation's crow,
ng his voice an armed Englishman;—
hat victorious hand be feebled here,
your chambers gave you chastisement?
now, the gallant monarch is in arms;
ke an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance, that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination. [peace:
*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.
*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.
*Bast.* No, I will speak.
*Lew.* We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here. [out;
*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
*Lew.* Strike upon our drums, to find this danger out.
*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King* JOHN *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?
*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick! [long,

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
Desires your majesty to leave the field; [bridge,
And send him word by me, which way you go.
*K. John.* Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin's sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter* SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter* MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.
*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.
*Pem.* It is the count Melun.
*Sal.* Wounded to death.
*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold.
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

ıeans to recompense the pains you take,
atting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
I with him, and many more with me,
ar at Sain Edmund's-Bury;
t altar, where we swore to you
nd everlasting love.
this be possible? may this be true?
I not hideous death within my view,
but a quantity of life:
ds away, even as a form of wax
rom his figure 'gainst the fire?
world should make me now deceive,
must lose the use of all deceit?
should I then be false; since it is true,
I must die here, and live hence by truth?
, if Lewis do win the day,
rorn, if e'er those eyes of yours
ther day break in the east;
n this night,—whose black contagious breath
dy smokes about the burning crest
e old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
this ill night, your breathing shall expire:
g the fine of rated treachery,
with a treacherous fine of all your li
is by your assistance win the di
nd me to one Hubert, with you g;
of him,—and this respect be s,
ny grandsire was an Englishman,—
ny conscience to confess all this.
whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
orth the noise and rumour of the field:
I may think the remnant of my thoughts
and part this body and my soul
nplation and devout desires.
do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
rove the favour and the form
most fair occasion, by the which
I untread the steps of damned flight;
like a bated and retired flood,
ng our rankness and irregular course,
p low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter* Lewis *and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it;

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
*Lew.* Here:—What news?
*Mess.* The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and* Hubert, *meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly or I shoot.
*Bast.* A friend:—What art thou?
*Hub.* Of the part of England.
*Bast.* Whither dost thou go? [mand
*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may I not de-
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
*Bast.* Hubert, I think.
*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?
*Bast.* Who thou wilt: an' if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night.
*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
*st.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad? [night.
*b.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
nd you out.
*st.* Brief, then; and what's the news?
*b.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
k, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
*ast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?
*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Prince* Henry, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly: and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* Pembroke.

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him. [here.—
*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
*Pem.* He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;

, in their throng and press to that last hold,
nd themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—
he cygnet to this pale faint swan,
hants a doleful hymn to his own death;
rom the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
ul and body to their lasting rest.
Be of good comfort, prince: for you are born
a form upon that indigest,
he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*nter* Bigot *and Attendants, who bring in King* John *in a chair.*

*ohn.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
ld not out at windows, nor at doors. [room;
is so hot a summer in my bosom,
ll my bowels crumble up to dust:
scribbled form, drawn with a pen
parchment; and against this fire
hrink up.
*Hen.* How fares your majesty? [off:
*ohn.* Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
one of you will bid the winter come,
ust his icy fingers in my maw;
t my kingdom's rivers take their course
gh my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
ke his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
omfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
old comfort; and you are so strait,
ingrateful, you deny me that.
*Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my
ight relieve you! [tears,
*ohn.* The salt in them is hot.—
me is a hell: and there the poison
a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
reprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*t.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
leen of speed to see your majesty. [eye:
*ohn.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine
ckle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
ll the shrouds wherewith my life should sail,
rned to one thread, one little hair:
art hath one poor string to stay it by,
holds but till thy news be uttered;
en all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
odule of confounded royalty.
*t.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
a night, the best part of my power,
pon advantage did remove,
n the washes, all unwarily,
red by the unexpected flood. (*The King dies.*)
You breathe these dead news in as dead an
ear.
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.
*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres, [faiths;
Where be your powers? Show now your mended
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land;
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To cónsummate this business happily.
*Bast.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
*Bast.* Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks,
*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. (*Exeunt.*

Act III.—Scene I.

# Explanatory Notes.

P. 411. *Persons represented.* —— *Salisbury.*] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

P. 411, *c.* 1, *l.* 10. *In my behaviour,*] *In my behaviour* means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE.

*Id l.* 47. —— *the manage*—] i. e. conduct, administration.

*Id c.* 2 *l.* 40. *But* whe'r—] *Whe'r* for *whether.*

*Id. l.* 51. *He hath a* trick *of Cœur-de-lion's face.*] By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion.

P. 412, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. *With that* half-face—] The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face: the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats, and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now.

*Id. l.* 24. —— took it *on his death,*] i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying.

*Id. l.* 51. *Lord of* thy *presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes.

*Id. l* 53. *And I had his, sir Robert* his, *like him;*] This is obscure and ill-expressed. The meaning is—*If I had his shape, sir Robert's—as he has*

*Id. l.* 57. —————— *my face so thin,*
*That in mine* ear *I durst not stick a* rose,
*Lest men should say, Look, where* three-farthings *goes!*] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another silver coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *rose.* We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-halfpence, and three-farthing pieces.

*Id. l.* 58. *And,* to *his shape,* were *heir to all this land,*] "*To* his shape," means, in *addition* to the shape he had been just describing.

*Id. l.* 61. I *would not be sir* Nob—] Sir *Nob* is used contemptuously for sir Robert.

*Id. l.* 77. "but rise more great;"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 78. *Arise, sir Richard, and* Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II., but it is, as Camden observes, in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II., the son of that earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress;* his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion;* and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre,* or *lack-land.* MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 7. *Something about, a little from the right,* &c.] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am,* says the sprightly knight, *your grandson,* a little *irregularly,* but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day,* must *make his motions* in the *night; he,* to whom the door is shut, must climb the *window,* or leap *the hatch.* This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have,* however it was *caught,* and that he *who wins, shot well,* whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far* off it. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 23. *Good den,*] i. e. a good evening.

*Id. l.* 27. *'Tis too* respective, *and too sociable,*
*For your* conversion.] *Respective, is respectful, formal. Conversion* seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 31. *My* picked *man of countries:*] i. e. my *travell'd fop.*

*Id. l* 34. —— *like an* ABC-book:] An *ABC-book,* or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *abecy-book,* is a *catechism.*

*Id. l.* 45. *For he is but a bastard to the time,* &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age.

*Id. l.* 64. Colbrand,] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan.

*Id. l* 70. *Good leave,* &c.] *Good leave* means a *ready assent.*

*Id. l.* 71. *Philip?—sparrow!*] A sparrow is called Philip.

— c. 1, l. 72. *There's toys abroad;* &c.] i. e. idle arts.

P. l. 9. ght, knight, *good mother,*— Faulconbridge's words here piece of satire on a stupid printed in 1599, and called *Seda.* In this piece there a bragging cowardly knight,

CT II.

ENE I.

*Id. l.* 57. nportance—] At our *importunity.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 13. *To cull the plots of best advantages;*] i. e. to mark such stations as might over-awe the town.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious.*

*Id. l.* 39. "the king's deceased:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *scath*—] Destruction, harm.

*Id.* l. 73. —— *under-wrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined.

*P.* 414, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— *this* brief—] A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description.

*Id. l.* 33. —— *an if* thou *wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our king Henry II.

*Id. l.* 41. *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*
*An 'a may catch your* hide *and you alone.*] The story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15, *I have but this to say,*—
*That he's not only plagued for her sin,*
*But God hath made her sin and her the plague,* &c.] The commentators have laboured hard to make out a meaning in this passage. The following by Mr. Henley seems as satisfactory as any. Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother; but also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her *immediate*, but REMOVED *issue*—the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her* immediate *infliction.*—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it.* His *injury*, or *the evil* he *suffers*, her *sin brings upon him, and* HER *injury*, or, *the evil* she *inflicts, he suffers from* her, as the *beadle to her sin*, or *executioner of the punishment annexed to it.*

*Id. l.* 26. *It ill beseems this presence, to* cry aim—] To *cry aim* is borrowed probably from archery, and means to incite notice, or raise attention.

*Id. l.* 49. —— *your* winking *gates;*] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger.

*Id. l.* 67. *Forwearied*—] i. e. worn out, Sax.

*P.* 415, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. *To him that* owes *it;*] i. e. *owns* it.

*Id. l.* 14. *Tis not the* roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

SCENE II.

*Id c.* 2, *l.* 16. —— *cannot be* censured;] i. e. cannot be *estimated.* Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured.

*Id. l.* 28. "roam on?"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 47. "mousing the flesh," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l* 51. *You equal* potents,] *Potents*, for *potentates.*

*Id. l.* 67. *King'd* of *our fears;*] i. e. ruled by our fears.

*Id. l.* 69. —— *these* scroyles *of Angiers*—] *Escroulles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.

*Id. l.* 75. *Do like the* mutines *of Jerusalem,*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious.

*P.* 416 *c.* 1, *l.* 1. *Till their* soul-fearing *clamours*—] i. e. *soul-appalling.*

*Id. l.* 46. —— *the lady* Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonse the Ninth, king of of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor.

*Id. l.* 71. —— *at this match,*
*With swifter* spleen, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed.

*Id l.* 79. *Here's a* stay.] Some of the commentators think that *stay* means *a hinderer*, and others, a *supporter*, or *partizan.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 50. *Drawn in the flattering* table *of her eye.*] *Table* is picture, or rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr.

*Id. l.* 78. —— *Volquessen.*] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus.* That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.

*P* 417, *c* 1, *l.* 7. —— *I am well* assur'd,
*That I did so, when I was first* assur'd,] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted.*

*Id. l.* 16. *She is sad and* passionate—] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but *a prey to mournful sensations.*

*Id. l.* 39. —— departed *with a* part:] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous.

*Id. l.* 41. —— rounded *in the ear*—] i. e. *whispered* in the ear.

*Id. l* 50. Commodity, *the* bias *of the world,*] *Commodity* is interest.

*Id. l.* 67. *But* for—] i. e. because.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 11. *For I am sick, and* capable *of fears;*] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am trembringly alive to apprehension.

*Id. l.* 42. —— *sightless*—] The poet used *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable so the eyes.

*Id. l* 43. —— swart] *Swart* is brown, inclining to black.

*Id l.* 43. —— *prodigious.*] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.*

*Id. l.* 68. "and makes its owner stoop."—MALONE.

*Id. l* 70. *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*
*Let kings assemble;*] In *Much Ado about*

*Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

P. 417, *c.* 2 *l.* 72. —— "here I and sorrows sit;" —MALONE.

P. 418, *c.* 1, *l.* 12. —— *high tides*,] i. e. solemn seasons.

*Id. l.* 17. —— prodigiously *be cross'd*:] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

*Id. l.* 18. *But on this day*,] that is, *except* on this day.

*Id. l.* 44. *O* Lymoges! *O* Austria!] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it. STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 3. *What* earthly *name to interrogatories*
*Can task the free* breath, *&c.*] i. e. What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them?

*Id. l.* 72. —— *a new* untrimmed *bride*.] i. e. *undressed*.

P. 419, *c.* 1, *l.* 29. —— *this kind* regreet?] A *regreet* is an exchange of salutation.

*Id. l.* 59. Is not *amiss, when it is truly done*;] i. e. *that*, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all); and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to *do it*; the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not*: Other parts of this speech have puzzled the commentators, who have, in turn, puzzled their readers.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. —— *be* measures—] The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time.

*Id. l.* 30. *I* muse,] i. e. I *wonder*

SCENE III.

P. 420, *c.* 1, *l.* 24. Bell, book, *and* candle—] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

*Id. l.* 53. —— *full of* gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments.

*Id. l.* 56. "Sound one into," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 67. —— *using* conceit *alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 13. *Remember*.] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

*Id. l.* 16. "For England, cousin, go."—MALONE.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 23. —— *of* convicted *sail*—] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed.

*Id. l.* 47. *No, I* defy, *&c.*] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*.

*Id. l.* 59. *Misery's* love, *&c.*] Thou, death, who art *courted* by *misery*, to come to his relief, O come to me.

*Id. l.* 67. —— modern *invocation*.] i. e. trite, common.

P. 421, *c.* 1, *l.* 8. *Bind up those tresses*:] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 28. —— *but yesterday* suspire,] i. e. *breathe*.

*Id. l.* 29. —— *a* gracious *creature born*.] *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *had you such a loss as I*,
*I could give better comfort*—] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 57. *There's nothing in this*, &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 60. "sweet word's taste,"—MALONE: who says that the *sweet word* is *life*.

*Id. l.* 54. "strange actions:"—MALONE.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 58. *Northampton*.] The fact is, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated, in this particular, from the history, and brought king John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, in some modern editions, as the place, merely because, in the first Act, King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place.

P. 422, *c.* 1, *l.* 62. "I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's." MALONE.

*Id. l.* 37. —— tarre *him on*.] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from excito.

*Id. l.* 55. *Go* closely *in with me*.] i. e. *secretly*, *privately*.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 73. *To* guard—] i. e. to *fringe*, or *lace*

*P.* 423, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. *They do confound their skill in* covetousness:] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling.

*Id. l.* 33. *To sound the purposes*—] To *declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *good exercise?*] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

*Id. c* 2, *l.* 40. *How* wildly *then* walks *my estate in France!*] i. e. how ill my affairs *go* in France! —The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers.

*Id. l.* 51. *I was* amaz'd—] i. e. stunned, confounded.

*Id. l.* 61. *And here's a prophet,*] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, under the year 1213.

*Id. l.* 73. *Deliver him to safety,*] That is, *Give him into safe custody.*

*P.* 424, *c.* 1, *l.* 27. —— *five moons were seen tonight:* &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians. I have met with it no where but in Matthew of Westminster and Polydore Virgil, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *slippers, (which his nimble haste*
*Had falsely thrust upon* contrary *feet).*] Dr. Johnson says, "I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes." The commentators have produced many passages to prove the shoe, boot, &c. were right and left legged, as they are now.

*Id. l.* 57. *It is the curse of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots.

*Id. l* 63. —— *advis'd* respect.] i. e. deliberate consideration.

*Id. l* 72. *Quoted,*] i. e. observed, distinguished.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. *Hadst thou but shook thy head*, &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with a consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express* words, would have *struck him dumb*; nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 6. "And bid," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 27. *The dreadful motion of a* murd'rous *thought,*] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply; and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 64. *Whose private*, &c.] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.

*Id. l.* 70. —— *distemper'd.*—] i. e. ruffled, out of humour.

*P.* 425, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— reason *now.*] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *a holy vow;*
*Never to taste the pleasures of the world,*] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

*Id. l.* 64. —— *true defence;*] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause.*

*Id. l.* 72. *Do not prove me so;*
Yet, *I am none;*] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 14. *Like rivers of* remorse—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity.*

*Id. l.* 49. *I am* amaz'd,] i. e. *confounded.*

*Id. l.* 55. *To tug and* scamble,] *Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning.

*Id. l.* 56. *The* unowed *interest*—] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it.

*Id. l.* 63. *The imminent decay of* wrested pomp,] i. e. *greatness obtained by violence;* or rather, greatness wrested from its possessor.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*P.* 426, *c.* 1, *l.* 16. —— *a gentle* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert.*

SCENE II.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. —— *the* precedent, &c.] i. e. the rough draft of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *the* spot *of this enforced cause.*] *Spot* probably means *stain* or *disgrace.*

*Id. l.* 38. —— clippeth *thee about,*] i. e. *embraceth*

*Id. l.* 48. *Between* compulsion, *and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

*P.* 427, *c.* 1, *l.* 32. —— *as I have* bank'd their towns?] i. e. sailed along the banks of the river.

*Id. l.* 36. "No, no, on my soul, &c."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 41. —— drew *this gallant head of war.*] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *outlook*—] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *take the hatch;*] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase.

P. 427, c. 1, l. 69. ——*in* concealed *wells*;] *Concealed wells* are wells in concealed or *obscure* situations; viz. in places *secured from public notice.*

Id. l. 74. ——*of your nation's crow*,] i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.

Id. l. 79. ——*his* aiery *towers*,] An *aiery* is the nest of an eagle.

Id. c. 2, l. 8. *Their* neelds *to lances*,] i. e. *needles.*

SCENE III.

Id. l. 47. ——*Swinstead*,] i. e. *Swineshead.*

Id. l. 52. ——*Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the king, a little before, (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEVENS.

SCENE IV.

P. 428, c. 1, l. 1. He *means*—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c.

Id. l. 11. ——*even as a* form of wax

Resolveth, &c.] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes, that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised *an image of wax*, representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in conclusion, to waste and destroy the king's person."

Id. l. 24. ——rated *treachery*,] i. e. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay.

Id. l. 48. ——*happy* newness, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government.

SCENE V.

Id. l. 59. "tattering"—MALONE.

Id. l. 75. ——*keep good* quarter,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts.

SCENE VI.

Id. c. 2, l. 32. *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk*:] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of king John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his *Chronicle* as a *report*, but a more particular account may be seen in Fox's "Acts and Monuments," vol. i. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever.

SCENE VII.

Id. l. 75. "Leaves them invisible;"—MALONE.

P. 429, c. 1, l. 28. ——*so* strait,] i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word.

Id. l. 46. *And* module *of confounded royalty*.] i. e *model.*

Id. l. 52. *Were in the washes all unwarily*, &c.] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Id. c. 2, l. 35. *At Worcester must his body be interr'd*:] A stone coffin, containing the body of king John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. STEVENS.

# King Richard II.

## Historical Notes.

ory comprises little more than the ars of this prince. The action of egins with Bolingbroke's appealing Norfolk, on an accusation of high ich fell out in the year 1398; and h the murder of king Richard at stle towards the end of the year beginning of the ensuing year.

THEOBALD.

ent from a passage in Camden's *An*- here was an old play on the subject he Second; but I know not in what ir Gillie Merick, who was concerned -brained business of the earl of Es- as hanged for it, with the ingenious 01, is accused, amongst other things, etam tragœdiam de tragica abdica- Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro urata data pecunia agi curasset."

nce met with a passage in my lord ch proves this play to have been in t is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and* . IV. p. 412., of Mallet's edition: "The efore the rebellion, Merick, with a nie of others, that afterwards were tion, had procured to be played be- the play of deposing *King Richard* ; — when it was told him by one rs, that the play was *old*, and they re loss in playing it, because few e to it, there was forty shillings ex- given to play, and so thereupon as."

e worth enquiring, whether some of *g* parts of the present play, which nought of a different hand, might not d from the old one. Certainly, how- general tendency of it must have different; since, as Dr. Johnson ob- re are some expressions in this of , which strongly inculcate the doc- *lefeasible right*. FARMER.

sewhere glances at the same trans- nd for your comparison with Rich- ee you follow the example of them *t him upon the stage, and into print in queen Elizabeth's time.*" *Works*, Vol. IV. p. 278. The partisans of Essex had, therefore, procured the publication as well as the acting of this play. HOLT WHITE.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it — "exoletam tragœdiam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi;" and Lord Bacon (in his account of *The effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others, says: "that the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of deposing* King *Richard the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60. the matter in stated thus: "The story of *Henry IV.* being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon the stage; the Friday before, sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *The Play of* HENRY IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and SIR *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

*Augustine Philippes* was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakspeare*, in 1603: but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard TYRRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationer's Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone thinks that this play was written in 1593, that it was Shakspeare's first tragic performance, and is as manifestly his production as his more highly wrought and finished pieces. Mr. M. wonders that Dr. Farmer should give any countenance to the idle notion entertained by Mr. Pope, that "some of the rhyming parts in this tragedy were of a different hand."

ACT V.—SCENE 5.

*Keeper.* My Lord, will't please you to fall to ?
*King Richard.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

# KING RICHARD II.

one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not tionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor uch to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. *Johnson.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED*

ARD THE SECOND.
F LANGLEY, *Duke of York,* } *Uncles to the*
AUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,* } *King.*
*named* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford,*
*of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.*
UMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York.*
*Duke of Norfolk.*
URREY.
ALISBURY.
ELEY.

*Creatures to King Richard.*

ORTHUMBERLAND.
RCY, *his Son.*

LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
*Lord Marshal; and another Lord.*
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
*Captain of a Band of Welshmen.*
QUEEN *to King Richard.*
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
*Lady attending on the Queen.*
*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

### ACT I.

*–London. A Room in the Palace.*

RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles with him.*

Old John of Gaunt, time honour'd
ancaster,
ccording to thy oath and band,
er Henry Hereford thy bold son;
e good the boisterous late appeal,
our leisure would not let us hear,
duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
have, my liege.
Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded
the duke on ancient malice; [him,
, as a good subject should,
own ground of treachery in him?
s near as I could sift him on that argu-
parent danger seen in him, [ment,—
ur highness, no inveterate malice.
Then call them to our presence; face
face,
ng brow to brow, ourselves will hear
r, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
ch'd are they both, and full of ire,
f as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Attendants, with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Many years of happy days befal
s sovereign, my most loving liege!
h day still better other's happiness;
avens, envying earth's good hap,
nortal title to your crown!
We thank you both; yet one but flatters
peareth by the cause you come; [us,
appeal each other of high treason.—
lereford, what dost thou object
duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
First, (heaven be the record to my
tion of a subject's love, [speech!)
he precious safety of my prince,
om other misbegotten hate,
ellant to this princely presence.—
as Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
ny greeting well; for what I speak
all make good upon this earth,
e soul answer it in heaven.
traitor, and a miscreant;
be so, and too bad to live;
nore fair and crystal is the sky,
seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness cubs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman dare set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's [charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—

Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's death,——
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass, that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dead sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood;
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officer at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter* Gaunt, *and Duchess of* Gloster.

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault, that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut!
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent,
In some large measure, to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:

hich in mean men we entitle—patience,
cold cowardice in noble breasts.
hall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
t way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.
*t.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's
uty anointed in his sight, [substitute,
us'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
ven revenge; for I may never lift
y arm against his minister.
. Where then, alas! may I complain myself? [defence.
*t.* To heaven, the widow's champion and
. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
'st to Coventry, there to behold
sin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
ıy husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
isfortune miss the first career,
/bray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
ey may break his foaming courser's back,
ow the rider headlong in the lists,
'recreant to my cousin Hereford!
l, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
r companion grief must end her life.
*t.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
ı good stay with thee, as go with me!
. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth
where it falls,
ı the empty hollowness, but weight:
y leave before I have begun;
ow ends not, when it seemeth done.
d me to my brother, Edmund York.
is all:—Nay, yet depart not so:
this be all, do not so quickly go;
emember more. Bid him—O, what?
good speed at Plashy visit me.
ınd what shall good old York there see,
ty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
ed offices, untrodden stones?
ıt cheer there for welcome but my groans?
e commend me; let him not come there,
out sorrow, that dwells every where:
, desolate, will I hence, and die;
leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

II.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists and a Throne; Heralds, &c. attending.*

*er the Lord Marshal, and* AUMERLE.

My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?
Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
t the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and
ing but his majesty's approach. [stay

*of trumpets. Enter King* RICHARD, *who his seat on his throne;* GAUNT, *and several men, who take their places. A trumpet is ed, and answered by another trumpet ı. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, pre- by a Herald.*

*ch.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion
e of his arrival here in arms:
his name; and orderly proceed
ır him in the justice of his cause.
In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art,
y thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
ulv, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
lefend thee heaven, and thy valour!
My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk;
her come engaged by my oath,
heaven defend a knight should violate!)
lefend my loyalty and truth,
my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford, that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
(*He takes his seat.*)

*Trumpet sounds. Enter* BOLINGBROKE *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st
thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists? [rel?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quar-
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
*Boling.* Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
And bow my knee before his majesty: [hand,
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.
*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, [arms.
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my lord; which if it to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, (*to Lord Marshal*) I take my leave
of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Nor sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
(*To Gaunt.*)
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.
*Boling.* Mine innocency, and Saint George to
thrive! (*He takes his seat.*
*Nor.* (*Rising.*) However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

(*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*)

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

*Boling.* (*Rising.*) Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance (*to an Officer*) to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. (*A charge sounded.*)
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
(*A long flourish.*)
Draw near, (*To the Combatants.*)
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which, so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or, like a cunning instrument cas'd up
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler, to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
(*Retiring.*)

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
(*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,
Return (*to Bolingbroke*) with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

st. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
g'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
ould have bid me argue like a father:—
l it been a stranger, not my child,
oth his fault I should have been more mild:
al slander sought I to avoid,
the sentence my own life destroy'd.
look'd, when some of you should say,
oo strict, to make mine own away;
gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
my will, to do myself this wrong. [so;
*ich.* Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him
rs we banish him, and he shall go.

*Flourish. Exeunt K. Richard and Train.*

. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
here you do remain, let paper show.
My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
is land will let me, by your side. [words,
*t.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
ou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
*g.* I have too few to take my leave of you,
he tongue's office should be prodigal
the the abundant dolour of the heart.
*t.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
*g.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
*t.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone. [ten.
*g.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour
*t.* Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
*g.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
inds it an enforced pilgrimage.
*t.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps
a foil, wherein thou art to set
:ious jewel of thy home-return.
*g.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
remember me, what a deal of world
from the jewels that I love.
ot serve a long apprenticehood
n passages; and in the end,
ny freedom, boast of nothing else,
I was a journeyman to grief?
. All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
wise man ports and happy havens:
y necessity to reason thus;
no virtue like necessity.
*t*, the king did banish thee;
the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
t perceives it is but faintly borne.
—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
g pestilence hangs in our air,
t art flying to a fresher clime.
hat thy soul holds dear, imagine it
t way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
the singing birds, musicians; [strew'd;
s, whereon thou tread'st, the presence
ers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
elightful measure, or a dance:
ing sorrow hath less power to bite
that mocks at it, and sets it light.
. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
ng on the frosty Caucasus?
e hungry edge of appetite,
magination of a feast?
v naked in December snow,
ng on fantastic summer's heat?
e apprehension of the good,
the greater feeling to the worse:
w's tooth doth never rankle more,
n it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
hy way:
youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
oil, adieu;
r, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

*Enter King* RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears were shed? [wind,
*Aum.* 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
*Aum.* Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee, [*friends;*—
With — *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter* BUSHY.

Bushy, what news? [lord;
*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
*K. Rich.* Where lies he?
*Bushy.* At Ely-house. [mind,
*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

Scene I.—*London. A Room in Ely-house.*

Gaunt *on a couch; the Duke of* York, *and others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstain'd youth.
*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain; [pain.
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they, whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King* Richard, *and* Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, *and* Willoughby.

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself;
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee. [live?
*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that
*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.
*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me. [be.
*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker
*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill. [thee ill;
*Gaunt.* Now, He, that made me, knows I see
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou——
*K. Rich.* ——a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.
*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

*ich.* And let them die, that age and sullens
have;
h hast thou, and both become the grave.
. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
ward sickliness and age in him:
s you, on my life, and holds you dear
ry duke of Hereford, were he here.
*ich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's
love, so his;
rs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*h.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
your majesty.
*ich.* What says he now?
*h.* Nay, nothing; all is said:
gue is now a stringless instrument;
, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. [he;
*ich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth
e is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
h for that.——Now for our Irish wars:
st supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
live like venom, where no venom else,
y they, hath privilege to live.
these great affairs do ask some charge,
s our assistance, we do seize to us
te, coin, revenues, and moveables,
of our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
nder duty make me suffer wrong?
oster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
unt's rebukes, nor Edward's private wrongs,
prevention of poor Bolingbroke
is marriage, nor my own disgrace,
ver made me sour my patient cheek,
l one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
e last of noble Edward's sons,
m thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
was never lion rag'd more fierce,
e was never gentle lamb more mild,
as that young and princely gentleman:
e thou hast, for even so look'd he,
blish'd with the number of thy hours;
en he frown'd, it was against the French,
t against his friends; his noble hand
what he did spend, and spent not that
his triumphant father's hand had won:
ds were guilty of no kindred's blood,
ody with the enemies of his kin.
ard! York is too far gone with grief,
he never would compare between.
*ich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?
. O, my liege,
me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
be pardon'd, am content withal.
u to seize, and gripe into your hands,
alties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
t Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
the one deserve to have an heir?
is heir a well-deserving son?
Hereford's right away, and take from time
rters, and his customary rights;
to-morrow then ensue to day;
thyself, for how art thou a king,
fair sequence and succession?
fore God (God forbid I say true!)
lo wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
the letters patent that he hath
attornies-general to sue
ry, and deny his offer'd homage,
ick a thousand dangers on your head,
e a thousand well-disposed hearts,
ck my tender patience to those thoughts,
honour and allegiance cannot think.
*ich.* Think what you will; we seize into our
hands
e, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by, the while. My liege, fare-
well:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, [straight.
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.——
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.*

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is
dead.
*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.
*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.
*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.
*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with
silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er
speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
*Willo.* Tends that, thou'dst speak, to the duke
of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is my ear to hear of good towards him;
*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him.
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That, which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm. [man.
*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over
him.
*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing.
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
I spy life peering: but I dare not say [death,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.
*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus;—I have from Port le Blanc,
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence, [a bay
That Harry Hereford, Reginold lord Cobham,
(The son of Richard earl of Arundel)
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But, if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go. [fear.
*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that
*Willo.* Hold out, my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition. [self,
*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please my-
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail:
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.
*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief:
Or something hath the nothing, that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion, that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known: what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter* GREEN.

*Green.* God save your majesty!—and well met gentlemen:—
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!
*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,— [Percy,
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolting faction,
Traitors?
*Green.* We have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke. [woe,
*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.
*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter* YORK.

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.
*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour, that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.
*York.* He was?—why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound;
Hold, take my ring.
*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
*York.* What is it, knave?
*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died
*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.— [some carts,
Go, fellow, *(to the Servant)* get thee home, provide
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

ieve me. Both are my kinsmen;—
my sovereign, whom both my oath
bids defend; the other, again,
man, whom the king hath wrong'd:
ıscience and my kindred bids to right.
ewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
f you:—Go muster up your men,
me presently at Berkley-castle.
› Plashy too;—
vill not permit:—All is uneven,
thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt York and Queen.*
The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-
ınd,
eturns. For us to levy power,
ıable to the enemy,
ssible.
Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
› hate of those love not the king.
And that's the wavering commons; for
ıeir love
›ir purses; and whoso empties them,
h fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Wherein the king stands generally con-
emn'd.
If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
ve ever have been near the king.
Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol-
›f Wiltshire is already there. [castle;
Thither will I with you: for little office
ıl commons will perform us;
.e curs to tear us all in pieces.—
go along with us?
No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
if heart's presages be not vain,
here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
That's as York thrives to beat back Bo-
ngbroke.
Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes,
›ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
e on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and
Well, we may meet again, [ever.
I fear me, never
[*Exeunt.*

: III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

OLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
Believe me, noble lord,
ınger here in Glostershire.
ı Wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
›ur miles, and make them wearisome;
›ur fair discourse hath been as sugar,
e hard way sweet and délectable.
ınk me, what a weary way
›nspurg to Cotswold, will be found
ıd Willoughby, wanting your company;
›rotest, hath very much beguil'd
ısness and process of my travel:
is sweeten'd with the hope to have
ıt benefit, which I possess:
to joy, is little less in joy,
enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
› their way seem short; as mine hath done
f what I have, your noble company.
Of much less value is my company,
good words. But who comes here?

*Enter* HARRY PERCY.

It is my son, young Harry Percy,
my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
v fares your uncle?
I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
is health of you.
Why, is he not with the queen?
No, my good lord; he hath forsook the
staff of office, and dispers'd [court,
ıold of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaim'd
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg, [traitor.
To offer service to the duke of Hereford:
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy?
*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him. [duke.
*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the
*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service.
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends:
And, as my fortunes ripen with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-
None else of name, and noble estimate. [mour;

*Enter* ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*North.* Here comes the lords of Ross and Wil-
loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury [pursues
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.
*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter* BERKLEY.

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you
*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say. [ing,
*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my mean-
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter* YORK, *attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
*(Kneels.)*
*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
Whose duty is deceivable and false. [knee
*Boling.* My gracious uncle!
*York.* Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle: and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why;——Why have they dar'd to
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom; [march
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war;
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou, because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am the duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol-castle; which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter* SALISBURY *and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee. [stay.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not
The bay-trees in our country are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my im ress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
To execution and the hand of death. [over

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,* with *Prisoners.*

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
ith Glendower and his complices:
work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

*–The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

*Drums and Trumpets. Enter King* D, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and* s.

. Barkloughly-castle call you this at hand?
es, my lord: How brooks your grace the
ir,
tossing on the breaking seas? [joy,
. Needs must I like it well; I weep for
pon my kingdom once again.—
, I do salute thee with my hand,
bels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
parted mother with her child
ly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
g, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
ee favour with my royal hands.
hy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
spiders, that suck up thy venom,
-gaited toads, lie in their way;
yance to the treacherous feet,
h usurping steps do trample thee.
ging nettles to mine enemies:
they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
uble tongue may with a mortal touch
th upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
my senseless conjuration, lords;
shall have a feeling, and these stones
ed soldiers, ere her native king
r under foul rebellious arms.
Fear not, my lord; that Power, that
ade you king,
r to keep you king, in spite of all.
s, that heaven yields, must be embrac'd,
eglected; else, if heaven would,
ill not, heaven's offer we refuse;
r'd means of succour and redress.
e means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
lingbroke, through our security,
ng and great, in substance, and in friends.
. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou
t,
the searching eye of heaven is hid
globe, and lights the lower world,
es and robbers range abroad unseen,
, and in outrage, bloody here;
from under this terrestrial ball,
e proud tops of the eastern pines,
his light through every guilty hole,
lers, treasons, and detested sins,
f night being pluck'd from off their backs,
and naked, trembling at themselves?
is thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
is while hath revell'd in the night,
were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
s rising in our throne the east,
s will sit blushing in his face,
endure the sight of day,
Frighted, tremble at his sin.
water in the rough rude sea
the balm from an anointed king:
of worldly men cannot depose
y elected by the Lord:
man, that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
wd steel against our golden crown,
Richard hath in heavenly pay
angel; then, if angels fight, [right.
must fall; for heaven still guards the

*Enter* SALISBURY.

my lord; How far off lies your power?
r near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
eak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
e speak of nothing but despair.
o late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men;
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale? [men

*K. Rich.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

*Enter* SCROOP.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord. [demption!

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! [heart!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those, whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead? [heads.
*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power? [speak:
*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death:
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king? [woes,
*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.
*Aum.* My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.
*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
(*To Aumerle.*)
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away:
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power, I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
*Aum.* My liege, one word.
*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours,* BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.
*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
*North.* Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
*York.* The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should. [should,
*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter* PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
*Boling.* Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
*North.* Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
*Boling.* Noble lord, (*To North.*)
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
(*Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet.*)
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*sounded, and answered by another trum-*
*ithin. Flourish. Enter on the walls*
RICHARD, *the Bishop of* CARLISLE, AU-
, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
the blushing discontented sun
t the fiery portal of the east;
e perceives the envious clouds are bent
is glory, and to stain the track
ight passage to the occident.
s he like a king; behold his eye,
t as is the eagle's, lightens forth
ng majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
harm should stain so fair a show!
*ch.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood
h the fearful bending of thy knee,
*(To Northumberland.)*
we thought ourself thy lawful king:
e be, how dare thy joints forget
heir awful duty to our presence?
not, show us the hand of God
h dismiss'd us from our stewardship:
we know, no hand of blood and bone
e the sacred handle of our sceptre,
e do profane, steal, or usurp.
igh you think, that all, as you have done,
n their souls, by turning them from us,
are barren, and bereft of friends;—
w,—my master, God omnipotent,
ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
f pestilence; and they shall strike
ildren yet unborn, and unbegot,
your vassal hands against my head,
at the glory of my precious crown.
ingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
ery stride he makes upon my land,
rous treason: He is come to ope
ple testament of bleeding war;
the crown he looks for live in peace,
sand bloody crowns of mother's sons
become the flower of England's face;
he complexion of her maid-pale peace
t indignation, and bedew
ures' grass with faithful English blood.
. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the
o with civil and uncivil arms [king
d upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,
olingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
the honourable tomb he swears,
nds upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
the royalties of both your bloods,
, that spring from one most gracious head;
the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
the worth and honour of himself,
ing all that may be sworn or said,—
ing hither hath no further scope,
his lineal royalties, and to beg
hisement immediate on his knees:
n thy royal party granted once,
ering arms he will commend to rust,
ed steeds to stables, and his heart
ful service of your majesty.
ears he, as he is a prince, is just;
I am a gentleman, I credit him.
*ch.* Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns;—
e cousin is right welcome hither;
the number of his fair demands
accomplish'd without contradiction:
the gracious utterance thou hast,
his gentle hearing kind commends.—
lebase ourself, cousin, do we not,
*(To Aumerle.)*
so poorly, and to speak so fair?
call back Northumberland, and send
to the traitor, and so die?
No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords. [of mine,
*K. Rich.* O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke. [he submit?
*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? Must
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cou-
sin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth: and, therein laid,—*There lies*
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping*
*eyes!*
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.
*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?
*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come: like glistering
Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
*(North. retires to Boling.)*
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down court!
down king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*
*Boling.* What says his majesty?
*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

*Enter King* RICHARD, *and his Attendants below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— *(Kneeling.)*
*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, *(touching his own head,)* although
your knee be low.
*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?
*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.
*K. Rich.* Then I must not say, no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the* Queen, *and two ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
*Queen.* 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.
*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?
1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.
*Queen.* Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.
(*Queen and Ladies retire.*)
*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in the commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
*Gard.* Hold thy peace:—
He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?
*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?
*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness, (*Coming from her concealment.*)
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.
*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities, that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

Scene I.—*London. Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter* Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another Lord, Bishop of* Carlisle, *Abbot of* Westminster, *and Attendants. Officers behind with* Bagot.

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.
*Bagot.* Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man. [tongue
My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
ad time, when Gloster's death was plotted,
ou say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
*cheth from the restful English court*
*Calais, to my uncle's head?*
much other talk, that very time,
ou say, that you had rather refuse
of an hundred thousand crowns,
lingbroke's return to England;
vithal, how blest this land would be,
our cousin's death.
Princes, and noble lords,
swer shall I make to this base man?
much dishonour my fair stars,
terms to give him chastisement?
must, or have mine honour soil'd
attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
my gage, the manual seal of death,
rks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
maintain what thou hast said is false,
art-blood, though being all too base
the temper of my knightly sword.
. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.
Excepting one, I would he were the best
s presence, that hath mov'd me so.
If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
air sun, that shows me where thou stand'st,
hee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
eny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
ill turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
was forged, with my rapier's point.
Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
ppeal, as thou art all unjust:
t thou art so, there I throw my gage,
it on thee, to the extremest point
breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
er brandish more revengeful steel
glittering helmet of my foe! [Aumerle:
I take the earth to the like, forsworn
thee on with full as many lies
be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
t to the trial, if thou dar'st. [at all:
Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
thousand spirits in one breast,
er twenty thousand such as you.
. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
time Aumerle and you did talk. [then;
My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence
can witness with me this is true. [true.
. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is
Surrey, thou liest.
. Dishonourable boy!
shall lie so heavy on my sword,
all render vengeance and revenge,
the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
as quiet as thy father's scull.
whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
t to the trial, if thou dar'st.
How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
et Surrey in a wilderness,
upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
and lies: there is my bond of faith,
e to my strong correction.—
od to thrive in this new world,
is guilty of my true appeal:
I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
te the noble duke at Calais.
Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour. [gage.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce this trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my lord. [bosom

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter* York, *attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
*Car.* Marry, God forbid!— [throne.
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—

Little are we beholden to your love, (*To Carlisle.*)
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter* York, *with King* Richard, *and Officers bearing the crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. [seize the crown;

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
The bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am; but still my griefs are [mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown. [down.

*K. Rich.* Your cares, set up, do not pluck my cares
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing [be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, and revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read (*Offering a paper.*)
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*North.* My lord,— [man.

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!— [good.)
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come. [to hell.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face:
(*Dashes the glass against the ground.*)
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:

en I was a king, my flatterers
ben but subjects; being now a subject,
king here to my flatterer.
o great, I have no need to beg.
*g.* Yet ask.
*ich.* And shall I have?
*g.* You shall.
*ich.* Then give me leave to go.
*g.* Whither? [sights,
*ich.* Whither you will, so I were from your
*g.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower. [you all,
*ich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are
e thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

*st K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*

*g.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
onation: lords, prepare yourselves.

*ent all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

*f.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
el this day as sharp to them as thorn.
You holy clergymen, is there no plot
he realm of this pernicious blot?
*f.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,
ll not only take the sacrament
mine intents, but to effect
er I shall happen to devise:—
ur brows are full of discontent,
arts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
me with me to supper; I will lay
shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

—*London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter* QUEEN *and Ladies.*

. This way the king will come; this is the
is Cæsar's ill-erected tower, [way
e flint bosom my condemned lord
'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
: us rest, if this rebellious earth
y resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King* RICHARD, *and Guards.*

, but see, or rather do not see,
rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
a in pity may dissolve to dew,
sh him fresh again with true-love tears.—
, the model where old Troy did stand;
p of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
: king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
ould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
riumph is become an alehouse guest?
*ich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
e my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
: our former state a happy dream;
hich awak'd, the truth of what we are
s but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
necessity; and he and I
ep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
ister thee in some religious house:
y lives must win a new world's crown,
our profane hours here have stricken down.
. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
rm'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
unds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
y correction mildly? kiss the rod;
ru on rage with base humility,
art a lion, and a king of beasts?
*ich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
en still a happy king of men. [beasts,
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.
*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, [way
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.
*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith
*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.
*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?
*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart. [me.
*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with
*North.* That were some love, but little policy.
*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans. [being short,
*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief.
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.
(*They kiss.*)
*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
(*Kiss again.*)
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. [delay;
*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt*

Scene II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter* York, *and his* Duchess.

*Duch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
*York.* Where did I leave?
*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck;
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter* Aumerle.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.
*York.* Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now;
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
*Duch.* Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.
*York.* You will be there, I know.
*Aum.* If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.
*York.* No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
*Duch.* What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool to.—
Boy, let me see the writing. [show it.
*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not
*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
(*Snatches it, and reads.*)
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?
*York.* Ho! who is within there? (*Enter a Servant.*) Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?
*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
For by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will impeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*
*Duch.* What's the matter?
*York.* Peace, foolish woman. [son?
*Duch.* I will not peace:—What is the matter,
*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*Re-enter Servant, with boots.*

*York.* Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
(*To the Servant.*)
*York.* Give me my boots, I say.
*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
*York.* Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
*Duch.* He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
*York.* Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
*York.* Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit*
*Duch.* After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* Bolingbroke *as King;* Percy, *and other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

RICHARD II & BOLINGBROKE

BIBLIOTHECA NATIONALE

› God, my lords, he might be found:
London, 'mongst the taverns there,
they say, he daily doth frequent,
st ained loose companions;
, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
our watch, and rob our passengers;
young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
the point of honour, to support
te a crew.
My lord, some two days since I saw the
ince;
him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
And what said the gallant?
His answer was,—he would unto the
tews;
the common'st creature pluck a glove,
it as a favour; and with that
unhorse the lustiest challenger.
As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through
› sparkles of a better hope, [both,
der days may happily bring forth.
comes here?

*Enter* AUMERLE, *hastily.*

Where is the king? What means
n, that he stares and looks so wildly?
d save your grace. I do beseech your
jesty,
ome conference with your grace alone.
Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
lone.— [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
he matter with our cousin now?
'or ever may my knees grow to the earth,
(*Kneels.*)
e cleave to my roof within my mouth,
pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
Intended, or committed was this fault?
first, how heinous ere it be,
y after-love, I pardon thee. [key,
Then give me leave, that I may turn the
an enter till my tale be done.
Have thy desire. (*Aumerle locks the door.*)
*Within.*) My liege, beware; look to thy-
ielf;
a traitor in thy presence there.
Villain, I'll make thee safe. (*Drawing.*)
Stay thy revengeful hand;
t no cause to fear.
(*Within.*) Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy king:
r love, speak treason to thy face?
door or I will break it open.
(*Bolingbroke opens the door.*)

*Enter* YORK.

What is the matter, uncle? speak;
breath; tell us how near is danger,
may arm us to encounter it. [know
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
on that my haste forbids me show.
Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
past:
nt me; read not my name there,
is not confederate with my hand.
'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.—
om the traitor's bosom, king;
not love, begets his penitence;
pity him, lest thy pity prove
t, that will sting thee to the heart.
O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
ather of a treacherous son!
er, immaculate, and silver fountain,
ence this stream, through muddy passages,
l his current, and defil'd himself!
flow of good converts to bad;
abundant goodness shall excuse
lly blot in thy digressing son.
So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
*Duch.* (*Within.*) What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.
*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis, I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.
*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound·
This, let alone, with all the rest confound.

*Enter Duchess.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient; Hear me, gentle liege. (*Kneels.*)
*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.
*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. (*Kneels.*)
*York.* Against them both, my true joints bended be. (*Kneels.*)
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face.
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal, and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have.
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have
*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;
But pardon, first; and afterwards stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how;
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*
*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear:
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.
*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.
*Boling.* With all my heart
I pardon him.
*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.
*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
*Duch.* Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter* EXTON, *and a Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
*Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?*
Was it not so?
*Serv.* Those were his very words.
*Exton. Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
*Serv.* He did. [me;
*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the castle.*

*Enter King* RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world;
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word.
As thus,—*Come, little ones;* and then again,—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? (*Music.*)
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours!—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail! royal prince!
*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer,
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!
*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary! Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him? [friend,
*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.
*K. Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. (*To the Groom.*)
*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*
*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?
*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
*Keep.* My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
(*Beats the Keeper.*)
*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter* EXTON *and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
(*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*)

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
*(He kills another, then Exton strikes him down.)*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.
*(Dies.)*

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
*[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Windsor. A room in the castle.*
*Flourish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
*(Presenting a paper.)*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter* FITZWATER.

*Fitz.* My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwalter, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter* PERCY, *with the Bishop of* CARLISLE.

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter* EXTON, *with attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand;—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. *[Exeunt.*

# Explanatory Notes.

*P* 439. *Persons represented. Duke of* Aumerle,] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.

Earl *Berkley*.] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley till some ages after. STEEVENS.

*Lord* Ross.] Now spelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*P.* 439, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. Our ancestors appear to have considered men as old, whom we should esteem middle-aged. John of Gaunt was at this time only 58 years old.

*Id. l.* 7. —— *thy oath and* band,] i. e. *bond.*

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 4. —— *right-drawn.*] Drawn in a right or just cause.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *inhabitable*—] That is, *not habitable*, *uninhabitable*.

*Id l.* 45. —— *that can* inherit *us*, &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare.

*Id. l.* 51. —— *for* lewd—] *Lewd*, in our author, sometimes signifies *wicked*, and sometimes *idle*.

*P.* 440, *c.* 1, *l.* 9. Suggest—] i. e. prompt.

*Id. l.* 21. —— *this slander of his blood* ] i. e. reproach to the king's ancestry.

*Id. l.* 26. —— *my sceptre's awe*,] The reverence due to my sceptre.

*Id. l.* 65. "no month to bleed."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 76. —— *no boot.*] That is, *no use* in delay, or refusal.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 7. *Lions make leopards tame.*] There is a peculiar allusion here which has not been noticed. The Norfolk crest was a golden leopard. MALONE. In the next line Mr. M. reads "*his* spots."

*Id l.* 39. —— atone *you.*] i. e. *reconcile* you.

*Id. l.* 40. *Justice* design—] i. e. *mark out.*

*Id. l.* 41. "Lord Marshal,"—MALONE.

### SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 45. —— *Duchess of Gloster.*] The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

*Id. l.* 46. —— *the part*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *thou dost* consent, *&c.* i. e. *assent.*

*P.* 441, *c.* 1, *l.* 22. *A* caitiff—] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next *a slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

### SCENE III.

*Id. l.* 48. —— *Lord Marshal.*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of lord marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal, in the present drama. Mowbray duke of Norfolk was the earl marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey officiated as earl marshal for the day.

*Id. l.* 48. *Aumerle.*] Edward duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley duke of Norfolk, fifth son of Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as high constable of England.

*Id. l.* 72. "As so," i. e. as you hope that heaven and your valour may defend you. MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 62. —— waxen *coat* ] The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax.

*Id. l.* 69. *Fall like* amazing *thunder on the casque*—] To *amaze*, in ancient language, signifies to *stun*, to *confound*.

*P.* 442, *c.* 1, *l.* 6. *As gentle and as jocund, as to* jest,] To *jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *hath thrown his* warder—] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats.

*Id. l.* 48. *And for we think the eagle-winged pride*, &c.] These five verses are omitted in some editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

*Id. l.* 71. "The sly-slow hours"—MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 15. — *compassionate*;] for *plaintive*.

*Id. l.* 23. *(Our part*, &c.] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes

and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

*P.* 442, *c.* 2, *l.* 30. ——*advised*—] i. e. concerted, deliberated.

*Id. l.* 35. *Norfolk, so far,* &c.] Perhaps the author intended that Hereford, in speaking this line, should show some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be: So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee.

*Id. l.* 73. *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 78. *Upon good advice,*] Upon great consideration.

*P.* 443, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. *A partial slander*—] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *the presence threw'd;*] An allusion to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*.

*Id. l.* 61. —— measure,] A *measure* was a formal court dance.

*Id. c.* 2. *l.* 2. —— *yet a trueborn Englishman.*] Here the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second Act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first Act, than between the first Act and the second. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

*Id. l.* 14. "Faith, none for me," i. e. none on my part. MALONE.

*Id. l.* 43. —— *the tribute of his supple knee,*] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women), was anciently practised by men.

*Id. l.* 50. *Expedient*—] i. e. *expeditious.*

*Id. l.* 54. —— for *our coffers*—] i. e. because.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*P.* 444, *c.* 1, *l.* 3. —— *the Duke of York,*] was Edmund, son of Edward III.

*Id. l.* 30. *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors.

*Id. l.* 37. *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.

*Id. l.* 54. "Against infestion,"—MALONE.

*Id.* 62. *Fear'd* by *their breed,*] i. e. by means of their breed.

*Id. l.* 74. *With inky* blots,] *Inky blots* are *written restrictions.*

*Id. l.* 74. —— *rotten parchment bonds;*] Alluding to the circumstances of Richard having actually *farmed* out his royal realm. And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 1. —— *Queen;*] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

*Id. l.* 1. —— *Aumerle,*] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt.

*Id. l.* 2. —— *Ross,*] was William lord *Roos* (and so should be printed), of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV.

*Id. l.* 3. —— *Willoughby,*] was William lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund duke of York.

*Id. l.* 48. *Which art* possess'd *now to depose thyself.*] *Possess'd,* in this second instance, was probably designed to mean—afflicted with madness, occasioned by the internal operation of a dæmon.

*Id. l.* 79. *Love they*—] That is, *let them love.*

*P.* 445, *c.* 1, *l.* 4. "*I* do beseech"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 11. —— *Northumberland.*] Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland.

*Id. l.* 14. "What says he?"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 24. —— *where no venom else.*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind.

*Id. l.* 55. *Nor the provention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage.*] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

*Id. l.* 44. *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age.

*Id. l.* 72. —— *deny his offer'd homage,*] that is, *refuse* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 46. "And quite lost their hearts:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 68. *And yet we* strike *not,*] To *strike* the *sails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *but* securely *perish.*] We perish with too great confidence in our security.

*Id. l.* 70. *And* unavoided—] for *unavoidable.*

*P.* 446, *c.* 1, *l.* 5. [*The son of Richard earl of Arundel,*

*That late broke from the duke of Exeter.*]

I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary. STEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotches, Mr. Malone is answerable; it not being found in the old copies.

*Id. l.* 6. —— *archbishop late of Canterbury,*] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury.

*Id. l.* 17. Imp *out*—] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to sup-

ply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

*P.* 446, *c.* 1, *l.* 19. —— *gilt*,] i. e. gilding; superficial display of gold.

SCENE II.

*Id. l.* 47. *Like perspectives*, &c.] The *perspectives*, here mentioned, were not pictures, but round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These crystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet. The word *shadows* is here used in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 2. —— *might have* retir'd *his power*,] Might have *drawn it back*. A French sense.

*Id. l.* 17. "And all the rest of the revolved faction, traitors?" MALONE.

*Id. l.* 53. "the commons they are cold,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 56. *Get thee to* Plashy,] The lordship of *Plashy* was a town of the duchess of Gloster's in Essex. Its history and antiquities were published some years ago by Mr. Gough; but this work does not appear to have been consulted by the commentators.

*Id. l.* 70. *untruth*—] that is, *disloyalty, treachery*.

*Id. l.* 71. *The king had cut off my head with my brother's*.] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. The duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds.

*Id. l.* 72. "What, are there no posts," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 74. *Come, sister,—cousin, I would say*:] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

*Id. l.* 78. "Thus disorderly thrust"—MALONE.

*P.* 447, *c.* 1, *l.* 7. "Gentlemen, go;" &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 31. "Will the hateful commons"—MALONE.

SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 57. "gracious regent"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 59. —— *the* absent *time*,] i. e. *time of the king's absence*.

*Id. l.* 74. *But then more* why;] But, to add more question.

*Id. l.* 77. *And ostentation of* despised *arms?*] The meaning of this probably, *a boastful display of arms which we despise*.

*P.* 448, *c.* 1, *l.* 21. —— indifferent *eye*:] i. e. with an *impartial eye*.

*Id. l.* 33. *To rouse his* wrongs,] i. e. *the persons who wrong him*.

*Id. l.* 34. —— *to* sue my livery *here*,] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures.

*Id. l.* 44. *It* stands *your grace* upon, *to do him right*.] i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you.

SCENE IV.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 9. Mr. Malone adds "In thee" to the preceding line.

*Id. l.* 11. *The bay-trees*, &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 55. Dispark'd *my parks*,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure, or to divest a park of its name and character by destroying the inclosures, and laying it open.

*Id. l.* 56. *From my own windows torn my household coat*.] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house.

*Id. l.* 57. *Ras'd out my* impress, &c,] The *impress* was a *device* or *motto*.

SCENE II.

*P.* 449, *c.* 1, *l.* 8. "call they,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 10. "After your late tossing"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 34. "rebellion's arms."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 52. *He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines*,] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 30. *Mine ear is open*, &c.] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 55. *Of double fatal yew*—] From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in churchyards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

*P.* 450, *c.* 1, *l.* 26. —— *there the* antic *sits*,] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 37. *Tradition*,] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is *established* or *customary homage*.

*Id. l.* 42. "wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *I'll hate him everlastingly,*
*That bids me be of comfort*]—This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than those petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

*Id. l.* 79. *To* ear—] i. e. to *plough* it.

SCENE III.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 25. *For taking so the head*,] To *take* the *head* is to act without restraint, to take undue liberties.

*Id. l.* 29. —— "and oppose not myself
"Against their will."—MALONE.

*P.* 451, *c.* 1, *l.* 43. —— *the flower of England's face;*] Dr. Warburton says, by *the flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns. The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression, but Mr. Steevens is of opinion that *the flower of England's face*, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil.*

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 6. *With words of* sooth!] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true.* In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 29. —— *on their sovereign's head;*] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 50. ——*base court* —] *Basse cour*, Fr.

SCENE IV.

*P.* 452, *c.* 1, *l.* 53. *Against a change: Woe is forerun with* woe.] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 72. *Her* knots *disorder'd,*] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 24. "O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 60. "Here did she fall a tear;"—MALONE.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 68. —— *Surrey,*] Thomas Holland, earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of king Richard the Second, 1397.

*P.* 453, *c.* 1, *l.* 34. Thus pointed by M. MALONE.
"If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest:"

*Id. l.* 48. "I task the earth," &c.—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 58. "'Tis very true:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 75. —— *in this new world.*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey, a few lines above, called him *boy.*

*Id. l.* 37. —— *nobless*—] i. e. *nobleness;* a word now absolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson.

*Id. l.* 47. ——— "O, forfend it, God,"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 63. "If you raise"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 77. —— *his* conduct.] i. e. *conductor.*

*P.* 454, *c.* 1, *l.* 2. "And little look for"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 8. "bend my limbs:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 11. *The favours*, &c.] The *countenances*, the *features.*

*Id. l.* 30. "on this side, my hand: and on that side, hine."—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 33. *The* emptier *ever dancing*—] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 44. *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;* for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, —his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 55. —— *my balm.*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 58. "all duty's rites:"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 63. "unbroke, that swear to thee?"—MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 4. "look upon"—MALONE.

*Id. l.* 13. ——*a sort*—] A *pack*, a *company.* WARBURTON.

*Id. l.* 21. —— *haught,*] i. e, *haughty.*

*Id. l.* 78. M. Malone omits *why.*

*P.* 455, *c.* 1, *l.* 13. —— Conveyers *are you all,*] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey *the wise it call;* and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king.* JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 29. *To* bur—] To *conceal*, to *keep secret.*

*Id. l.* 29. ——"but also to effect"—MALONE.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Id. l.* 39. *To Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected *tower,*] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. By—*ill-erected*, perhaps, is meant—erected for bad purposes.

*Id. l.* 54. *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

*Id. l.* 74. "and the king of beasts?"—MALONE.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 8. —— *to quit their grief;*] To retaliate their mournful stories.

*Id. l.* 49. — *Hallowmas,*] *All-hallows*, or *all-hallow-tide;* the first of November.

*Id. l.* 59. *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united.

SCENE II.

*P.* 456, *c.* 1, *c.* 24. *With* painted imag'ry, *had* said *at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.

*Id. l.* 32. *As in a theatre*, &c.] "The painting of this description (says Dryden, in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida*,) is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language."

*Id. l.* 53. —— Aumerle *that was;*] The dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's first parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon.

*Id. c.* 2, *l.* 54. "thou wouldest"—MALONE.

SCENE III.

P. 457, c. 1, l. 38. "If on the first," i. e. if your first stand only on intention. MALONE.

Id. l. 72. *Thou* sheer, *immaculate*, &c.] *Sheer* is *pellucid, transparent.*

Id. l. 77. —— digressing *son.*] deviating from what is right.

Id. c. 2, l. 16. —— *The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude or song, well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once.

Id. l. 62. —— *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

P. 458, c. 1, l. 5. *But for our trusty brother-in-law,*] The brother-in-law was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke.

SCENE V.

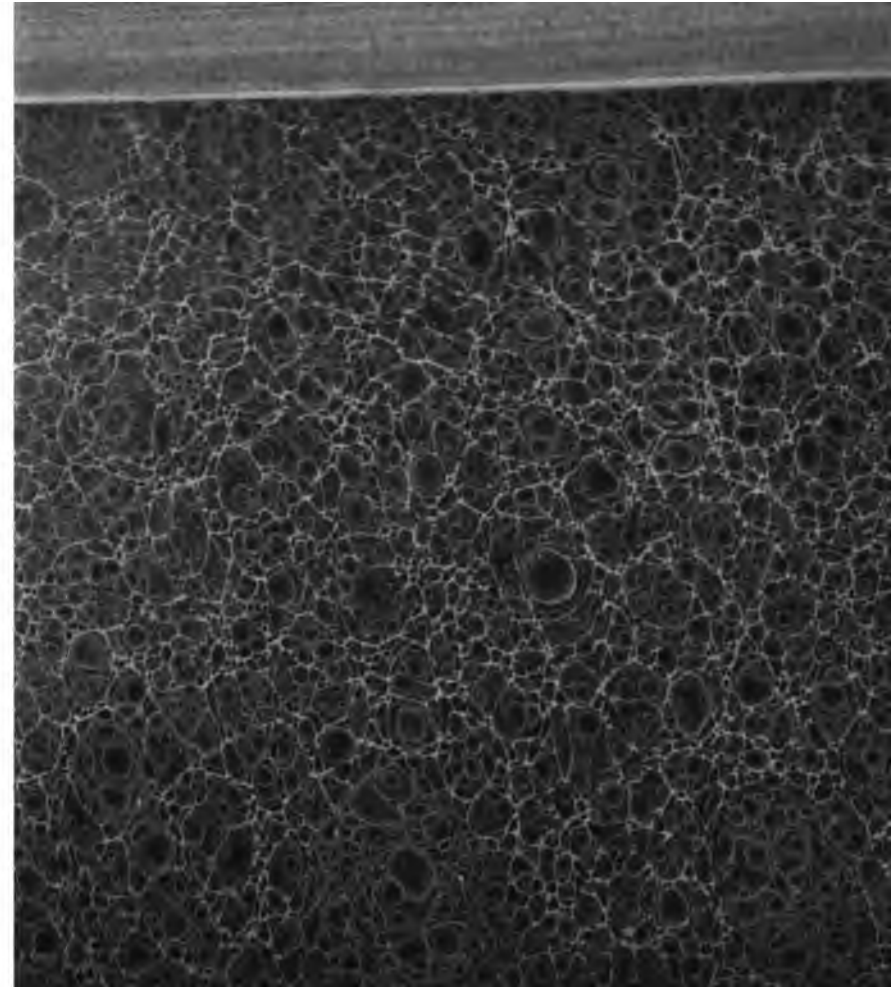
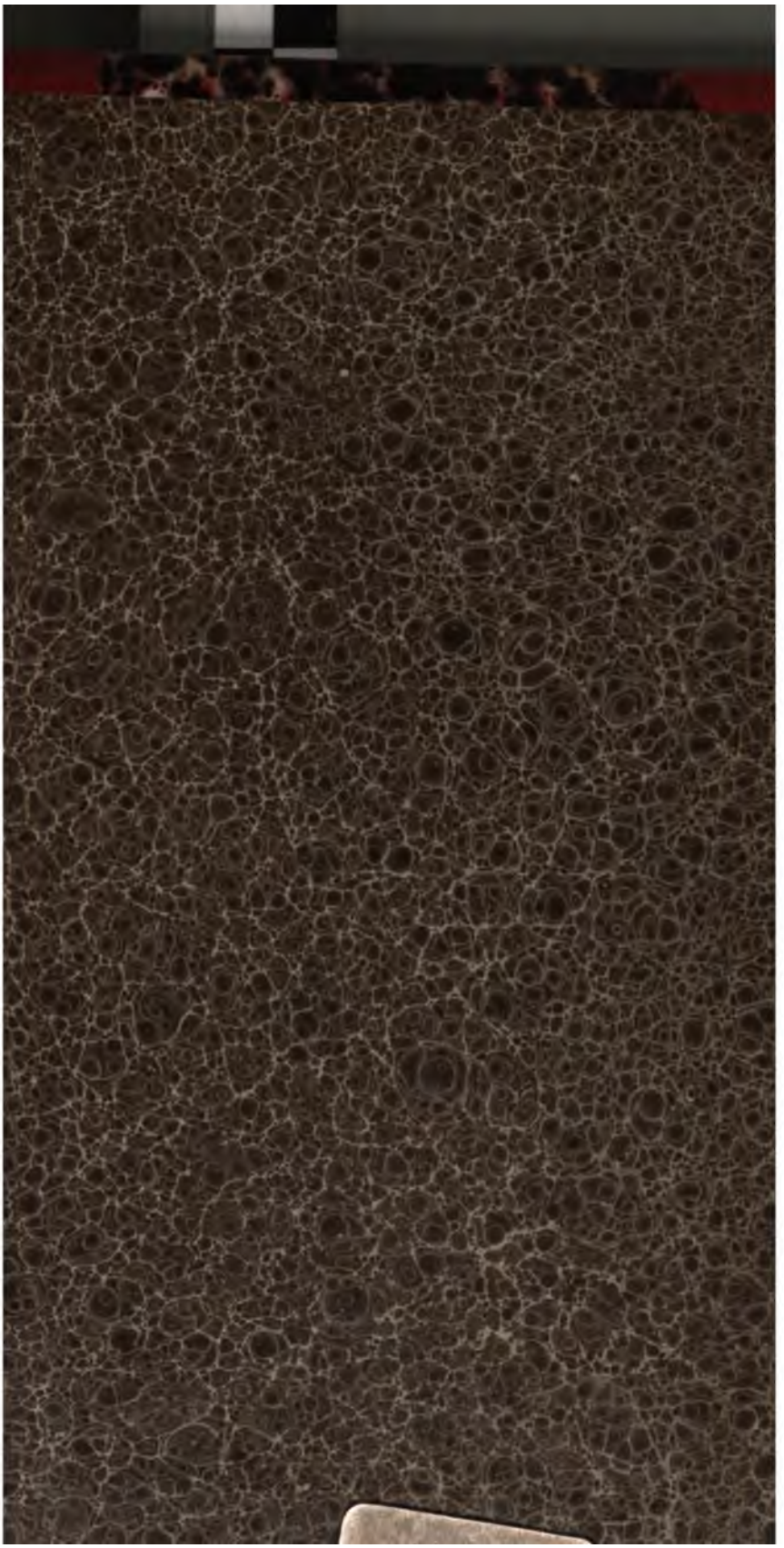
Id. l. 44. —— *people this* little world;] i. e. his own frame;—"the state of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be "like to a little kingdom."

Id. l. 49. ——— *the* word *itself*
*Against the* word:] By the *word*, probably, is meant the *holy word.*

Id. c. 2, l. 10. *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock,*
*My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they* jar
*Their* watches *on to mine eyes, the* outward watch, &c.] It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton), *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: —his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

Id. l. 18. —— *his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in *King Richard III.*

Id. l. 24. *Is a strange* brooch *in this all-hating.*] i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn.

Id. l. 35. —— sometimes *master's face.*] *Sometimes* was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. Mr. Malone reads, "sometimes royal master's face."

Id. l. 55 —— *by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words.